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REMINISCENCES.

BY W. H. C.

When we are young, our hearts are warm,
Earth holds no pain nor care,
And Heav'n itself hath little charm.
Our future seems so fair;
And pleasant are the paths we tread, with clustered blossoms gay
With more than earthly beauty, tinged by Hope's unclouded ray.

Then, turning first from Childhood's toys,
Through golden mists we see
The outlines dim of promised joys
In years that are to be;
But, as we journey on, they fade, and sterner scenes unfold—
The days pass on, the years go by, and we are growing old.

It may be that Love's fairest light
Is shrouded in the tomb,
And from our lives have taken flight,
The glory and the bloom;
Yet God's great gift remains the same, however far we stray,
That saddest souls may have their meed of joy on Christmas Day.

And we may keep our Christmas best
In acts of kindness shown
To those whose share of love and rest
Is scantier than our own.
So welcome, Christmas—though our songs are sadder than of yore—
For all the Past hath robbed us of God's Future may restore.

AT SEA
With An Infernal Machine.

By J. F. BARDSLEY.

"ALL aboard!" said the captain.

"All aboard, sir!" said the mate.

"Then stand by to let her go."

It was nine o'clock on a Wednesday morning. The good ship Spartan was lying off Boston Quay with her cargo under hatches, her passengers shipped, and everything prepared for a start. The warning whistle had been twice blown, the final bell had been rung.

Her bowspirit was turned towards England, and the hiss of escaping steam showed that all was ready for her run of three thousand miles. She strained at the warps that held her like a greyhound at its leash.

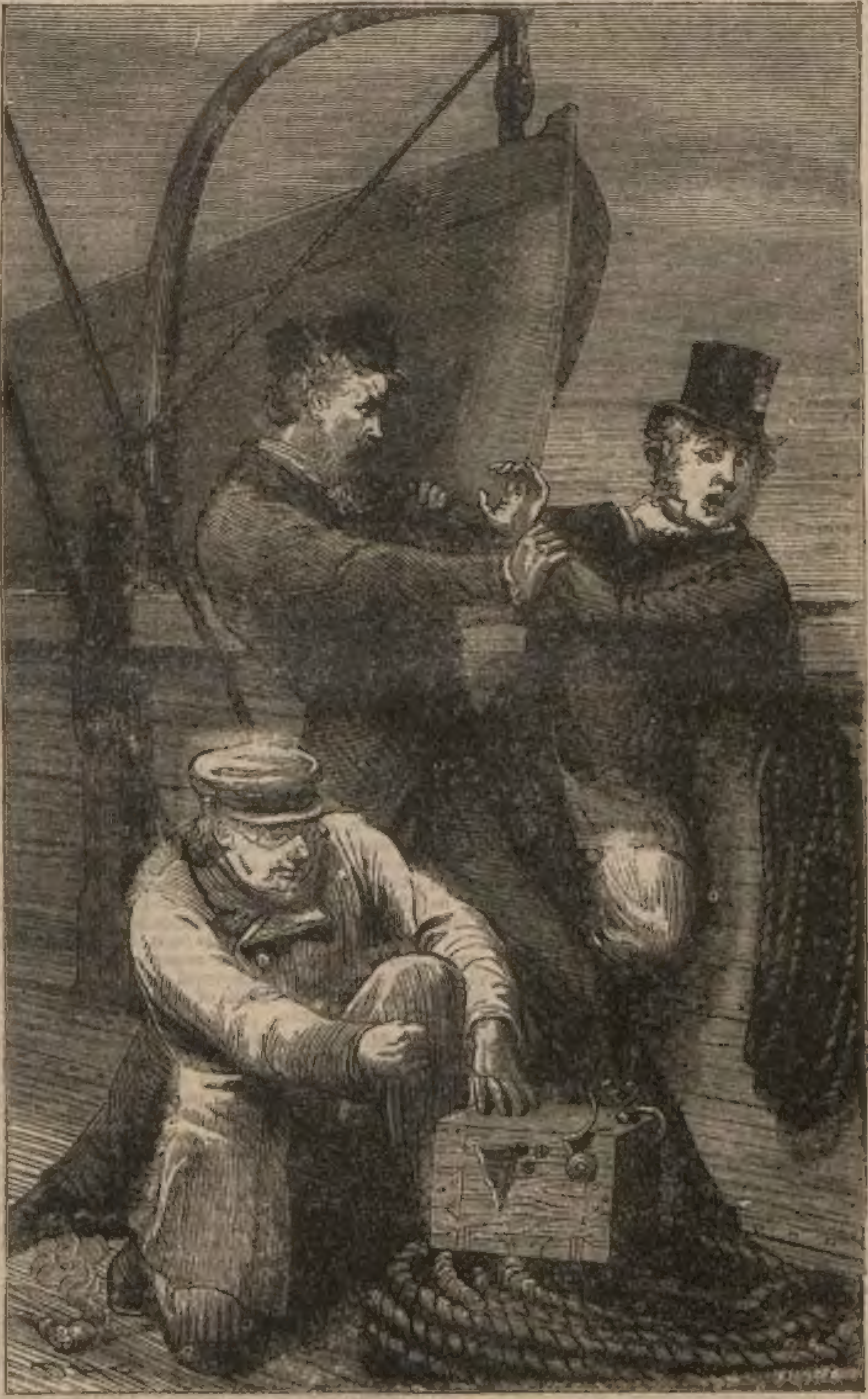
I have the misfortune to be a very nervous man. A sedentary literary life has helped to increase the morbid love of solitude which, even in my boyhood, was one of my distinguishing characteristics. As I stood upon the quarter-deck of the Transatlantic steamer, I bitterly cursed the necessity which drove me back to the land of my forefathers.

The shouts of the sailors, the rattle of the cordage, the farewells of my fellow-passengers, and the cheers of the mob, each and all jarred upon my sensitive nature. I felt sad too. An indescribable feeling, as of some impending calamity, seemed to haunt me. The sea was calm, and the breeze light. There was nothing to disturb the equanimity of the most confirmed of landsmen, yet I felt as if I stood upon the verge of a great though indefinable danger.

I have noticed that such presentiments occur often in men of my peculiar temperament, and that they are not uncommonly fulfilled.

There is a theory that it arises from a species of second-sight, a subtle spiritual communication with the future. I well remember that Herr Raumer, the eminent spiritualist, remarked on one occasion that I was the most sensitive subject as regards supernatural phenomena that he had ever encountered in the whole of his wide experience. Be that as it may, I certainly felt far from happy as I threaded my way among the weeping, cheering groups which dotted the white decks of the good ship Spartan.

Had I known the experience which awaited me in the course of the next twelve hours I would even then at the last moment have sprung upon the shore, and made my escape from the accursed vessel.



The Fateful Moment.

"Time's up!" said the captain, closing his chronometer with a snap, and replacing it in his pocket.

"Time's up!" said the mate. There was a last wail from the whistle, a rush of friends and relatives upon the land.

One warp was loosened, the gangway was being pushed away, when there was a shout from the bridge, and two men appeared, running rapidly down the quay. They were waving their hands and making frantic gestures, apparently with the intention of stopping the ship.

"Look sharp!" shouted the crowd.

"Hold hard!" cried the captain.

"Ease her! stop her! Up with the gangway!" and the two men sprang abroad just as the second warp parted, and a convulsive throb of the engine shot us clear of the shore.

There was a cheer from the deck, another from the quay, a mighty fluttering of handkerchiefs, and the great vessel ploughed its way out of the harbor and steamed grandly away across the grand bay.

We were fairly away upon our fortnight's voyage.

There was a general dive among the passengers in quest of berths and luggage, while a popping of corks in the saloon proved that more than one bereaved traveler was adopting artificial means for drowning the pangs of separation.

I glanced round the deck and took a running inventory of my *compagnons du voyage.* They presented the usual types met with upon these occasions. There was no striking face among them. I speak as a connoisseur, for faces are a specialty of mine. I pounce upon a characteristic feature as a botanist does on a flower, and bear it away with me to analyze at my leisure, and label it in my little anthropological museum.

There was nothing worthy of me here. Twenty types of young America going to "Yurrup," a few respectable middle-aged couples as an antidote, a sprinkling of clergymen and professional men, young ladies, bagmen, British exclusives, and all the *olla podrida* of an ocean-going steamer.

I turned away from them and gazed back at the receding shores of America, and, as a cloud of remembrances rose before me, my heart warmed towards the land of my adoption.

A pile of portmanteaus and luggage chanced to be lying on one side of the deck, awaiting their turn to be taken below.

With my usual love for solitude I walked behind these, and sitting on a coil of rope between them and the vessel's side, I indulged in a melancholy reverie.

I was aroused from this by a whisper behind me. "Here's a quiet place," said the voice. "Sit down, and we can talk it over in safety."

Glancing through a chink between two colossal chests, I saw that the passengers who had joined us at the last moment were standing at the other side of the pile. They had evidently failed to see me as I crouched in the shadow of the boxes. The one who had spoken was a tall and very thin man with a blue-black beard and a colorless face. His manner was nervous and excited. His companion was a short plethoric little fellow, with a brisk and resolute air. He had a cigar in his mouth, and a large ulster slung over his left arm. They both glanced round uneasily, as if to ascertain whether they were alone. "This is just the place," I heard the other say. They sat down on a bale of goods with their backs turned towards me, and I found myself, much against my will, playing the unpleasant part of eaves-dropper to their conversation.

"Well, Muller," said the taller of the two, "we've got it aboard right enough."

"Yes," assented the man whom he had addressed as Muller, "it is safe aboard."

"It was rather a near go."

"It was that, Flannigan."

"It wouldn't have done to have missed the ship."

"No, it would have put our plans out."

"Ruined them entirely," said the little man, and he puffed furiously at his cigar for some minutes.

"I've got it here," he said at last.

"Let me see it."

"Is no one looking?"

"No, they are nearly all below."

"We can't be too careful where so much is at stake," said Muller, as he uncoiled the ulster which hung over his arm, and disclosed a dark object which he laid upon the deck. One glance at it was enough to cause me to spring to my feet with an exclamation of horror. Luckily they were so engrossed in the matter on hand that neither of them observed me.

Had they turned their heads they would infallibly have seen my pale face glaring at them over the pile of boxes.

From the first moment of their conversation a horrible misgiving had come over me. It seemed more than confirmed as I gazed at what lay before me. It was a little square box made of some dark wood, and ribbed with brass. I suppose it was about the size of a cubic foot. It reminded me of a pistol case, only it was decidedly higher. There was an appendage to it, however, on which my eyes were riveted, and which suggested the pistol itself rather than its receptacle.

This was a trigger-like arrangement upon the lid, to which a coil of string was attached. Beside this trigger there was a small square aperture through the wood. The tall man, Flannigan, as his companion called him, applied his eye to this and peered in for several minutes with an expression of intense anxiety upon his face.

"It seems right enough," he said at last.

"I tried not to shake it," said his companion.

"Such delicate things need delicate treatment. Put in some of the needful, Muller."

The shorter man fumbled in his pocket for some time, and then produced a small paper packet.

He opened this, and took out of it half a handful of whitish granules, which he poured down through the hole.

A curious clicking noise followed from the inside of the box, and both the men smiled in a satisfied way.

"Nothing much wrong there," said Flannigan.

"Right as a trivet," answered his companion.

"Look out! here's someone coming. Take it down to our berth. It wouldn't do to have anyone suspecting what our game is, or, worse still, have them fumbling with it, and letting it off by mistake."

"Well, it would come to the same, whoever let it off," said Muller.

"They'd be rather astonished if they pulled the trigger," said the taller, with a sinister laugh. "Ha, ha! fancy their faces! It is not a bad bit of workmanship, I flatter myself."

"No," said Muller. "I hear it is your own design, every bit of it, isn't it?"

"Yes, the spring and the sliding shutter are my own."

"We should take out a patent."

And the two men laughed again with a cold harsh laugh, as they took up the little brass-bound package, and concealed it in Muller's overcoat.

"Come down, and we'll stow it in our berth," said Flannigan. "We won't need it until to-night, and it will be safe there."

His companion assented, and the two went arm-in-arm, along the deck and disappeared down the hatchway, bearing the mysterious little box away with them.

The last words I heard were a muttered injunction from Flannigan to carry it carefully, and avoid knocking it against the bulwarks.

How long I remained sitting on that coil of rope I shall never know. The horror of the conversation I had just overheard was aggravated by the first sinking qualms of sea-sickness. The long roll of the Atlantic was beginning to assert itself over both ship and passengers. I felt prostrated in mind and body, and fell into a state of collapse, from which I was finally aroused by the hearty voice of our worthy quartermaster.

"Do you mind moving out of that, sir?" he said. "We want to get this lumber cleared off the deck."

His bluff manner and ruddy healthy face seemed to be a positive insult to me in my present condition. Had I been a courageous or a muscular man I could have struck him. As it was, I treated the honest sailor to a melodramatic scowl which seemed to cause him no small astonishment, and strode past him to the other side of the deck. Solitude was what I wanted—solitude in which I could brood over the frightful crime which was being hatched before my very eyes. One of the quarter boats was hanging rather low down upon the davits. An idea struck me, and climbing on the bulwarks, I stepped into the empty boat and lay down in the bottom of it.

Stretched on my back, with nothing but the blue sky above me, and an occasional view of the mizzen as the vessel rolled, I was at least alone with my sickness and my thoughts.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN ODD CHARACTER.

FREDERICK the Great was Frederick-William's son. When the latter was fourteen, his brutal father commenced ill-treating him. He beat him, kicked him, insulted him, and strove once or twice to strangle him. The same usage was adopted toward his wife and daughter.

He was accustomed to beat the latter particularly, and once endeavored to throw her out of the window. His table was so meagrely served, that the royal family were almost famished; yet the good king, fearful that they should eat more meat than he had helped them to, after he had distributed what he deemed sufficient, used to spit in the dish; when either of his children came near him, he would aim a great blow at their heads, with his crutch, in order to knock them down.

Among his occupations were painting. His grenadiers were obliged to sit as models; and when his portrait had more color in it than the original, he rouged the cheeks of the soldier to correspond.

When, as often happened, he fell asleep over his task, and the falling brush would trail along, and disfigure the canvas; on awaking, he would swear that the painter, whom he kept in the room with him to mix his colors, had spoiled his picture from jealousy of his talents, and the unhappy artist had to suffer a thorough caning thereupon, with what patience he could. When his judges gave decisions which he did not like he would rush into the court-room, and cane, cuff and kick the offending dispensers of justice off the bench.

The young Frederick, unable any longer to endure his tyranny, endeavored to make his escape, but was watched, and arrested in the act by the old savage, who did everything in his power to have him shot for desertion.

Unable to accomplish this, he wreaked his vengeance upon him in a way brutal beyond credulity. He confined him in a dungeon, where he lay for a long time deprived of all the necessaries of life, and expecting every moment to be conducted to the scaffold.

Katt, the companion of young Frederick's flight, and greatly beloved by the prince, was also acquitted by the court-martial; but the wretch, Frederick-William, instantly reversed the verdict, condemned Katt to be beheaded, and commanded the execution to take place in the presence of the prince. History rarely delineates a scence more powerfully striking and dramatic than that which closed Katt's career.

He was only two-and-twenty, and the most tender affection subsisted between the two youthful friends.

On the day previous to the fatal event, the prince, who thought himself about to become the victim, was led, with formal solemnity, from his dungeon into another apartment overlooking the court, the curtains of the windows being carefully closed so as to prevent any exterior view. At a given signal, these curtains were drawn aside, and Frederick beheld a scaffold hung with black.

He was suffered to pass the night under the idea, that the morning was to close his existence; and, it is said, so fond was he of Katt, that his grief was not diminished, when, the next morning, he discovered that he was to suffer in his stead.

When the unfortunate youth mounted the scaffold, which was immediately on a level with the window, the prince was held with his face toward the scene by four grenadiers, who prevented his approach to it or his retreat.

Maddened with horror and anguish, he was compelled to behold the friend of his bosom in the act of laying down his life for having attempted to serve him.

Several affectionate bursts of grief were interchanged, and Katt was in the act of speaking, when his head, suddenly severed with a single blow, fell rolling on the scaffold, while the arms of the trunk were mechanically stretched toward the prince, whose intolerable horror was relieved only by a deep swoon.

Other, almost incredible, things are told of this monster: as, for example, that he obliged his family often to dine beneath a tree, in the open air, where they were obliged to sit through all changes of weather, sometimes up to their ankles in mud and water, etc. A half hour before his last breath, he called for a glass, and said, with a smile, "I am much changed. I shall make a villianous face in dying." Think so, after such a life.

THE SUN-DANCE OF THE SIOUX.

THIS is the largest of the Indian tribes in America, numbering forty thousand, while the average number of a tribe is three thousand.

In their religious belief there are points of resemblance to that of the ancients, for they believe not in one good and one evil spirit, but in many.

Their polytheism gives to the rock, the forest, the mountain chain and the stream each its own good and evil destiny. Misfortunes they charge to the evil gods, so that they seek to propitiate them and pray to good and bad alike.

Their most religious ceremony is the smoking of the calumet to the Great Good Spirit.

When the chiefs have assembled and are squatted in a circle the eldest among them takes the calumet, and holding it towards heaven exclaims solemnly, "Smoke first, thou Great Spirit, giver of good." Then he holds it downwards, saying, "Thou next mother earth, giver of crops," inhaling next three mouthfuls of smoke, which he exhales heavenward for incense, and passes the pipe to the next, where the ritual is repeated.

Before embarking on a lake they throw a twist of tobacco as far out into the water as they can send it, as an offering to the lake spirit.

Their respect for their gods is so great that in their own language they have invented no expletives. When a Sioux wish to swear he must do it in English.

Their dances are all forms of worship, the three principal among them being the war, the medicine, and the great sun dance.

When a young brave is anxious for distinction in his tribe he attempts to signalize himself in the atrocities of the great sun dance. It lasts three days, commencing at sundown, and the participants fast during the entire period.

It is intended to gain the favor of the Great Spirit who dwells in the sun, and as the sun rises on the commencement of the dance, the braves salute it in chorus with their knives bare.

Long ropes of raw hide are ready, dangling from a sapling, and, as the sun comes above the horizon, each Indian seizes a rope puts two gashes an inch deep and about the same distance apart in his back or side, runs his knife through the flesh between them, and withdrawing it passes the raw hide rope through the wound and ties it, dancing and throwing his weight on the rope for hours at a time until the flesh is torn loose and he falls exhausted to the ground.

If the flesh holds too long a friend will come and give him a push. When he has fallen his comrades gather round him and say that he will be a great chief.

* * *

WINDFALL.—This word in the sense of unexpected good fortune or acquisiton of money, is said to owe its origin to the fact that in old times several of the English nobility held their estates on condition that the trees were to be reserved for the use of the navy; but such as fell by the wind became the property of the landlord.

* * *

"What's the good?" repeated Josiah. "Why, I'm a better lawyer than you Jim. Why look here—and here—and then at this. I tell you, Jim Deane, I'd swear, with my dying breath, that these words were written by the same hand, and that this was the pen that wrote them.

* * *

THE greatest American rifleman, it seems didn't go abroad this year after all. He stayed in Texas and rifled trunks and mail-bags that he found on stages that he met on the usually traveled routes

* * *

EVERY baby has a rattling time in the early part of its existence.

Bric-a-Brac.

THE DIAMOND STATE.—A name sometimes given to the State of Delaware, from its small size and its great worth or supposed importance.

KNIGHTS TEMPLAR.—The origin of the celebrated order of Knights Templar is due to the zeal and piety of nine French knights, who, 1118, followed Geoffrey de Bouillon to the Crusades, and there dedicated themselves to insure the safety of the roads against the attacks of the infidels who maltreated pilgrims to the Holy City.

MAID OF SARAGOSSA.—An appellation bestowed upon Augustina Zaragoza, a young Spanish woman, distinguished for her heroism during the defence of Saragossa in 1808-9. She first attracted notice by mounting a battery where her lover had fallen, and working a gun in his stead. Byron has celebrated her in the first canto of his *Childe Harold.*

ELEPHANT STEAKS.—We are told by a recent traveller, that the Caffres, while engaged in a conflict with the elephant, always keep addressing him as 'Mighty Lord,' 'High Chief,' 'Illustrious Noble,' and so forth;—and that, when one is slain, none of the Caffre chiefs join in the banquet of elephant steaks, because the animal is considered as of their own rank.

CROCODILE'S FLESH.—A French scientist has been experimenting at the Jardin des Plantes dissecting room on the respiratory organs of some crocodiles which were recently sent him as a present. He gave their flesh to some of the servants in the menagerie, recommending them to cook and eat it. They did so and "found that crocodile flesh is tender, delicate, appetizing and like both salmon and lobster. It has, however, a slight taste of musk."

DELICATE SCALES.—The scales used for weighing gold in the assay office at New York are so delicate, that when brought to a balance with two pieces of paper of equal size in the pans, the mere writing of a name with lead pencil on one of the pieces of paper will add enough weight to the paper to turn the scales in its favor. A druggist firm in Rochester has scales so delicately adjusted that "the dust on the balance will depress one or the other."

CARLYLE.—Carlyle walked a great deal in order to make his dyspeptic stomach a little reasonable. But sometimes when the great, homely and grizzly old man was walking, with his big eyebrows almost showing from under the brim of his slouch hat, and his long, old-fashioned coat was almost sweeping the pavement, he would stop and pick up a bit of cast-off bread from the street and place it on the kerb-stone, so that some poor man who came along might find it.

A CAMEL'S KICK.—The camel's kick is a study. As it stands demurely chewing the cud, and gazing abstractedly at some totally different far-away object, up goes a hind leg, drawn close in to the body, with the foot pointing out; a short pause, and out it flies with an action like the piston and connecting-rod on a steam engine, showing a judgment of distance and direction that would lead you to suppose the leg gifted with perceptions of its own, independent of the animal's proper senses. I have seen a heavy man fired several yards into a dense crowd by the kick of a camel, and picked up insensible.

MOLOCH.—The name of the chief god of the Phœnicians, frequently mentioned in Scripture as the god of the Ammonites. Human sacrifices, particularly children, were offered at his shrine. Two fires were kindled before the image of the god, and through these the miserable victims were compelled to pass, while the priests, to drown their cries, made a deafening noise upon instruments of various kinds. It was chiefly in the valley of Tophet—that is, the valley of "the sound of drums and cymbals"—to the east of Jerusalem, that this brutal idolatry was perpetrated. Solomon built a temple to Moloch upon the Mount of Olives, and Manesseh long after imitated his impiety by making his son pass through the fire kindled in honor of this diety. The name has now passed into common use as a designation of any dread and irresistible influences, at whose shrine everything must be offered up, even as the deluded father of old sacrificed his child to the terrible idol. Thus, *war* is called a Moloch; *King Mob* is a Moloch: the *guillotine* was the Moloch of the French Revolution, &c.

ABOUT CARPETS.—As to the meaning of different names and terms applied to carpets, a manufacturer thus explains: Brussels carpets may consist of six thicknesses of worsted; but they are also made of five, four, three, and even two thicknesses, but usually of three, four, and five. Brussels carpet, which consists of six thicknesses, is termed a "six-frame carpet," and, in like manner, one formed of five thicknesses is "five-frame," one of four thicknesses, "four-frame," and so on. The greater the thickness the better the carpet. What are termed Wilton carpets may be described as Brussels carpet, with a velvet instead of a looped pile. They are made in the same manner as Brussels carpets, only the wire over which the warp threads pass is larger, and its end is flattened into a blade resembling that of a pocket knife. The increased size, of the wire makes bigger loops, and the knife-blade cuts the loops as the wire is drawn from the carpet, making a velvet-like surface. "Tapestry" carpets have a looped surface like Brussels, but the loops are often cut when a "velvet pile" carpet is formed—the velvet pile bearing the same relation to tapestry that Wilton does to Brussels.

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It is evident that this process is destined to revolutionize the art world. When pictures of such beauty of conception, such grand coloring, such faithfulness of outline and of spirit, such truth in all the infinity of detail that good taste demands, can be produced, the day when fine-art works are the privilege of the wealthy alone, is passed. There are many who admire oil-paintings, water-colors, and engravings in themselves, while acknowledging that in important respects they fail to realize the highest art aspiration or touch the perfection of natural beauty. In this process, however, we have the realization of the best qualities of all with the faults of none. It is not in the power of the pen to do this great work justice. Only when seen can it be properly appreciated and understood.

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See illustration next issue.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
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DOUBT.

The waves are breaking on the beach,
And on the soft, wet sand I stand;
Far out as human sight can reach
The ocean stretches from the land.

What is it that ye seek to reach?
Cold, curling, crested waves that roar
An uninterpretable speech
Along the endless, wreck-strewn shore?

"Oh, tell me that beyond the sea
A peaceful harbor lies!" I wail.
A mocking echo answers me,
"Lies! lies!" and I can see no sail.

A SHADOWED LOVE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DOCTOR WESTWOOD'S SECRET," "MARJORIE'S TRIALS," "HEARTS AND CORONETS," ETC., ETC., ETC.

(General Mervyn, the father of Tempest Mervyn, has been mysteriously murdered. The son is tried for it, but acquitted. He is in love with Estelle Verney, the ward of Madame de Rougemont, who desires that she marry the Duke de Grandvilliers. While Tempest, after his father's death, lay sick at the house of Sir James Armstrong, he is nursed by that gentleman's niece, Christal Melville, a deep, cunning woman, who conceives a strong love for him. To repair his health, Tempest consents to a sea voyage with Geordie Armstrong. Christal is along. A storm arises and Tempest is washed overboard. The following chapters carry on the story from this point.)

CHAPTER XII.—[CONTINUED]

"OH, aunt," appealed Estelle, "don't you know, can't you feel what he is?"—shuddering. "All his grace and his eloquence cannot make me believe that he is good!"

"Good!" echoed madame. "What has a girl like you to do with a man's goodness? You ought not to talk about such things—to know anything about them. A well brought-up girl accepts the word of her parents or guardian in these matters."

"There are some things one feels without knowing," Estelle answered.

"And I am to tell Monsieur de Grandvilliers that Mademoiselle Verney feels without knowing that his character will not bear minute inspection, and that she declines an alliance with him on these grounds?" said madame, descending to sarcasm in her wrath.

"It is not—not his character," returned Estelle, lifting her head proudly. "It is that I have the right to accept or reject, and I exercise the right."

"You have no right," said madame, "to lead a man on, to encourage his attentions, to make him conspicuous before all the world, as you have done Monsieur de Grandvilliers all through the last season, to parade him as you did at Madame de Beaupretre's ball, before all Paris, and then to refuse him because you imagine—only imagine—that his past, the past of a man of fashion, of mature age, has not been as immaculate as that of a young novice in her convent!"

"I encourage him! I parade him!" stammered Estelle. "What do you mean?"

"I mean what everybody in Paris has seen and spoken of—that you have led Monsier le Duc in triumph at your chariot-wheels in the most public way, and that you have given him and all the world reason to suppose that you accepted his devotion, so publicly displayed. You cannot now draw back for a mere whim, a caprice, an excuse for compromising your previous conduct!" cried madame, forgetting that the wooden walls of the little hotel sleeping-chambers were not trustworthy, and that Florine occupied the next room to Estelle's. "I have been congratulated a dozen times on your approaching marriage. The thing is regarded as settled. *Galignani* and the *Figaro* have announced it—even the English papers have spoken of the great match a compatriot is to make. After this, you cannot withdraw with either honor or decency. You spoke of Monsieur de Grandvilliers's reputation just now; what reputation do you suppose will be left to a young lady who has made herself the subject of a public scandal of that kind? Such a marriage broken at the last moment? The world will be busy with surmises, with suspicions! And the last thing which will occur to any reasonable mind will be that the fortunate girl who has such a prize within her grasp would have relinquished it unless she had been obliged—obliged!" madam repeated, with wicked emphasis which brought the blood into Estelle's cheeks.

"Stop—stop, aunt Isabel!" she exclaimed, shocked, bewildered. "How could I have done all this? How could you or any one else believe that I was encouraging Monsieur de Grandvilliers whilst I was already engaged, as you know, to—to Tempest Mervyn? How can you dream of my marrying another man whilst my promise and—and all my heart," she said bravely, are given to him?"

"To him!" madame fairly shrieked. "To a wretch, a murderer! And you complained that Monsieur le Duc was not good! Do you understand what he has done? Do you know that his very name is a horror?"

"He is innocent!" gasped Estelle, almost broken down by this stormy scene. "He has never been accused—he could not have done it."

"He had every motive for doing it; he was there alone—he gains everything by the crime. All the world believe him guilty. He has not even attempted to justify himself to you, who should have been the first. He has not written to me. Do you think that an innocent man would have allowed suspicion to rest upon his name for even an hour without clearing himself to the girl he loved and to her friends? His silence is incredible in any other circumstances; and you know he has been silent."

"He has been ill," Estelle pleaded, but faintly now, for this silence was the wound which bled inwardly and was wearing out her life and her courage.

"He was well enough to attend the inquest—he could have written then," madame said decisively. "It is more than three months since it all happened; he has certainly not been ill all this time. Why has he not tried to see you?"

Why? Estelle could give no answer to this question, which was already breaking her own heart. Madame saw her advantage, and changed her tone.

"My dear child," she said, "I never dreamt that you were sacrificing yourself to this dream of faithfulness to an impossible engagement. After all, it never was a confirmed engagement. You have done enough now for the most romantic ideal. Give him up, forget that you ever knew him, and open your heart to a new happiness. My poor love, that is all over—that unhappy story. It was a little fancy of your youth; it has ended with you. You are not bound by those promises. He himself has released you."

"I love him!" Estelle murmured with quivering lips. "I wish to be bound; I do not wish to be free. He is as innocent as I am!"

"My dear child, do you think I would allow your amiable but high-flown generosity and your pretty young enthusiasm to be so abused? Do you think that I, who stand in the place of your dead mother, will allow you to ruin yourself for a mere generous exaggeration of sentiment—very charming, very romantic, no doubt, but, my love, quite unpractical and unreasonable? I have a duty to perform, and your ignorance of the world makes it all the more incumbent upon me to protect you. I will tell you what we will do. You shall not be hurried into marriage. Monsieur de Grandvilliers shall be told that an engagement of some months is necessary—is according to English feeling and custom. We will announce the engagement at once—it will stop all scandal and gossip. Then you will have time to get accustomed to the idea—such a delightful idea as it is too—and we will have a brilliant wedding in Paris by-and-by. The *trousseau* and the settlements and all the rest will take some time; and, as I said before, you need not be hurried."

Estelle, faint and exhausted, gasped for breath and stretched out her hands, as if to free herself from the net, the meshes of which seemed to be drawn closer and closer about her.

She felt like a bird fluttering in the fowler's snare.

"I cannot," was all she said.

"You cannot do nothing else, for the sake of your honor and of mine," madame replied decidedly. "I could never hold up my head again in society if you were so to disgrace yourself and your family as to draw back now. The other horrible affair would come out—for the world would be seeking reasons for such unprecedented conduct—and your chance of any respectable settlement in life would be ended. Monsieur de Grandvilliers has his own dignity to consider; you cannot insult a man of his position. It is simply impossible."

Estelle sat with her head bowed in her hands, a dull despair benumbing her faculties, her strength all gone.

Madame's closing speech crushed out her last faint throb of resistance.

"When you had sacrificed yourself to this wild dream of yours," said she, "if Monsieur de Grandvilliers even would permit you to sacrifice him—and he will not—when you had sacrificed yourself, how do you know that horrible young man would accept your sacrifice? He has not written to you, he has not sought you. How can you seek him?

"How can you throw yourself into his arms and say, 'I will be faithful to you, who have shown that you do not care for my fidelity'? No, he has given you up. For the sake even of your maidenly dignity you cannot follow him. No"—madame stooped and kissed the silent shrinking figure before her—"no, my dearest, there is only one way of safety and of honor before you—and it is a path strewn with roses.

"You will never regret that you took it. Trust me and all will be well.

"I will arrange everything with Monsieur de Grandvilliers.

"You shall have no painful explanations, no embarrassments, no little disagreeables of any kind, and you shall have time too.

"Good night, love; sleep well; and in the morning all these miserable little shadows of doubt and uncertainty will have vanished, and you will rise to a happy view of the future. *Adieu!*"

Madame slipped unconsciously into French when she was excited.

Florine had improved her knowledge of English by mademoiselle's help; and the shrewd waiting-maid understood enough through the wooden partition to make her mistress of the whole situation and to reawaken her fervid sympathies on behalf of her young lady.

While Estelle still sat overwhelmed, a gentle touch was laid on her, and with deft skilful fingers and tender ministrations she was undressed and laid in her bed. And through the restless, sleepless hours of the night Florine watched by her bedside laying a cool hand on her burning forehead or holding a reviving draught to her parched lips. Nor wonder miserable, hemmed in apparently on every side, Estelle's brave heart had failed her at last.

What could she do?

She was only a weak timid girl, and alone against a subtle and powerful enemy.

CHAPTER XIII.

FLORINE'S clever little head was clear, fortunately, when mademoiselle's was bewildered with grief and burning with fever.

The morning sun poured in upon the waiting-maid's watch, and found her fresh, alert, and well-plumed as a little lark.

She tripped down-stairs, and, exercising her fascinations upon the head waiter, soon tripped up again with a cup of tea and two or three tempting little "breads" of various shapes and sizes.

Having waited to see her young lady swallow the tea and break a few mouthfuls of roll, she turned the key in the lock, pocketed the key, and tripped down-stairs again, this time apparently with no other object—coquette that she was—than that of sunning herself on the hotel verandah in full view of monsieur the English courier, whose devotion to Mademoiselle Florine was so well known at the maids' table, and who perhaps deserved some of the credit gained by the little soubrette for her progress in the English language.

Monsieur George Brown was not slow in responding to the invitation of mademoiselle's eloquent black eyes; and Adolphe, the head waiter, waxing furious, neglected his proper functions and retarded the arrangements for the first breakfast as he watched the flirtation on the verandah.

"But yesterday she mocked herself of him, the big sheep of an Englishman!" sputtered poor Adolphe. "She left his bouquet of blue gentian and edelweiss beneath her chair at the dinner.

"And this morning only an hour ago, she let me kiss her hand, and she smiled"—glaring round the corner of the verandah—"as she is smiling now—the fickle one, the coquette! And she has fastened his bouquet of this morning in her cravat, and she lets him whisper to her, and—ah, you beast!" to an unlucky subordinate who at that moment ran foul of his fist, clenched towards the stalwart Englishman. "Imbecile! Dost thou not see where thou goest?"

The interview on the verandah lasted a long time.

But then the view from that point was magnificent, and the rosy morning lights flashing over the face of the majestic snow mountains and deepening the purple shadows of the pine-woods, were superb.

And the morning was good for the complexion, as was plain to be seen when Mademoiselle Florine passed through the dining-room with her soft brown cheeks blooming like carnations and her smiling lips, red as pomegranate-buds.

She was so radiant, so charming—all from the morning air, no doubt—that the unhappy Adolphe forgot his savage oath to forget her, to scorn her before all the hotel, and grovelled metaphorically before her pretty feet, as much her slave as ever.

"Mademoiselle is indisposed. Mademoiselle has headache. She rests herself still. She will remain in her room to-day," the lady's maid announced to Madame de Rougemont an hour or so later.

"How provoking, when the excursion to the Bernina is all settled and the weather is so superb!" madame exclaimed.

Then second thoughts came to her, and she consoled herself.

"Perhaps it is as well. After a few hours of rest and reflection she will be safer. I can make her excuses, and a little agitation is so natural under the circumstances, and so becoming!" thought the woman of the world.

So Madame de Rougemont and Monsieur de Grandvilliers drove to the Bernina *tete-a-tete*, and had the fullest opportunity for confidential conversation.

Monsieur accepted madame's account of Mademoiselle Verney's headache with concern, it is true, but apparently without suspicion.

He was in the gayest spirits; by his graceful manners and agreeable conversation he charmed the party who met at the little inn on the top of the pass for luncheon.

"Is this a man to be refused by an ignorant chit of a girl who does not know what she is throwing away?" madame exclaimed to herself. "But she shall not refuse him. I will take care of that."

The *table-d'-hote* dinner-bell had already sounded when the excursionists arrived at their hotel.

"Mademoiselle has not risen," Florine said to madame, as she made her hasty toilet.

Madame stopped for an instant on the threshold of Estelle's room, saw a face burning with feverish brightness sunk amongst the white pillows of the bed, and hurried down to her meal, too hungry from the keen mountain air to be either angry or sympathetic.

"Mademoiselle is still suffering?" Monsieur de Grandvilliers asked, seeing madame pass to her place alone.

"Yes—a little fever," madame explained. "She needs only quiet and a night's rest. She is of a sensitive, susceptible temperament, and cannot bear agitation."

Monsieur de Grandvilliers bowed with a flattered smile at the implied cause for special agitation. The two understood each other.

There was a concert of Tyrolean minstrels in the salon that evening, and madame was too well amused to find her way to Estelle's room.

When at last she mounted the wooden stairs, yawning and weary, she was hardly inclined to go out of her way to visit her niece at that late hour.

"She will be asleep, no doubt," she persuaded herself shrinking, if the truth be told, from any chance of renewing the contest of last night. "It is better not to disturb her."

She contented herself with learning from Florine that mademoiselle had all she required, that she was still very feverish, very indisposed, and, in the opinion of Florine, would hardly be able to leave her room the next day.

Florine had administered remedies, and mademoiselle had begged that she might be left undisturbed until she called for her in the morning.

So madame, half asleep, made her mind easy as to all responsibility in the matter and retired to her couch.

She slept so soundly that she did not hear the great lumbering diligence draw up, according to its custom, at the door of the hotel, just beneath her window, as early as five o'clock in the morning.

The diligence halted to receive the mails—for the hotel was the *poste*—and such passengers and parcels as might be waiting to proceed over the passes to Coire, and thence by railway to their various destinations.

Madame, sleeping the sleep of the just, was quite unconscious of the little bustle and commotion which this event made in the hotel, where Adolphe was astir and the landlord-postmaster was delivering up the sealed bags, and the English courier, bound for London, was bidding a tender farewell to Florine behind the door leading from the hall to the salon.

The little *soubrette* was a shade paler than she had been in the last early morning, and her quick eyes searched the shadows nervously—probably in fear of Adolphe's jealous rage.

She had wrapped a crimson fleecy shawl round her head, for the morning air was icy chill, and she shivered as Monsieur George Brown whispered in her ear.

No doubt she felt the parting from her English lover, and knew how uncertain such partings were.

Had she not had experience of the traditional perfidy of Albion?

Adolphe, with livid cheeks and gleaming eyes, dashed past the pair and hid himself from sight in some secret recess where his soul would not be torn by the view of favors bestowed on his rival.

Then Florine, wrapping her shawl closer about her head, came forward and mixed with the group of passengers, helpers, and officials who were engaged in speeding the diligence.

It was a busy, confused scene for a few minutes; then all were settled in their places.

Florine's head and half of her trim little figure emerged from the shadow of the interior where perhaps she had permitted a parting embrace from Monsieur Brown—who knows?—and drawing back into the shelter of the doorway, she kissed her fingers rather demonstratively to the departing vehicle as it rolled cumbrously away.

"To the pig of an English!" breathed Adolphe, watching her from his retreat.

"*Mon Dieu*, how pale she is, how downcast! She suffers from parting with him, she loves him—the sheep, the wretch, the brigand! Oh, but I could kill him!"—making frantic passes in the air in the safe direction of the retreating enemy.

Florine, returning quietly up stairs, encountered Monsieur Armand, Monsieur de Grandvillier's valet, who bowed low, in a tolerably successful imitation of his master's grand air.

"Mademoiselle is early this morning," remarked the great man's great man.

"Yes!" answered Florine, shrugging her shoulders. "I had a packet to expedite by the diligence, and one cannot trust these stupid-heads of waiters."

"Some commission perhaps for Paris?" Monsieur Armand inquired gallantly.

"Exactly. A box for Madame's modiste," Florine admitted.

"Ah, what a pity!" deplored the valet. "Mademoiselle might have been spared disturbing herself."

If Monsieur Armand had only known! He was proceeding himself to Paris within the hour, and it would have given him the sincerest pleasure to undertake any commission for mademoiselle.

Mademoiselle thanked him graciously: she regretted that she had not known to avail herself of monsieur's kindness.

But how, then, did not monsieur travel by the diligence which had just left?

"Ah, no! Monsieur le Duc had ordered post horses; he travelled quickly. They would pass the diligence on the route——"

"Monsieur le Duc!" Florine's eyes opened wide. "Was Monsieur le Duc leaving the Engadine?"

Certainly; within the hour.

He had received important telegrams late last night; he must hasten to Paris.

Even now Monsieur Armand was leaving letters from his master to Madame de Rougemont, in the charge of the secretary. Would mademoiselle perhaps charge herself with them?"

It would be more direct; and Monsieur Armand would now make his *adieux* in the hope of meeting again in Paris.

Monsieur Armand made his bow again, and Florine found her way to her own room and sat down gasping for breath.

Monsieur le Duc was en voyage; he was on the track of—of the diligence! He would overtake it.

"Ah-h-h!"—and poor Florine shivered. "What might not happen?"

"What malicious contretemps was this? Had Fate outwitted clever Florine, or was it Monsieur le Duc himself who had been so much more clever than two poor women? Florine longed passionately for the wings of a bird that she might fly after that unfortunate tortoise of a diligence and whisper—what? Something in the ear of Monsieur George Brown, no doubt!

Overwhelmed at the possible catastrophe she saw impending, crushed at the thought of her own impotence, the impetuous little French woman burst into passionate despairing tears, beating her hands and appealing to Heaven in her terror and her misery as she paced up and down the uncarpeted floor.

Adolphe, listening, with his eye at the keyhole, ground his teeth and clenched his hands.

"She weeps for him, she loves him!" he exclaimed. "Saints in Heaven, how she loves! How she weeps! She has then a heart, and for him!"

Madame de Rougemont slept late that morning.

It was nearly mid-day when she summoned Florine and asked for her morning cup of chocolate.

Florine was perhaps a little pale, but brisk and alert as usual, when she brought madame's dainty little tray, with Monsieur de Grandvillier's coroneted envelop laid upon it.

Madame opened it at once; Florine, standing back in the shadow, with her hand upon her beating heart, watched her anxiously.

Not a muscle of madame's face betrayed her astonishment; perhaps she felt those watching eyes upon her.

"Madame will wear the serge dress again?" asked the maid presently.

"No; the excursion to the glacier is put off; Monsieur de Grandvilliers has left. I shall drive to San Moritz after luncheon; my cashmere will be warm enough. Who else has left this morning?"—carelessly, whilst she broke her roll into her chocolate.

"Who else?" stammered Florine. "I—that is, madame, the English courier has left and one or two of the servants, an English maid——"

"Tut! I did not mean servants," madame interrupted haughtily; "although I am not sorry, Florine, to hear that Englishmen has gone.

"I observed him following you more than I approved of. No doubt his departure is of importance to you. I mean has any other French gentleman left?"

"Yes, madame, the gentleman who is decorated—he with the white hair and moustache. I am told that he travelled with Monsieur le Duc."

"Good!" said madame to herself, with a long-drawn breath of relief. "He also is one of the Left. Then it is true; a political crisis is expected, and the Duke has been urgently summoned to Versailles. And by the time he returns, Estelle will have come to her senses."

Then she remembered Estelle's indisposition and inquired for her.

What did madame's questions mean?

But just now Florine had thought——

And now madame's tone was natural.

If she were cunning—and madame was very profound—Florine would not be caught.

Mademoiselle had slept badly; the noise of the hotel distracted her.

She had begged to remove to the lodging over the way, which was quieter, there being no sounds of carriages and of diligences to disturb her. Florine's big innocent eyes were fixed on madame at this point. Monsieur the proprietor had a room vacant in the other house this morning, and mademoiselle had removed to it without waiting to consult madame, because—*ma foi!*—the rooms were so soon snapped up now in the full season, and madame was sleeping.

Now that she was more quiet, mademoiselle's headache would soon cure itself.

Madame was quite content; she could afford to humor Estelle in all these little matters, such as a change of room; and now that Monsieur de Grandvilliers had gone, it really did not matter.

Estelle might stay in bed for a week if it pleased her.

So madame drove to San Moritz with an agreeable French lady who was staying at the hotel, and contented herself with sending messages and an especial plate of soup from the dinner-table over to Estelle when she did not appear at the table.

It was hardly to be expected that madame should walk across in her evening dress and in the rain, which had come down heavily all at once, to visit the patient herself, even dismissing the little suspicion that Estelle had purposely put herself out of the way of such visits.

"And Florine was so attentive," madame concluded, as the final salve to her conscience; "there was really no need for her to interfere."

Still there was a limit to everything.

Estelle must really be persuaded to rouse herself now on the third day.

Madame could not continue to make excuses for non-appearance, and the headache was quite exhausted.

Madame made up her mind to penetrate to the lodgings as soon as she was dressed on the following morning, and she told Florine so when the maid appeared with her late breakfast.

Florine almost dropped the tray she was bringing in—her hands trembled so much; she set it down safely however, and then burst into tears.

"Good Heavens what is the matter Florine?" cried madame, astonished, and a little alarmed.

Florine sobbed incoherently.

"Mademoiselle," she repeated—"Mademoiselle Estelle!"

"What of her?" cried madame, seized by a sudden terror. Was the girl seriously ill after all? And she had not seen her for two days! What would Monsieur le Duc say? "Speak, Florine!" she commanded imperatively.

"She—she is gone!" sobbed Florine. "She is not there—in her room; even her baggage has departed."

"Gone," echoed madame in blank dismay—"gone! What on earth do you mean?"

"The room is empty; mademoiselle must have taken the diligence of last night or perhaps this morning!" wept Florine, covering a great deal of conscious triumph and a little spasm of fear with those convenient tears.

"The girl is mad!" was all madame said as she fell back, pale and gasping, amongst her pillows.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE *Siren* yacht floated into Fishport harbor at a little past six o'clock in the evening to a drenched pier, a wind-swept promenade, and that general air of dilapidation and lifelessness which succeeds the wild uproar of a great storm at a watering place.

Three or four adventurous loungers, in closely-buttoned-up pilot-coats and waterproof hats, watched the little vessel as she came curtseying gracefully over the still heaving waters towards the landing-steps.

In her loosely-flapping sail and her wet untidy deck there was the same indefinable air of languid reaction after excitement which marked the deserted strand of Fishport, in strong contrast to the coquettish mien of the smart little craft which had danced so gaily out to sea, preening herself like a white-plumaged bird in the sunshine a few hours before.

Scarcely however had the dejected-looking little vessel crept alongside the landing-place before signs of life and activity appeared on board.

A sun-browned stalwart young gentleman sprang up the cabin-stairs, jumped on to the pier, and, throwing a half-crown to a loafing sailor, bade him, with military peremptoriness, bring the nearest doctor instantly.

"Another half-crown for you if he is here in ten minutes!" he called, as the man turned to speed on his message.

A little ripple of interest and curiosity stirred the half-dozen bystanders.

"An accident," said one, scanning the yacht curiously as the young gentleman disappeared down the companion. "See, she has lost one of her spars!"

"Somebody got a hard knock probably in the scrimmage."

"Or a lady suffering from sea-sickness," suggested his companion. "There are ladies on board, evidently."

"Here's the doctor," said the first speaker looking at his watch as the surgeon stepped briskly along the pier. "The fellow has earned his second half-crown then—lucky chap!"

The crew—only three hands in all—were moving in a leisurely way about the deck; the owner and the passengers—if any there were—were all below and invisible.

Geordie Armstrong's closely-curled head and bronzed face appeared for an instant on the cabin-stairs as the doctor stepped on board, and he beckoned him down below.

That was all that happened for another quarter of an hour or more.

In the meantime the little group of idle onlookers swelled into quite a respectable crowd, and assumed an expectant attitude. Something had happened, or was going to happen, and events were rare at Fishport, even in the season.

The honest tars, ignoring, with admirable British phlegm, the curiosity of the sightseers, went gravely and stolidly about their business of coiling up ropes and making all taut, scarcely vouchsafing a glance shorewards meanwhile.

Presently a whistle summoned one of the men.

"Send the fellow for a carriage. Tell him to bring it as close as he can," was the order distinctly heard on the pier.

"Then it is an accident," remarked the gentleman who had previously made the suggestion.

Five minutes more, and the patience of the onlookers was rewarded.

An interesting procession filed up from the cabin and mounted the slippery wooden steps to the pier.

First came the young gentleman who had already appeared, bearing on his arm—or, rather, half carrying—a young lady.

Her cheek was white with a deadly pallor which told of some great shock or terror, and the large dark eyes which looked straight before her with a fixed unseeing gaze told the same story.

It seemed as if she had just now gathered up all the sense and strength left to her for the effort of moving, supported as she was, to the waiting carriage.

A strange thing happened as she crossed the deck to the steps.

The sailor crew, standing together, doffed their caps with simultaneous impulse and stood bareheaded, looking after the pallid face with a solemn reverence, very curious and touching to behold.

It might have been the tribute rendered to the drowned body of a brave comrade or the homage paid to a deed of heroism which appealed to their sympathies.

So deep was the interest excited by the young lady that the rest of the party leaving the yacht attracted little notice.

A stout middle-aged lady, leaning on the doctor's arm, was the next in order, and she was followed by a tall fair young man, who shivered in his unsailorlike ulster.

This last stopped to speak to the sailors. He even grasped the senior tar by the hand and shook it warmly.

"It was a plucky leap of yours, Marston," he said. "It would have been all over with me if it hadn't been for you."

"Me, sir!" exclaimed the man. "It'ud a' been all over with us both, I reckon, if it hadn't 'a' been for the young lady. Lor, sir, how she held on! Nigh drowned too as she was who'd'a'thou't there was such a grip in them little white hands! Blessed if I never see such a thing afore, sir—never!"

A low growl of assent from his shipmates followed.

"When I looked up and see'd how the rope 'ad slipped out o' the Captain's hands I gave us both up," continued the old salt. "You was about done, sir; and how could I swim with you to hold up and such a sea? No, 'It's Davy Jones' locker for me,' I ses. 'I knew it 'ud come to that some day or 'nother; and here it is, sure enough!'

"Then the next thing I knew, the *Siren* was alongside. 'She's running us down,' I thought; 'It's all over.'"

"And then I thought, 'P'raps they'll throw us another rope;' and sure enough there it was, and she holding on like grim death at the other end, with her blessed face as white as moonlight!

"I didn't think much of our chance, though, when I see 'twas only a young lady; and I cussed them lubbers—may I be forgiven at such a time!

"But she held on, she did—for bless her!—and so did I; and the Cap'en he gave a hand at the rope at last and so they hauled us up.

"But it's the young lady you've got to thank for your life, sir, and no one else."

The young fellow's pale cheek flushed as he turned away without another word, passed slowly up the green slimy steps, and slipped quickly through the little throng, following his party to the Royal Hotel.

"Christie never fainted before in her life," Lady Armstrong was saying, with a startled bewildered look all round, and for the third or fourth time, when Tempest entered the private sitting-room in which they were already settled. "I never knew her to faint before."

"She never had such a good excuse," Geordie answered. "Now, mother, sit down and make up your mind to it. You have been longer than usual taking in the idea. What is to be our next move? I suggest dinner. What do you say?"

"Yes, dinner, certainly. And by that time Christie will be sufficiently recovered to go home," asserted Lady Armstrong, glancing uneasily over at Christal, white and languid, leaning back on the couch at the far end of the room. She was so used to see Christal helplessly submitting to be cared for by others that the fact was still almost beyond her comprehension.

Tempest heard Lady Armstrong's words—"Christie never fainted before in her life"—as he walked straight in, and up to the woman who had saved his life, his cheeks flushing, his heart on fire, fervent words of gratitude burning on his lips.

She lay back white and drooping as a gathered lily, her wan cheeks showing more wan against the crimson cushions, signs of weakness and suffering in her whole attitude and aspect which startled and moved him infinitely.

It was another Christal—or, rather, another phase of the same Christal—softer, more tender, sweeter than he had ever known her.

As he stood before her, something in the shy, timid glance which dropped before his arrested the words he was prepared to pour out, and infected him with a similar consciousness.

It was a dangerous moment.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Wild Ride.

BY S. M. GIDLEY.

WE had been living in Ireland for about two years, and every day I regretted the time more and more when my husband had decided to leave England, and come over to manage his property, which was situated in one of the most lawless and disaffected counties.

Fenianism was rife, and heartily I wished we were away and over the water again, at least until these troubled days had given place to better and more peaceful times; and, now that the long dark winter afternoons and evenings had set in again, I used to sit and watch anxiously for my husband's return, when Lionel would come in looking moody and uneasy, and kept his revolver always loaded, though he never told me he suspected danger, and tried to make light of it for my sake.

Oh! it was a wretched, miserable time, and I can never forget it.

I remember so well how the crash came at last and how the volcano burst forth that had been smouldering so long.

We were sitting at breakfast one morning when the letters were brought in, and, after handing them, the bearer of them stood fidgetting about.

Lionel looked up.

"That will do, Delaney, and tell John to bring the dog-cart around in half-an-hour."

"Lionel, I don't like that man," I said, after he had left the room. "I am sure he is a spy. I wish you would get rid of him."

"Oh, the fellow is right enough. It is his brother, you know, that I am going over to the court about to-day."

"What is it?" I exclaimed, as Lionel got up suddenly, looked vexed and annoyed, and threw a letter into the fire. "Lionel, is it another of those dreadful letters?"

"Yes, warning me against giving evidence against Delaney to-day. What is the country coming to? But there; I ought not to have told you—it will frighten you into fits."

"Lionel, you must not go to-day—indeed, indeed, you must stay at home; they may mean what they say Oh, promise me you won't go."

"Nonsense—absurdity; Winifred, don't be so foolish. Why, dear, these are all empty threats. But once show the white feather and they will be ten times worse. You foolish little wife," he added, tenderly, "and so you worry and fret yourself when I am away, expecting me home on a shutter, I suppose. Well, don't sit up for me to-night, for after the trial is over I am going to dine at Colonel Arbuthnot's, and shan't be home till late. Now I must be off."

A few more loving words, and then I stood watching him driving down the avenue, turning now and then to wave a farewell.

I was only half satisfied, and was wishing he had not gone.

After lunch I went out to take some wine to the lodge-keeper's child, who was ill.

It was rather late when I started, and the sun was setting behind the mountain, shedding a flood of crimson light over the golden glories of the fading year.

I stayed there till it was quite dark, when I started home.

Suddenly hearing footsteps, I paused; nearer and nearer they came, and then through the darkness I could see two men slowly approaching, talking in low earnest tones.

Sick with terror, I drew back behind a large tree, for one of the men was Delaney.

At first they spoke in low, cautious tones, but, by degrees, their voices were raised, and at last Delaney, raising his hand, exclaimed, with a vehemence that made me shudder:

"I tell you, if it's done at all it must be done to-night. What's the use of talking, man? It's acts, not words, we want. He passes the cross-roads to-night, coming home from the Colonel's, a mile beyond, by the common and the chalk-pit. It's a lonely spot—there's our place. Be there when the moon is up, and mind no mistake this time."

And he laughed, actually laughed, as he planned and plotted the cruel and deliberate murder of my husband, who had been a kind and good master to him.

At last they parted, Delaney hurrying back in the direction of the house with a last injunction to his accomplice not to fail; and, after waiting a long time, to make sure that he was gone, I went slowly home, and reached my own room unobserved.

There I matured and laid my plans deliberately and carefully, for it was life if I succeeded, and oh,! far worse than death if I failed.

So I dressed for dinner as usual, and, though every scrap of color had left my face, and I knew that I could not subdue all expression of the horror that I felt, I preserved an outward calmness, and went on down to the dining-room as though the man that stood behind my chair had not, only two short hours ago, planned to take my husband's life.

How I got through I know not, but the meal was over at last.

Still I could do nothing till Delaney had left the house and started on his deadly errand.

My plan was this.

When he had gone I intended to go down to the stable, get the horse, and ride to Colonel Arbuthnot's, trying to reach it before Lionel had started on his way home.

It was a daring step, but the only chance; lonely and isolated, we were miles from any town, and no help was possible.

I should have to ride hard and, to avoid being discovered and stopped, I must make a long round, which would take me many miles out of my way.

At last the time to act had arrived.

Delaney must have started long ere this, and the servants would be at supper.

The clock was just striking nine as I left the room.

Going upstairs quickly, I put on my habit and stepped out.

It was a clear, bright night, with the pale moon rising over the dark tree-tops, and shining coldly on the glossy green evergreens, casting ghostly, weird shadows across the path. I reached the yard, and saw, to my alarm, a light in the harness-room. Without taking time to hesitate or think, I advanced softly, and peeping in, saw to my great relief that it was only the stable-boy busily engaged rubbing up the harness. Opening the door, I stood before the astonished lad, who gazed with wide-open eyes as though I had been an apparition.

"Christie," I said, "saddle Rifleman as quickly as possible. I want him."

"Sure, ma'am, you're never going out to-night?"

"Yes, I am. Quick—don't stand talking there, but do as I tell you."

Burning with impatience, I watched him getting out Rifleman, and then, just as I was about to mount, catching sight of the wonder and surprise on Christie's face, an idea seized me, and, sending him back into the stable on some pretext, I locked the door and took the key. No one knew where I was; it would be long before he could make himself heard, no matter how loudly he called for the yard was a long way from the house. In another minute I was out of the gate and cantering swiftly down the avenue and out on the open road. "Rifleman," I said, stroking his glossy neck, "it rests with you to save your master. You must do your best for the time is short."

Away we went, keeping well in the shadow of the trees which skirted the road; the soft grass muffled the sound of the horses hoofs, and faster, yet faster, I urged Rifleman to his topmost speed, for what if I were already too late? The moon was nearly high in the heavens, and I knew the hour was rapidly approaching. It was a ride for life, and on we flew with fearful rapidity.

What if Lionel were on his way already? Oh for strength to keep up a little longer!

The entrance gates at Colonel Arbuthnot's stood wide open, and, with hope in my heart, I galloped up to the house. The door was opened by the Colonel himself, who hurried out in great alarm.

"My husband—is he here?" I gasped.

"No, he has just left—not more than ten minutes ago, I think; but what has happened?"

"Too late, too late!" I cried. "They have killed him! Oh, Lionel, Lionel!"

They tried to stop me but I broke away; there might be time yet, if I rode hard and fast. My horse might die in the attempt—what mattered it? It was life or death now; and away again, thundering down the avenue I went, heedless of cries and entreaties to come back.

Stopping one moment to listen, I heard, far ahead, the rumbling sound of wheels; it seemed to endow me with new life and strength to keep up, to struggle a little longer; but poor Rifleman was almost done for. Breathing hard, he still labored on, answering whip and rein to the last.

Gathering up all my energies for a last effort, I urged Rifleman once more to a gallop, and sweeping round a corner, saw, with a wild gleam of joy and hope, my husband's dog-cart slowly ascending a long steep hill, right in front, the foot of which on the other side was the spot where the murderers were in waiting. Every yard of ground was of value now.

I tried to call out, but only a feeble cry escaped my lips; and, still running with a kind of strength and determination—given despair, I pushed on, till suddenly all grew dim and indistinct. I was conscious only of a great and terrible darkness rising and hiding my husband from my sight; struggling on blindly with outstretched hands I staggered a few steps, and then, with a last wild wail of "Lionel—Lionel!" fell senseless upon the earth—my last thought, my last desire being to save him. Was it all in vain?

* * * * * *

When I opened my eyes I found myself in a cottage, in the bright glare of a turf fire with a crowd of eager and frightened sympathisers around, and Lionel bending, white and anxious, over me. It was enough to know that he was safe, to cling tightly to him, and feel his strong, protecting arms around me; and, weak, tired, and exhausted, I fainted again.

It had been a very narrow escape after all. Lionel had just reached the top of the long hill when he heard my cry, and, driving hastily back, had found me, to his great astonishment, lying insensible, and Rifleman standing beside me. Presently Colonel Arbuthnot, who had followed in hot haste, had come up, and they had carried me into the cottage, wondering greatly what it meant. And I told my story.

Had I been a minute later, in all human probability I should never in this world have heard his voice again.

Delancy waited in vain that night, and whether he guessed or suspected that his plot had been discovered was never known, for ere morning dawned he had fled and succeeded in making his escape from the country. Lionel and Colonel Arbuthnot did all they could to have him brought to justice, but in vain—he was never heard of.

We left Ireland before Christmas, for I could not bear to stay there after all I had gone through, and I never wish to see it again. As for Rifleman, I will never part with him; the good horse that carried me so well that memorable night shall have a happy home and end his days in peace, but for him I should never have won that terrible race.

The Fated King.

A ROMANCE OF SCOTTISH HISTORY.

IT was the night of the 20th of February, 1438. The king and queen of Scotland held their court in the abbey of Black Friars at Perth.

The apartment was filled with the noble and fair, among whom James I., and his lovely consort were distinguished by their personal beauty and grace of manner, as well as by their rank.

In the recess of one of the lofty windows stood Robert Stuart, the grandson and heir of the Earl of Athol, a kinsman of the king and his betrothed bride, the young and beautiful Lady Ida Randolph.

The young man had a fine figure and handsome features, but there was an expression about the eyes and mouth that indicated at times that his prepossessing exterior concealed a bad heart and a cruel disposition.

His eyes were fixed on the king with so fierce a gaze, that the Lady Ida started as she beheld it.

"Robert," said she, "of what are you dreaming? You look at the king as fiercely as though you were Sir Robert Grahame himself."

"It was of him I was thinking, Ida," replied Stuart. "My unhappy kinsman, condemned to wander an outlaw among the mountain fastnesses, through the injustice and tyrannical severity of James."

"Not so, Robert," said Ida; "the king was not unjust."

"He refused to bestow upon him the earldom of Strathern, to which he laid claim," answered he; "and he condemned him to prison for a crime that he might have committed with impunity in the reign of his father and during the regency of Albany. I marvel not, that on being freed from such ignoble bondage, a man of so fiery and haughty a spirit should seek to be revenged on his oppressor."

"He had no right to the earldom of Strathern," said Ida; "and as for his imprisonment, the crime for which he suffered well deserved such punishment.

"I know that many of the nobles blame the king because he metes out the same justice to all classes; because he does not deem that noble blood should entitle its possessor to committ every dark and evil deed with impunity.

"But surely you cannot excuse him for seeking the life of the king, for sending him a defiance, renouncing his allegiance to him, and threatening to destroy him with his own hand?"

"He has many good qualities," answered Stuart, evasively.

"Robert! Robert!" said Ida, her voice trembling with the earnestness with which she spoke, "speak not thus! Let me not hear you say aught in praise of a traitor and a murderer! The king has ever been a warm friend and an affectionate kinsman to you, why should you speak harshly of him, and kindly of his enemy?"

"Nay, nay, you mistake me, Ida," replied the young man. "I wished not to speak harshly of the king; I know that he has ever treated me with great kindness, and that he has honored me with the greatest confidence on every occasion; but Grahame was one of my dearest friends; I pity his fate, my friendship for him leads me to find excuses for his conduct, and I cannot help thinking that James has acted toward him with great severity."

"Yet speak not thus," said Ida; "it is most imprudent—should your words be repeated to the king——"

"I would probably have to share Grahame's disgrace and exile," interrupted he. "But fear not, I will not do aught to expose myself to danger, and as for what I have said this night, no one has heard me but you, and I think not that my Ida will betray me."

The Lady Ida looked up into his face with a smile, but before she could answer, an attendant came to inform him that the king desired his presence.

Ida remained standing for a few moments by the windows after he had left her, musing over his words.

He had never spoken either of the king or Grahame in the same manner before, and dark and undefined fears passed through her mind, but she quickly dismissed them, deeming herself unkind and unjust toward her affianced husband in harboring them for a moment.

It was late ere the company dispersed.

The king remained for some time after all had retired, conversing cheerfully with the queen and her ladies.

Suddenly, however, a shade passed over his face, and he remained for some time in deep thought; at length, turning to the queen, he said:

"Do you not remember, that when on my way here a few week since, I was met by an old Highland woman, who told me if I came to Perth I would never leave it alive? She was here this evening, and sought an interview with me, but she was informed that she could not be admitted to my presence at so late an hour. I regret that I did not see her. I know not why, but within the last few hours I have felt a strange presentiment of impending evil. There is an old prophecy that predicts that in this year a king will be killed in Scotland.

"And what, of whom do you fear, my lord?" asked the queen.

"Robert Grahame has swown to destroy me, as you know," replied James,

"And I have cause to believe that there are many others in league with him to take my life, and there could not be a more favorable opportunity for him to make the attempt than the present."

The queen shuddered.

She felt that there was every reason to fear that Grahame would endeavor to fulfill his oath ere long, for owing to the small size of the abbey, the guards of the king were quartered among the citizens of Perth, and a few only of the personal attendants of the king and queen were able to lodge in the monastery, so that James was much more exposed to danger while there than at any of the other royal residences.

Her eyes filled with tears.

"Nay, nay, my fair queen, calm thyself," said James, soothingly.

"I was wrong to say anything that could alarm you.

"There cannot be aught to fear—I bade my trusty kinsman, and gentleman of the bed-chamber, Robert Stuart, ere he retired for the night, to go over the abbey and look to bolt and bar.

"Should danger approach, the sentinels will give timely warning, and we will dispatch messengers to the city to summon our guard.

"So fear not, we can bid defiance to Robert Grahame and his troop of assassins."

As he spoke, strong light, apparently from the court-yard, flashed across the windows of the room.

The king sprang to the casement. The court-yard was filled with men, and by the light of the torches they carried, he could see that they were armed, and among them he beheld his deadly foe.

"It is Grahame, he has come to perform his oath," said James calmly, turning from the window.

"Oh fly then, fly while there is yet time!" exclaimed the queen, almost wild with terror.

"And whither shall I fly?" said the king. "It would be madness to attempt it, they must even now be in the abbey. Had I any place of concealment—but I know of none, and I must even defend myself until aid arrives, or until my strength fails me."

"Not so, my lord," exclaimed the Lady Catherine Douglas, one of the ladies of honor of the queen.

"I have heard there is a vault beneath this apartment that communicates with the court-yard, and I have been shown the plank in the floor which it is necessary to raise in order to descend into it. Once there, my lord, you can easily escape."

"You are right, fair lady," said the king. "I had forgotten the vault. I will descend into it, it may conceal me from my enemies but unhappily I cannot escape from it, as the entrance into the court-yard was walled up a few days ago by my order, because when I played at ball, the ball frequently rolled down through the opening."

The plank was hastily raised, and the king descended. But before the plank was again lowered the voices and footsteps of the assassins were heard in the corridor, approaching the apartment.

The Lady Catharine Douglass flew to fasten the door, but the bar had been removed. Without a moment's hesitation she thrust her arm through the staples. But so frail an obstacle could not long keep out the intruders.

The door was soon burst open, but not until the arm of the heroic lady was broken.

The assassins rushed into the room. The plank had been lowered, and the terrified queen and her ladies were standing together in a corner of the room. Grahame saw at a glance that his victim was not there, and was about ordering his followers to go with him to seek the king in the other apartments of the abbey, when one of the ruffians seized the queen, and was about to plunge his dagger to her heart, when a son of Grahame interposed and saved her life.

At this moment the Lady Ida Randolph beheld among the conspirators her affianced husband, and with a wild shriek, she pronounced his name.

"What, fair lady," said Grahame, with a fierce smile.

"Know ye not that your betrothed was in league with us? Had it not been for his care in removing bolt, bar, and sentinel, we had not gained entrance here to-night."

Ida covered her face with her hands, and turned away.

"Let us be gone, Grahame, and seek the king," exclaimed Stuart, crimsoning with anger and shame.

"Know you not, that notwithstanding our precautions some of the attendants have escaped? They will alarm the city, and the royal guard will be upon us ere long."

"You are right", said Grahame, "and I should be loath to leave the abbey without accomplishing that for which I bame

"Yet hear me, Lady Ida, you will think less harshly of the deeds of this night, when you see the crown of Scotland on the brow of the heir of Athol, for it is my intention, and that of the nobles leagued with me, to place Robert Stuart on the throne of the tyrant whose reign will end to night."

So saying, he left the apartment, followed by the rest of the conspirators.

Ida uncovered her face, gazed after them wildly, and then uttering a low cry, fell insensible on the floor.

After having sought their victim in vain through every part of the building, Robert Stuart recollected the vault, and suggested that he might be concealed there.

They immediately returned to the apartment where the queen and her ladies had passed the time of their absence in the most agonizing anxiety and suspense, and tearing up the plank, behold the unfortunate monarch standing below.

A demoniac burst from the conspirators at the sight, and two of the ruffians sprang down and threw themselves upon him.

James was unarmed, but wrenching a dagger from one of his assailants, he dealt him a blow that laid him dead at his feet, and then turning to the other assassin, he defended himself gallantly against him, when Grahame descended and stabbed him.

Weakened by loss of blood, unable to make any further resistence, the king sank on the floor of the vault, calling on his enemy to have mercy on him.

"Thou never hadst mercy on those of thine own blood, or any one else, therefore thou shalt find no mercy here," replied Grahame, plunging his sword into the body of his sovereign.

The vault was now filled with conspirators and the unhappy queen, throwing herself on the senseless form of her husband, sought to shield him from the blows with which his brutal enemies gratified their hatred by inflicting. It was not until she had been twice wounded, and how become insensible from terror, pain and distress, that she could be removed from the body.

The approach of the guard alarmed the conspiritors, who sought safety in flight; but Grahame had fulfilled his oath, the king was dead.

The horrible deed excited the utmost indignation against its perpetrators among all classes in Scotland.

The king had been blamed by many although without cause, for being unnecessarily strict and severe in the administration of justice, but his dreadful death caused all his faults to be forgotten.

So universal was the popular feeling against the conspirators, and so unceasing and energetic were the efforts made to capture them, that in less than a month every man connected with the conspiracy was a prisoner.

They were all put to death, after undergoing the most horrible tortures.

Grahame protested, with his last breath, that he had only done his duty, in freeing his country from the yoke of a tyrant.

Robert Stuart died deeply penitent for his crime. When his dreams of ambition had faded away, and he found that his treachery had conducted him to a murderer's cell instead of placing him on a kingly throne, his conscience awoke, and he bitterly regretted the fearful deed that had brought upon him so terrible a punishme"t.

He wrote to Ida, telling her of his penitence and remorse, and beseeching her to forgive him.

Poor Lady Ida! the shock of finding that she loved was capable of so fearful a crime, added to her anxiety lest he should be captured; and her agony at his dreadful death, was more than she could bear. She did not long survive him, but sank into an early grave, a victim to his wild ambition and demoniac treachery.

J. K. E.

A City of Perfumes.—The Tunisian Arabs have a passion for flowers, and as soon as their spring commences, even the poorest and the raggedest may be seen with a delicately-scented blossom stuck above his ear, the stalk resting amid the folds of his turban and the flower projecting forward over his dark cheek. I have been told by those who have thirty years' knowledge of these people, that they will almost go without bread to buy flowers. And there is something in the sight of a gaunt, toil-worn Arab, whose sole garments may consist of a piece of coarse sacking and a ragged old turban, with a bunch of delicate spring blossoms drooping their cool freshness against his swarthy cheek, which stirs a strange mingling of sympathy, and pity, and admiration.

The perfumes distilled at Tunis have been famous from time immemorial, and the Tunisians are right when they declare that their roses are sweeter than all others. There is one very large, rather pale rose in particular, from which the famous attar is extracted, which exhales an odor so powerful and yet so delicate that it scarcely seems a figure of speech to speak of "odors of Paradise" and one can understand that the Mohammedan's heaven would hardly be complete without it.

But at Tunis it is not only the rose that is made to yield up its sweet breath, to be afterwards imprisoned in cunning little caskets and sparkling crystal flasks enriched with gilding, suggesting to the wandering fancy the Arabian Nights' haunted traveler, the imprisoned spirit of some fairy, in eternal subjection to the powerful genii man. The odors of the violet, the jasmine, the orange flower, and many others are extracted with equal skill, and in the bazaars mingle their scents with the perfume of sandal-wood and other sweet-smelling woods whose names I do not know, and with that of the curious, most odoriferous dark substance which the natives call amber. If you go to buy perfumes, the vendor will perhaps offer you a little ivory box or porcelain vase containing a scent or unguent for the hair, or may be a string of beads to hang around your neck, apparently thinking it of small consequence in what way you perfume your person so that the desired odor is conveyed to the senses. In Arab households incense and sandal-wood are frequently burned on charcoal braziers. The Arabian women of the higher class are extravagantly fond of highly-scented earrings, bracelets, etc., and a lady told me that on being introduced into the apartment of a newly-married wife she saw suspended on the wall a magnificent kind of necklace, almost as large as a collar of the Order of the Golden Fleece, formed of scented woods and amber, enriched with plates and beads of pure gold finely worked. This ornament perfumed the whole apartment, and in well-to-do households it was always to be found in the chamber of the newest wife.

Tea in Japan.—The firing and preparation of tea for market, as practiced in Japan, is as follows: The Japanese green tea may be divided into three general classes; colored, uncolored, and basket-fired. The leaf used for all these is from the same plant, differing only in quality, condition, &c. All teas used by foreigners are first fired by the natives, in the places where grown. If a grade of colored tea is to be made this fired leaf (four or five pounds) is taken and put into iron pans or bowls, which are heated sometimes up to a temperature of 212° Fahrenheit. The leaves are then rapidly stirred by hand against the smooth iron surfaces some 20 minutes. A teaspoonful of thoroughly pulverized soap-stone (saponite,) and five grains, or so, of powdered Chinese indigo are placed in the pan, and thoroughly rubbed into the leaf for about 20 minutes more, when half a teaspoonful of soapstone or gypsum and pulverized tamarack bark is added, and the stirring and rubbing is continued for 20 minutes more. It is then put into cold pans and simply cold rubbed against the iron surfaces until it has the required polish, which is arrived at in from 40 minutes to an hour. This is the ordinary way of preparing colored tea. Other materials are perhaps sometimes used. The different manufacturers, of course vary the process a little now and then to produce slight changes of color. The leaf is then run through three to five sizes of sieves, till all the dust and loose coloring matter is separated. The shrinkage is about 12 per cent. This coloring process is considered beneficial to the leaf, tending to preserve its shape and flavor. In coloring Chinese teas, Prussian blue is frequently used instead of indigo in their green, and black lead in their black teas. Uncolored teas are made in the same way and quantities, and rubbed against the iron pans until the surfaces have the desired polish, and are then sifted until nothing but the whole leaves are left. Basket firing is done in bamboo baskets, shaped something like our hour-glasses, which are shaken over hot pans. The leaf is put into the upper lobe of the basket and worked into the lower, and so, back and forth, until finished.

A Diffident young man was sent to inform relatives of the decease of a friend. As he drove into the yard he was met by his uncle, who said to him—"What is the good word?" To which he replied—"Father is dead."

THE SEARCH.

J. T. F.

"Give me the girl whose lips disclose,
When'er she speaks, rare pearls in rows,
And yet whose words more genuine are
Than pearls or any shining star.

"Give me those silvery tones that seem
An angel's singing in a dream—
A presence beautiful to view,
A seraph's, yet a woman's, too.

"Give me that one whose temperate mind
Is always toward the good inclined,
Whose deeds spring from her soul unsought—
Twin-born of grace and artless thought;

"Give me that spirit—seek for her
To be my constant minister!"
"Dear friend—I heed your earnest prayers—
"I'll call your lovely wife down-stairs."

ARDEN COURT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY MARGERIE."

[Hilda Halloway is the supposed illegitimate daughter of Reginald Glanville. She was adopted as heiress by Philip Arden, of Arden Court, but by trickery in his will has been deprived of the estate. She goes into the world to make her living, and, while at his cousin's, meets Sir Guy Capel, who loves her. Jasper Talbot is the son of Glanville, but has a stain on his birth. He becomes a playwright. Madame Courton is an actress, but in reality Julia Courtenay, the wife of Glanville. She has left him on account of his conduct. Hugh Fleming is Julia's cousin, and pursues Reginald with bitter hate. Jasper, who loves Nora Norton, marries Minnie Darrell. She dies. Reginald is arrested for a robbery. Hilda determines to go to him. This brings us to the present chapters.]

CHAPTER XXXIX.—[CONTINUED.]

"NURSE," Hilda said, sitting down in a low chair by her side, "will you grant me one request?"

"How could I refuse you, Miss Hilda?" she said. "Did you not save my life? and is there anything too much for me to do in return?"

"Then you will help me, nurse, to do what I know to be my duty," she said, earnestly.

"That I will, Miss Hilda," she said; "only try me."

The girl then hurriedly explained her plans.

"I must leave here before they are up in the morning, Mrs. Allen," she continued. "It is absolutely necessary. You will know all some day, I dare say; but you can trust me, can you not? You will not think that I would willingly do wrong, give pain or sorrow to anyone, or be ungrateful?"

"Bless you, my darling, no," replied Mrs. Allen. "But what is it that has put such a fancy into your head, and you hardly out of your sick bed? It will kill you."

"Nurse, it is necessary," said Hilda. "There are times when even life itself must be given up for what is right; but there is no fear for me. My dreary life will not come thus mercifully to an end."

She spoke bitterly; then a pang of self-reproach came over her.

"I am wrong," she continued, "wrong, when I have such kind, generous friends. But I must not forfeit my own self-respect and peace, nor injure them, and I should do both if I were to remain here. No, I must go, whatever may betide; and it is only to ask you whether you will help me, that I am come. I am in want of your help, nurse. You will not refuse me?"

"Dear me, Miss Hilda," said the good woman, looking at her doubtingly, "for pity's sake, don't look like that. You know I can't refuse you anything; but then, only think what master and Miss Norton will say to me? They will say that I am very wicked not to go and tell them at once."

"Not when I made you promise me so faithfully," said Hilda. "They cannot do that. Come, you will not refuse me."

What could the nurse say to that pale, tearful, pleading face?—how refuse that earnest voice?

"Well, Miss Hilda," she said, "you certainly have a right that I should risk something for you, since you risked your life for me. But you are not going to do anything —I mean——"

"Be content, dear nurse," interrupted Hilda, half smiling at her insinuation. "I have no desperate purpose, I assure you; I am not going to do anything either fatal or dangerous. I am only going to perform a duty, and also to save others, whom I love dearly from being in any way brought into trouble for my sake. Now, you can understand me and trust me, can you not?"

"Yes, Miss Hilda, perfectly," said the nurse. "But what is it I am to do?"

"Tell me first how I am to get away from here without their knowing," said the girl, eagerly.

She longed to be away, to be out of the reach of the terrible temptation she had just conquered.

"That is easily done, Miss Hilda," replied Mrs. Allen. "The boat leaves these summer mornings long before any one here would be up; I am to take Miss Nora's place by Madame presently, and I know she will go to bed tired enough, poor young lady.

"So you see there won't be any danger of your being seen; and I can take you myself at any time, for Miss Nora said that when the morning came, if Madame still slept, or was awake and better, her own servant might sit with her, and I come back to Miss Lina; so I can manage that for you, you see."

"No, nurse, no!" said Hilda. "That is more than I can or will permit.

"Tell me exactly where to go, and at what time, and I can manage perfectly well; only I shall want some money, nurse; and if you can lend me some, I know that Sir Guy will repay you out of the salary which is still owing to me. But I cannot ask him for it, you know."

"Bless, you, my child, you shall have all I've got by me, though that isn't much, for I always put it in the bank when I take my wages, but it's about ten pounds. I like to keep so much by me."

Hilda gratefully accepted this sum from Mrs. Allen, and also acquiesced in the final arrangement that she should carry her small belongings down to the boat-house, ere she might be called to attend to the wants of the invalid.

So the nurse set off on her mission, and Hilda was once more alone with Lina—alone with his child.

She approached the bed, and knelt down and prayed for the blessings of the Almighty to be poured on that young head, and on the father, for whose sake she was doubly dear.

She glanced at the infantine features, as if to trace the faint resemblace between them and the father whom she but slightly resembled.

She listened to the calm breathing, and envied the sweet unconsciousness of happy childhood.

Ah, when would such tranquil rest be hers?

Perhaps never in this world.

The moments seemed brief indeed till Nurse Allen's return, though it was half an hour ere she appeared with the news that all was right, and that the boat would start at five in the morning.

Hilda bent down and pressed her lips on the fair child's face, with a fond, lingering kiss.

Then she embraced the honest, kind creature, who was well nigh giving way to hysterical tears at the departure of her favorite, and returned to her room to lie down, and to attempt sleep till the hour when she must tear herself away from all she loved, and who loved her in return in this world, and go forth on her cold and ungenial mission.

CHAPTER XL.

IT was late in the morning when Nora Norton rose from her irregular slumbers after her long watch by Madame Courton; and even then it was rather in reply to a summons from the maid who had been watching by the invalid after Nurse Allen's departure.

"Please, Miss Norton, my mistress is awake!" exclaimed the girl, joyfully, "and seems in her senses; but she don't seem to comprehend what has happened."

Nora hastily wrapped a dressing-gown around her, and hurried to the invalid's room.

Madame Courton was sitting up in bed, her eyes fully open, and gazing around with a puzzled air.

"What has happened?" she asked. "I do not remember coming to bed, and yet it seems late in the day. The sun shines. What is it, Miss Norton?"

Nora saw that the opium had deadened the impressions of whatever might have so powerfully affected the invalid.

"You have not been very well, dear madame, that is all," said Nora, "and we placed you in bed by the doctor's orders. I think you have been over-fatigued in nursing our patient, and you fainted away very suddenly."

The lady brushed away the long tresses with her hand, and looked questioningly at the fair nurse.

"What was I doing?" she asked. "Who was with me?"

"You were writing, I think," answered Nora, "or something of the sort, "and Sir Guy, Hilda and myself were with you when you fainted."

Madame Courton thought for a few moments, and then the whole tide of memory came back.

"Ah," she said, shivering—"ah, yes, I remember all. Sir Guy was reading the paper. Was it not so?"

Nora could not deny it.

"Yes, yes—ah!—I must get up. I must be strong," said Madame Courton. "I have been very foolish, but I will not be so weak again. Yes, yes—there is no time to spare —I must make haste."

She spoke half-dreamily, as if to herself, and Nora tried to soothe her.

"Yes, of course," she said, "you shall get up as soon as the doctor comes, dear madame; but he positively said you were to keep quiet until then.

"Indeed, it would be utterly impossible for you to get up now; you are not well enough yet."

Nora knew not the resolute will of her to whom she spoke.

"I must!" she said; "I must! I will not remain here. There has been too much delay already by far. I must go to him at once."

"To whom?" asked Nora, in a gentle voice.

"To him, to——no, no, not my husband," she said, sadly. "And yet I thought it was —I thought it was."

Her mind seemed wandering under the influence of the opium.

Nora perceived that it was so, and with an instinctive delicacy of her nature, shrunk from learning anything that was not meant for her ears.

"You shall," she said, "you shall. But, dear madame, will you not lie down again for a few hours?

"Then, when you are well enough you shall have anything you like."

The lady sank back on her pillow.

Necessity, not will, made her yield to Nora's request.

Her head turned round, her heart was sick and faint, and her limbs refused their office.

"At least you must wait till the doctor comes," said Nora; "he will be here in a few hours."

"I will," said the lady; "I will. I must think."

Nora gently smoothed the pillow, and bathed the feverish head of the patient, and then, drawing down the curtains, she left her to repose, under the charge of the maid, until she concluded her own toilette.

But no sooner was the door closed behind her than the lady once more raised herself to a sitting posture.

"Jane," she said, "can you find the newspaper Sir Guy was reading when I fainted?"

The maid started.

Her mistress' tone was so strangely clear and composed, all unlike the wandering accents that had marked it hitherto.

"I don't know," she replied, hesitatingly; "I don't know, madame, but I will go and see."

The woman disappeared for a few moments.

Perhaps she should not thus have deserted her charge; but there was ever something in the tone and manner of Madame Courton that forbade any resistance from her inferiors.

She went quickly to the room where her mistress had fainted, and discovered the paper, after a short search.

When she returned to the invalid's room, she found her sitting up in bed, calm and self-possessed.

"Give me that paper, Jane," said her mistress, quietly, "and draw back the curtains."

Jane obeyed, and Madame Courton began to read.

Her eyes were dimmed from the effects of the opium, and her hands trembled as she held the paper; but still, every line was carefully digested, and the details sank deep into her heart.

She fell back wearily, and appeared to rest; then her resolution seemed to have been fully taken.

"Jane," said she, "prepare a small trunk for me to take to London; my plainest things, remember, but enough to serve me for a week. I can send for more if I need them."

The girl hesitated; then asked, somewhat timidly:

"Shall I get ready to accompany you, madame?"

"No," was the quick reply; "I will send for you if I want you. Do exactly as I bid you. I cannot talk."

Jane gazed at the pale face and began to obey.

She knew her mistress well, and that any resistance would be punished with summary dismissal; and while she hastily selected some articles from the drawers, and began to arrange them in a small traveling case, Madame Courton lay quiet and speechless, as if trying to collect and rally her energies by perfect rest.

And thus the hours flew by, till Miss Norton and the doctor entered the room together.

Nora started as she saw the employment of the maid, and exchanged significant glances with the physician.

"My good lady," said the doctor, approaching the bed, "are you going to send away your servant or dismiss your guests? What do these preparations mean?"

"I am much better, doctor," she replied, with a faint smile, "thanks to your skill and my kind nurse; and I must at once start on a journey to see a friend."

"So you shall, madame, as soon as you are well enough," he said, as if soothing a fractious child; "but not to-day—certainly not to-day."

"Yes, to-day doctor," she said, firmly. "It is a duty, and I must perform it."

"Not at the risk of your life, my good lady. I am responsible for that," he replied, laying his hand on her pulse.

"Not if it is my own determination?" she said, with a look of haughtiness. "I feel all your kindness, doctor; but remember, I am a free agent. I have no one to account to for my actions, and no one but the friend to whom I am going who would feel my death to be a loss. Thus, my life is in own hands—or rather at my Maker's will; and, if I lose it in doing what I know to be right, then I must willingly lay it down. It has been long all but a worthless, joyless one to me."

Nora listened. Her own brave spirit comprehended well the meaning of that devoted, courageous heart, and she now interfered on her behalf.

"Perhaps, doctor, you can assist Madame Courton to do this without absolute danger?" she said. "I think she has too much sense and real principle to throw away her health and life needlessly."

The invalid gave her a grateful, bright look.

"I thank you," she said. "You understand me, I see—you would do the same if in my place.

"Dr. Chambers, I am resolved. If you can give me anything to help and sustain me, I promise to obey all your directions; but positively I must go.

"There would be far more danger of getting a brain fever by lying here, than by fulfilling my wish."

"I ought not to allow it" said Dr. Chambers, seriously; "but still, if you are resolved to go, I must even risk my reputation by being accessory to the fact.

"Now, listen; I absolutely forbid your stirring for three or four hours.

"I will give you some medicine that will carry off the effect of the opium, and render it safer for you to travel.

"Then I will take you myself to the station, and see that you are established as safely as you can be, under the circumstances, and if I lose my character and my practice, why you ladies must bear the blame."

"I will obey you," said Madame Courton, smiling faintly.

"Because you cannot help it, I imagine," he replied, half smiling. "Why, I don't believe you could now stand up for five minutes without fainting.

"Now, Miss Norton, if you will let me have the medicine chest, I will soon mix a draught, and then I will see my other patient."

He followed Nora to the room where the medicine chest was kept, and in a few minutes the draught was mixed and administered to the sufferer.

She drank it, then sunk back on her pillows, closed her eyes wearily, and the attendants exchanged glances.

"Can she go, doctor?" said Nora, following him from the room.

"I doubt it," he replied, "I doubt it. But we shall see. And now where is my young patient?"

He looked round at Nora as he spoke, and Nora rang the bell.

"Tell Miss Halloway that Dr. Chambers is here," she said. "I dare say she is not up."

The servant disappeared, but returned in a few minutes with a puzzled, scared look.

"Please, Miss Norton, Miss Halloway is not in her room."

"Not there! Why, it is but seven o'clock. Where can she be?" said Nora, in astonishment. "Perhaps she is in the nursery." see added. "I will go and see."

She left the room as she spoke, and Dr. Chambers would have wished to follow her. He had often been in little Lina's nursery, and was exceedingly fond of the child, and he was somewhat perplexed at the whole transactions of the morning.

We can imagine the scene that followed Nora's inquiry; her surprise, her perplexity at the sudden disappearance of the young girl.

Then a light flashed upon her mind. The disappearance of Hilda, the illness of Madame Courton, and her sudden determination to go to London, were evidently connected with each other, and with the sad story read by Sir Guy Capel from the paper on the previous day.

Nora had a quick perception and strong powers of imagination. The whole circumstances were rapidly combined, and her determination was taken ere she returned to the room where she had left the doctor.

But that resolve will be developed hereafter: for the present we must leave the invalid and her nurse, and return to those whom we have long left unnoticed.

CHAPTER XLI.

ARDEN COURT was lighted up with a splendor which had long been foreign to its hall.

During the lifetime of Philip Arden there had been little gaiety or light in the old rooms, and corridors, and galleries of the ancient mansin.

And since then, Avice Merton, its new mistress, had been preserving decorous silence and gravity in her arrangements. She had kept her word, and insisted on her suitor's keeping his promise.

She would not listen to any word of marriage or betrothal being announced till the time specified at the period of the strange wooing of the heiress of Arden.

And during the months that had ensued —during the long winter months of darkness and dreariness—Dr. Henry had only made his stated visits, and these at distant and regular intervals, at Arden Court; and there could be no scandal in these.

Miss Merton was alone, certainly; but then why not be sad at times, now that her companions in that dreamy mansion were gone for ever?

At her age, and with her established character for decorum and steadiness, how could gossip make free with her name?

Why, it was impossible to find fault with the staid spinster, any more than with the genial doctor.

But Easter came and went.

The leaves of May put forth their bloom; and, as if in proof of the wisdom of the warning to all bachelors and maidens to beware of that soft, genial month, the whole neighborhood was astonished during its progress by the public announcement of the betrothal of Dr. Henry and Miss Merton.

"How could he have been so blind?" was the common remark.

Miss Merton was not young; and though the rich heritage of Arden Court had proved an attraction to many suitors, she had yet been too wise to believe in the sincerity of any such mere fortune-hunters.

Dr. Henry had shown his good sense and his right feeling.

He had abstained from unnecessary visits to Arden.

He had won the lady honorably without any unfair or pressing attentions or foolish professions.

And Miss Merton proved that she was not one to overrate herself.

She had chosen moderately and wisely. In short, the approval seemed to be general, as the surprise had been great.

There! was no one but could feel a comfortable sensation that neither party, was to be envied.

And this is always a pleasant feeling when a marriage is in question.

In June the wedding was to take place. Avice had wished it to be a very quiet one, but Dr. Henry had overruled her plans.

"She was the heiress of Arden," he said. "He was proud of her—proud of the wife he had won: and he did not think it right or suitable that such a marriage should be solemnized like the wedding of a poor, obscure couple, with fears and alarms for the future to disturb their peace."

He spoke with one of those smiles that always made Avice shiver. It invariably accompanied some speech that chilled her very blood.

Nothing to fear?—nothing to disturb her peace? Who had more?

Her pillow, could it have told the tale; her solitary apartment, could its walls have found tongues, would have answered the question. They would have told of weary startings and tossings on her couch; convulsive graspings of the hands; of faint groans in the silent night. They would have spoken of restless pacings to and fro in the weary hours of darkness; of pale cheeks and anxious, furtive looks, as if expecting a spectre visitor, when all had retired to the rest that the mistress of the mansion could never enjoy more.

Yet Avice Merton looked calm and proud in the daylight hours, and bore herself with dignity and composure.

But all was over now; the maiden state was nearly at an end, with all its cares and distresses, its dignities, its power, and its claims, and Avice Merton was about to become a wife.

The wedding day has arived; the ceremony was over; and guests were there; those who had witnessed the ceremony, and assisted at the breakfast, and others who had arrived for the evening reception. Lights blazed, music sounded, and great were the rejoicings on that night.

The servants' hall the kitchen, the housekeeper's and steward's room were full, and the cellars and the larders were put in severe requisition for the numerous guests.

Avice was there. She and her husband had waived the usual etiquette of the wedding trip.

Why should they go? They were not like a young bride, and bridegroom flying from irksome restraints, and from sober friends, and formal etiquettes, to the delightful variety of travel; no—they had a splendid home; they had the complete arrangement and management of their own affairs; and what more could they wish for.

It suited Dr. Charles Henry to take his post at once as master of Arden, to receive congratulations, to see the rejoicings of servants and tenants, to entertain his guests with hospitality, and to place his wife at once in the second place that she was henceforth to fill.

The band played in the drawing-room during the dispersion of the guests, and waltzes and quadrilles were got up impromptu among the younger members of the parties assembled.

It was indeed a brilliant sight; the whole front of the house was one blaze of light; the avenue was illuminated with colored lamps; the music, the dancing, the cheers of the servants' hall, as jest and song and toast went round, and formed a scene of rejoicing that well befitted the bridal of the heiress of Arden; and so said the new steward, as he proposed the health of bride and bridegroom; so said the new tenants, who had been gradually introduced by Avice and her suitor in place of the old and tried favorites of Philip and Bessie Arden; and so said the servants and dependants, as the strong ale and wine got in their heads, and made them enthusiastic and maudlin in their gratitude and allegiance.

But there was one, and only one, that looked grave and solitary in the general merriment, and only one other that had the courage to venture a slight dissent to the general cheer. The first was the nephew of the old housekeeper; the other Josiah Blunt. The former lad, or rather young man, as he now styled and considered himself, was an old *protege* of Mr. Arden's.

He had early displayed some talent; and for the sake of his old and trusty housekeeper, Mr. Arden had put him to school, and afterwards into the office of the family lawyer.

The youth had apparently well deserved the confidence that had been placed in him. He had profited by his opportunities, and had proved himself painstaking, diligent, and most devoted and obedient to his kind patron and to his master.

James Deane had, however, lately changed his position.

The old lawyer had retired from practice, and James had been transferred to an office in Cheltenham belonging to a cousin of his former master; and he was now enjoying a week's holiday, which enabled him to be present on this occasion.

"I'm here, rather to be with you, Jos, than because I care for the fuss and stir," he said, confidentially. "But I know you are one that will not forget the old times, nor the old master; and for your sake I determined that you should have some one to back you?"

In fact those two were old chums, although such different characters. The strong and the weak, the gifted and the deficient, the prosperous and the struggling in this world, are sometimes drawn together in close affinity, though it would be difficult to explain why and wherefore. In this case, however, it could be explained.

Both owed much to one benefactor; both were true and leal in heart, if not equally gifted in mind and intellect.

James Deane, the more experienced in the world's ways, contented himself with a silent and quiet dissent from the general merriment, gaiety, and congratulations; but his more unscrupulous and untutored chum was loud in his expressions of disapproval. And the dark looks and contemptuous smiles that were exchanged between his neighbors were a not unwelcome tribute to his outrage in this solitary protest.

At last the recurrence of the sounds provoked an open rebuke from Mr. Jenkins, the new steward.

"Be quiet, you half-witted loon!" he said. "If you cannot behave yourself, just leave the room."

Josiah looked fiercely contemptuous. Like all of his peculiar temperament, neither entirely half-witted, nor as gifted and endowed as the generality of his fellows, his temper was bitter and ungovernable; and he would probably have committed some further breach of decorum had not his companion stopped him.

"Hush, Jos, hush!" said he. "It's no use. Just bide the time, and come away with me. We've had enough of all this tomfoolery, and I want a little rest and a smoke. Come to your room, Jos."

The lad reluctantly obeyed. His fierce indignation longed to vent itself freely. His attachments to his old master and to Hilda made him anxious to prove his allegiance to them, and his intense desire to assert their rights.

But his companion had a strong ascendency over him, and he at last managed to persuade him to accompany him to his room, which was by no means an uncomfortable one, and had been assigned to him by Mrs. Hislop.

The fire-place was large, and the chimney-piece was carved in antique fashion.

The floor was polished oak; the furniture plain, but substantial; the view from the window pleasant.

Here the two lads located themselves.

"It's a shame, James Deane, a burning shame! I won't and I don't believe that my dear old master ever meant it," began Jos.

"Indeed I know something if I liked to tell, that is very like it."

"Like what, Josiah?" asked his companion.

"Well, like what I say; that there's been some foul play somewhere," replied the half-wit, determinedly.

"But where?—that's the question," said the lawyer's clerk; "that's the question, Jos. I have my own suspicions, but then what's the good to talk without proof?"

"The good! Why, of course if it's true it can be proved, and will come out some day," observed Jos, fiercely.

"I don't see it," was the sententious reply.

"Don't see it! Why, you're just a solemn humbug then, James Deane," was the uncomplimentary observation. "I'd like to know what it could be. Do you think it's Mr. Arden himself that did the wrong or do you think it's poor Miss Bessie that did such wrong to Miss Hilda, whom they loved so dearly?"

"Can't say, Jos," replied James. "All that I can say about it is, that facts are facts; the will was made, and found in Mr. Arden's escritoire, in his own handwriting, and what could be said to disprove it?"

"Did your master make the will, Jim?" asked Josiah, with a knowing look.

"Well, no," said James, "not that one I must say.

"But here I am touching on what is not quite professional; yet I can trust you, Jos, for I believe you can keep counsel as well as if you were a lawyer, and also I know you are a true-hearted lad, although a little unmanageable at times."

"If it's about Miss Hilda, I'd be cut in pieces before they would get a word from me," said Jos, firmly.

"I believe you, my boy, I believe you," said the lawyer's clerk; and their disengaged hands were clasped together.

"Well then, I was going to say that I was in the outer office when my master came home from Arden Court, and he called in Mr. Warner, the head clerk, and then I had to take them some papers in the room.

"You must know, Jos, that I was always very fond of Miss Hilda, the same as if she'd been a daughter of the house; and I thought I'd like to see who was going to get all the property; so I shut the door quite loud, but left a little chink, through which the sound of the voices came, and I heard my master say:

"'I've made the will at last finally, I believe, Warner, and a very just one it is, I think, on the whole.

"'Enough left to the only relative he's got; small legacies to all who have a claim on him: and the residue, real and personal, to the girl.

"'This I consider quite fair, for she is young, and ought to have been his own, and he has a perfect right to will it to her.

"'The other is getting on in life, and never could look for more than the fortune that is bequeathed her.

"'Ten thousand is a good deal more than she could expect.'

"Then they rose from their seats, and I went to my desk, and heard no more.

"Indeed I did not care to know anything further, for I am not curious, Jos, only I did want to know that Miss Hilda was all safe."

"Well, James Deane," said Josiah, with an air of importance, "you have trusted me, and I feel inclined to trust you; and yet it's a secret that I never intended to tell any one till the time came that it might be useful; and I hardly like to let it pass my lips even now."

"I tell you what, Jos," said James Deane, looking at him with a sort of respect, "I like a fellow that can keep a secret, and I would not urge you to speak now; but you see, I'm something of a lawyer, and indeed I'm told that I shall do very well if I'm careful. Besides, I would make every effort to see Miss Hilda righted, and I would cut off the top of my tongue rather than betray a friend."

"But the doctor got you your berth," said Josiah, suspiciously.

"Yes, I know he did," replied James, "and I always fancied there was some reason why he took so much trouble.

"I don't fancy I owe him much gratitude, Jos, after all; and what is more, I don't feel inclined to support him in the wrong.

"Right is right, even if it were to hurt Miss Hilda herself."

Josiah appeared impressed; he weighed for a few minutes the course he should adopt before he spoke again.

"Well, James Deane," said he, "you'll give me your word of honor (which is as good as an oath) that you will never betray the confidence I place in you till I give you leave. Do you hear me, Jim?"

"I'd take an affidavit of it, Jos," was the legal reply.

"You see, James" the lad then continued, "I felt always fidgety, as soon as Miss Hilda was gone, and many a night I used to walk about and watch my master's light in his library or his bedroom, when all was quiet. Generally he would go to bed early, and the light in his room would be put out before midnight, and then I would go off to bed content.

"Well, he seemed to get worse and worse, and, what I always thought was a bad sign, I saw that he went to the grave where he and Miss Hilda used to go so often; he always looked more sad and pale, and yet more resigned like when he left it.

"At last, one day, he stayed longer than I ever knew him do before; so I went and waited for him till he came away, and followed him at a distance home.

"He looked very wan and weary, and I thought he would scarcely have got home. As soon as he was safe in the house, I went to this room of mine, and began to get ready, for I thought somehow they would send me for Miss Hilda that night.

"Well, the evening was over, but it was later than usual before my master went to bed, and the light in his room stayed in a long time, late in the first night, as I call it; so I got fidgety: and thought to myself there must be something very odd that could keep him up so long, after he had been so tired, and looked so ill. At last, I took heart, and stole from my room, to come and see what was the matter.

"The light was in his room, but dim, very dim; and then I could see that the door of Miss Avice's room was a little bit open too. I believe she meant to shut it; but perhaps she was afraid of making a noise when she went back, which kept her from shutting it close. So I stole quietly to the corridor, but there was no sound—none.

"I peeped through the chinks of the door, and I soon saw my master was not there.

"Where could he be? That was the next question in my head, for I could not see see how he could have gone from the library to bed, and had the night lamp burning, and then went back again, unless something very strange was up.

"So I thought I would give just one more glance, and then I could go and see, as still as a mouse, whether he was all right, and no one would be the wiser.

"But when I stooped down and looked into the room, my eyes were ready to start from my head.

"Only think what it was that I saw, James!"

The lawyer's clerk looked calmly expectant, but did not speak.

"I saw Miss Avice at the writing-desk; she was stooping over the papers, and her hand rested on it, and it moved, James—I can swear to that. Well, then, I watched and watched for about five minutes, till she stole from the room, her face as pale as ashes. She started and jumped when she saw me, as if I had been going to murder her, and I thought the candle would have fallen from her hand.

"But she recovered herself in a minute, and said she saw Mr. Arden's door open, and thought something must be wrong; that she was going to see if he was in the library, and I had better go with her and look.

"But I didn't tell her then that I'd seen her at the papers; so I went back with her to the library, and then, as you know, I found my poor master was dead."

The lad's eyes filled with tears as he spoke, and then he went on.

"I did not say a word; but when she sent me to call the servants, I flew like a deer; and before any one knew, I had got to the door of my master's room, and rushed in, as if I were a thief. I had a lamp in my hand, and I swayed it to and fro on the ground and the desk, and there—there, James, I found a bit of paper, and a pen, lying all wet by the side of the writing-desk, almost hidden. I seized them, put them in my pocket, and ran off to the servants' rooms and called them up; and then, before I went back, I went to my own room, and locked the paper and pen up in my box there;—there, up in that corner, James, where no one ever looks, or is likely to find it; and, if you'll keep your word, James, I'll show it to you, just for a minute. You'll keep the secret James?"

The youth repeated his assurance with a louder voice, and more eager manner than usual. His curiosity was strongly excited.

Josiah rose and went to the spot in question. It was a kind of recess, so artfully concealed, that there was but little chance of the box being discovered by any but one versed in the secret. And then he took a small box from the said recess. It was a tiny gift of Hilda's in her childish days, and little had she imagined that it would ever have been a receptacle for a document so important that it might affect her whole future life. The lad drew it from the recess and took a small key from a ribbon round his neck.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Constant Cough, with Shortness of Breath, Failing Strength and Wasting of Flesh, all betoken Lungs more or less seriously affected, and demanding prompt treatment. By using Dr. Jayne's Expectorant serious results may be either avoided or palliated.

Scientific and Useful

Cold Nights.—Experience on cold nights amongst the Swiss mountains has proved that for winter warmth there is nothing equal to a hay quilt. This is a large square cotton bag, with a few handfuls of hay shaken lightly into it.

Furniture Polish.—One pint of linseed oil, one wineglass of alcohol; mix well together; apply to the wood with a linen rag; rub dry with a soft cotton cloth. Furniture is improved by washing it occasionally with soapsuds. Wipe dry, and rub over with a very little linseed oil upon a clean sponge or flannel.

Silks Stains.—We often find that lemon juice, vinegar, oil of vitriol, and other sharp corrosives, stain dyed garments. Sometimes by adding a little pearlash to a soap lather, and passing the silks through these, the faded color will be restored. Pearlash and warm water will sometimes do alone, but it is the most efficacious method to use the soap lather and pearlash together.

Strengthening Tincture.—Take of compound tincture of bark, two ounces; ammoniated tincture of valerian, one ounce; ethereal tincture or compound tincture of aloes, half an ounce. Mix. This is a valuable stomachic and strengthening medicine for general debility, lowness of spirits, and nervous irritability. One or two tea-spoonfuls should be taken three times a day, in milk and water.

Staining Wood.—Apple, pear, and walnut wood, if fine-grained, may be stained black by the following process. Boil in a glazed or enamelled iron vessel with water four ounces of ground gall-nuts, one ounce of logwood chips, and half an ounce each of green vitriol and crystals of verdigris. Filter while warm, and brush the wood over with this rapidly. Dry and brush over with strong cold solution of acetate of iron, and dry. Repeat this several times, and finally dry in an oven at a moderate temperature, and oil or varnish.

The Silver.—When putting away the silver tea or coffee pot which is not used every day, lay a little stick across the top under the cover. This will allow the fresh air to get in and prevent mustiness; the article will then be ready for use at any time, after having first been rinsed with boiling water. Nothing is better to clean silver with than alcohol and ammonia. After rubbing with this, take a little whiting on a soft cloth and polish. Even frosted silver, which is so difficult to clean, may be easily made clear and bright in this way.

Farm and Garden.

Sheep.—Keep sheep dry under foot. This is even more necessary than roofing them. Never let sheep stand or lie in mud or water.

Wintering Bees.—Wintering bees in cellars appears to be an improvement over wintering them outside. The bees consume less honey, have less loss, and are healthier in the end.

Treatment of Plants.—To pinch off the tip of a shoot is not to produce a shock, but to change, not impede, and to send the flow of the sap in other directions, by which the fruit is benefited, while the leaf power is not materially interfered with, the axillary leaves affording the needful supply.

Cows.—It is said that if linseed oil is applied to sore teats, for a few times, both before and after milking, it will effectually cure any cure of the kind. Many cows are kickers until their teats are so treated, when they become as quiet as lambs, and seem to delight in being milked. Teats may appear smooth but still are tender, and only need a little oil to make the cow perfectly willing to be milked.

The Pink-eye.—For "pink-eye" in horses, cleanliness, good ventilation, and a laxative diet is the best treatment. The symptoms of this complaint are those of fever, the usual indication being a distressed twitching and rolling of the eyelids, followed by a general depression of the system. In severe cases the organs of the chest are often involved. During the course of the disease the eyes are more or less swollen and bloodshot.

Root-Cellars.—The leading features of a good root-cellar are, proof against frost, neatness, dryness, ventilation, and cheapness. If a hill-side is conveniently near, it helps much to secure these desired ends. An excavation should be first made, in size depending upon the required capacity of the cellar, and in this erect a stout frame of timbers—posts with plank, or a log pen, and on which place a stout roof. The earth that has been excavated, is thrown over the structure, until the whole is covered to the depth of two feet. A door should be made in the exposed end of the cellar, through which the roots may be put in and taken out. The smaller the door, and still be convenient, the better, as it allows of less exposure to the frost. A quantity of straw pressed in the door-way, will aid greatly in keeping out the frost. Every farmer, with many roots to be stored, should have a root-cellar, either by itself, or in the lower part of the barn. It is not well to store a large quantity of roots in the cellar of the house, as the gases rising from them during winter may cause sickness to the inmates.

"I've lived and loved," said an unhappy old maid. "When I was young, Dr. Benson's Skin Cure, for tetter, eczema, and pimples on the face, was not to be bought. As I had a rough skin, I kept out of company and am now an old maid."

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SATURDAY EVENING, DEC. 24, 1881.

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USE RIGHTLY.

Solomon says that "Wisdom is good with an inheritance;" which may be understood to mean, either, that if a man inherits wealth it is desirable that he should have a certain amount of skill in order to his knowing how to handle it; or that, if one has the gift of wisdom, it is a good thing to have a little money to go with it.

It is a great mistake to suppose that men can become rich only by making others correspondingly poor. If one manages to make himself rich by taking advantage of his neighbor's necessities, by giving scant wages, and demanding excessive returns, or by hoarding up his gains, and expending nothing, he is an incumbrance and a nuisance. But a man may keep his wealth in such living contact with society as to make it quicken the public pulse and increase the flow of general prosperity.

It is a sore evil when the mere accumulation of wealth becomes the object of our absorbing and exclusive interest. "He that loveth silver, shall not be satisfied with silver," for the more his greedy appetite is fed the fiercer and more clamorous that appetite becomes.

It is the mark of a low nature when a man regards money as an end, and not a means, and finds his chief delight in gloating over his gains.

No vice is so insidious in its growth as avarice. The victim of this passion may do nothing which, in a legal sense, he has not the right to do; he robs nobody, cheats nobody, injures nobody—he simply makes all the money that he can, and keeps all that he makes. That is the head and front of his offence. What harm is there in it? The world is no better off for his living in it; what does he care for that? He is better off for living in the world; it yields him rich returns,—it gives him gold, and that is the sweetest thing in the universe. It is good, not for what it will buy, but for what it is, and what it can do in increasing its own bulk; it will go on, doubling itself every few years, and by the time the man who owns it is ready to die, it may have swelled to millions. Will the owner of that great pile ever be ready to die? He would never die if he could help it, but would go on, adding dollars to dollars until the crack of doom.

This is the worst of it, that, sooner or later, he must die, and leave all that he cares for behind him. And when that time comes, those who knew him best will be most thankful that he is gone. All the record made of him will be, "He died worth so much money;" and everybody will add, "That is *all* he was worth."

Does it pay for a man to toil and delve, and deny himself every luxury—the luxury of a good name, the luxury of doing good, the luxury of being useful, for the sake of such an epitaph as that?

SANCTUM CHAT.

THE lucifer match was invented in 1827 by an English chemist, and Faraday first brought the discovery into practice.

—

CHINA seems destined to attain to a higher civilization than that preached by Confucius. A correspondent in Canton writes that steamship lines are being extended, telegraph lines are being built in all directions, and railroads are projected to connect all the important cities.

—

GREAT interest has been aroused at Bowdoin College by the suit brought against eight students for $10,000 each for damages to a fellow student, whose eyesight was nearly destroyed by their wanton "hazing." The entire sophomore class, and probably the whole college, will be summoned as witnesses. The trial will be held in January by the Supreme Court of the county.

—

A RELIGIOUS paper asks: "Unto what shall we liken the fashionable preaching of this generation, and what is the effect thereof upon the consciences of the hearers?" and then proceeds to answer the question in the words of Ezekiel, "Lo, thou art unto them as a very lovely song of one that hath a very pleasant voice, and can play well on an instrument, for they hear by words, and they do them not."

—

A BUFFALO paper says: "As a disinterested observer we are disposed to think that if those who seek to discountenance dancing would strive rather to make it modest and healthful than to kill it by their criticism, something might be done in the way of both moral and sanitary reform. The attempt to abolish dancing altogether seems to be entirely thrown away, for if it be an evil, it is one of those exceedingly agreeable evils which human nature has always indulged in."

—

"BEAUTIFUL exceedingly," is the burial of children among the Mexicans. No dark procession or gloomy looks mark the passage to the grave; but dressed in its holiday attire, and garlanded with bright, fresh flowers, the little sleeper is borne to its rest. Glad songs, and joyous bells are rung, and lightly, as to a festival, the gay group goes its way. The child is not dead, they say, but "going home." The Mexican mother who has household treasures laid away in God's sacred field, breathes a sweet faith. Ask her how many children bless her house, and she will answer: "Five—two here, and three yonder." So, despite death and the grave, it is yet an unbroken household, and the simple mother ever lives in the thought.

—

THROUGH an arrangement with the Siemens Brothers, an English architect is to light up the theatre in the Beaufort Buildings, London, with three hundred incandescent lamps. The experiment will attract much attention. Whatever may be the expense, there can be no doubt that this form of lighting will not add to the impurities in the eir of rooms where large audiences are assembled

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THE public coffee houses of England, which are intended to check intemperance, have vastly increased in number lately. Although the first coffee house opened with this conception was established no longer ago than 1878, there are now over 160 coffee houses of this description. One of the largest is the Caxton Coffee Public House, in London, which is patronized largely by persons employed on newspapers. The upper stories of the building are used by the Press Club, which has 150 members

—

PROFESSIONAL tramps have imported a series of signals by means of chalk marks upon the doors, by which the guild know the chances at each house. For instance, a circle means "no good—won't give anything;" a cross means that the inmates will give good food, but not money; an upright cross conveys the information that the house is a good one to call at; the figure 2 means that the people keep a dog; a cross within a circle, that the occupant is out of town, and so on. The custom originated in London.

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ONE of the London medical journals declares that the great prevalence of neuralgia—or what commonly goes by that name—should be regarded as a warning indicative of a low condition of health, which must necessarily render its subjects peculiarly susceptible to the diseases of an aggressive type. It is always essential that the vital forces should be vigorous and the nerve power especially in full development; but neuralgia indicates a low or depressed state of vitality—a poor and weak state—and should be promptly attended to.

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ESTIMATES have been prepared in Rome of the total Jewish population of the earth. They place it at 6,568,000 souls, of whom 5,500,000 live in Europe, 240,000 in Asia, 500,000 in Africa, and 308,000 in America, so that, of all the great divisions of the world, that in which the Jews found their early home has the fewest. The country in which the Jews bear the largest proportion to the rest of the population is Roumania. Russia is next, and then comes Germany and Great Britain. These estimates are in close accordance with others that have been prepared in recent years.

—

A WHIP of sole leather, two feet long, burned in he centre to make it hard, oiled at the extremities to make it pliable, and mounted on a hickory handle a foot and a half long, is the exquisite instrument with which an officer of the Wisconsin Industrial School for Boys is said to have been in the habit of enforcing law and punishing offenses among the lads under his charge. His favorite plan, according to accounts given by the pupils, was to strip off a boy's outer clothing, tie him over a chair back, and lay on the lash until the blood flowed profusely. The charges have been denied by the officer, and a close examination into the matter has been instituted.

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IT yearly takes 200,000 acres of forest to supply cross-ties for the railroads of the United States. It takes 15,000,000 ties to supply the demand, for which, on an average, the contractor gets thirty-five cents apiece, making in the aggregate $5,250,000. In building a new road the contractors figure on 2,700 ties to the mile, while it takes 300 ties to the mile to keep a constructed road in repair. The average of a good piece of timber land is 200 trees to the acre, and twelve ties to the tree. White or burr oak is considered the best timber for the purpose, although cherry, maple, ash, and even locust have been used. The business gives employment to an army of choppers, who are paid ten cents apiece for each tie. A single man has been known to get out thirty-five ties in a day, yet the average is only ten, while an expert will probably get out twenty.

—

MANUFACTURERS who are striving to increase the number of schools in this country where persons may be educated for industrial pursuits, will hear with interest of the work of the English Royal Commission in Technical Education. The commission is now busy in Paris visiting the higher, the secondary, and primary schools in which manual and technical instruction is imparted. It is the intention of the commission also to inquire into the state of instruction in the districts in France in which cotton, woolen, and silk manufactures are carried on, with the object of obtaining an insight into methods of education that may be available for the same purpose in the corresponding manufacturing districts in England.

—

ASIDE from clean and well-kept streets, Paris sets an example that Philadelphia and other American cities ought to follow, and this is in having upon every corner a blue sign with the name of the street painted upon it in plain white letters. This adds greatly to the facility and satisfaction of going about the city, and one does not have to go circling around a lamp-post, as in this city, to read the name of a street that has been, perhaps, partially broken off. Then, in particularly wide streets the name is often put upon the lamp-post in addition—not on the globe, but upon a small blue-and-white sign suspended just below the lamp. The peculiar colors and the decided regularity in shape and appearance of these signs attract the eye at once, and the stranger is saved the trouble of asking questions which, in Philadelphia, is so often necessary to find out the name of a street. It is strange that an American metropolis should not adopt a Paris fashion of so much worth and importance.

—

AMERICAN women doctors can have a fair field and plenty of favor if they choose to go as far as Hindoostan for them. The higher caste women of India are not permitted the attentions of male physicians when ill, and are obliged to depend upon the ministrations of wretched old hags of their own race who cure by charms and conjurations. A pathetic story comes to us from England. A missionary from that country with some medical knowledge was fortunately able to cure the wife of the Rajah of Punna of a dangerous disease. When she was about to return to England the Ranee sent for her and confided to her a piteous message to the Queen, which was written and hidden in a locket, explaining to her how cruel were the sufferings of the women in Indian zenanas, and imploring her to send over women doctors to their aid. The Queen received the message, and promised to do something for them, but we suspect it is from the shrewd American lady doctors that aid will first come.

—

IF the year 1880 be taken as fair a test of the matrimonial habits and customs of English people it would appear that the disproportion in age between husbands and wives is not usually very great, and that only in quite exceptional cases either spouse is old enough to be the parent of the other. From the statistics of the Registrar-General, it seems that the great majority of persons marry when they are within a few years' age of one another. Thus, the number of men who were themselves between 21 and 30, is about 70,000, or very nearly half of the total number married during the year. Moreover, of the 12,800 men who married in their nonage, hardly as many as 400 married women of more than 25; while, even amongst women, the proportion of minors who married old men is quite insignificant. If a rule were in existence prohibiting all marriages between persons one of whom was old enough to be the parent of the other it would not, as it seems, have prevented more than about a thousand persons of each sex from making themselves happy. Drawing a line even at 15 years, and supposing that a disparity of age of this amount were a bar to matrimony, it is found that about 8,120 men would have been disqualified from marrying women younger than themselves, while 104 "middle-aged" women would have been similarly prevented from bestowing their hand and hearts upon comparatively juvenile cavaliers.

NEXT.

Next to my God, my kindred,
  Blood of my blood and near;
Next to my kin, my country,
  Every broad acre dear!
Next comes my friend and neighbor
  Mortal as well as I;
Next are the poor and needy—
  I may not pass them by!

What is my God's just tribute?
  Love and devotion true;
What shall I give my kindred?
  What I but give the few;
What to my friend and neighbor?
  Friendship and troth, indeed;
What to the poor and needy?
  Succor in time of need!

Trooper Braxton.

BY A. C. D.

BROADHURST'S store was closed, but the little back room looked very comfortable that night. The fire cast a ruddy glow on ceiling and walls, reflecting itself cheerily on the polished flasks and shot-guns which adorned them.

Yet a gloom rested on the two men who sat at either side of the hearth, which neither the fire nor the black bottle upon the table could alleviate.

"Twelve o'clock," said old Tom, the storeman, glancing up at the wooden time-piece which had come out with him in' 42. "It's a queer thing, George, they haven't come."

"It's a dirty night," said his companion, reaching out his arm for a plug of tobacco. "The Wawirra's in flood, maybe, or maybe their horses is broke down, or they've put it off, perhaps. Great Lord, how it thunders! Pass us over a coal, Tom."

He spoke in a tone which was meant to appear easy, but with a painful thrill in it which was not lost upon his mate. He glanced uneasily at him from under his grizzled eyebrows.

"You think it's all right, George?" he said, after a pause.

"Think what's all right?"

"Why, that the lads are safe."

"Safe! Of course they're safe. What the deuce is to harm them?"

"O, nothing; nothing, to be sure," said old Tom. "You see, George, since the old woman died, Maurice has been all to me; and it makes me kinder anxious. It's a week since they started from the mine, and you'd ha' thought they'd be here now. But it's nothing unusual, I s'pose; nothing at all. Just my darned folly."

"What's to harm them?" repeated George Hutton again, arguing to convince himself rather than his comrade. "It's straight road from the diggin's to Rathurst, and then through the hills past Bluemansdyke, and over the Wawirra by the ford, and so down to Trafalgar by the bush track. There's nothin' deadly in all that, is there? My son Allan's as dear to me as Maurice can be to you, mate," he continued; "but they know the ford well, and there's no other bad place. They'll be here to-morrow night, certain."

"Please God they may!" said Broadhurst; and the two men lapsed into silence for some time, moodily staring into the glow of the fire, and pulling at their short clays.

It was indeed, as Hutton had said, a dirty night. The wind was howling down through the gorges of the western mountains, and whirling and eddying among the streets of Trafalgar; whistling through the chinks in the rough wood cabins, and tearing away the frail shingles which formed the roofs. The streets were deserted save for one or two stragglers from the drinking shanties, who wrapped their cloaks around them and staggered home through the wind and rain towards their own cabins.

The silence was broken by Broadhurst, who was evidently still ill at ease.

"Say, George," he said, "what's become of Josiah Mapleton?"

"Went to the diggin's."

"Ay, but he sent word he was coming back."

"But he never came."

"An' what's become of Joe Humphrey?" he resumed, after a pause.

"He went diggin', too."

"Well, did he come back?"

"Drop it, Broadhurst; drop it, I say," said Hutton, springing to his feet and pacing up and down the narrow room. "You're trying to make a coward of me! You know the men must have gone up country prospectin' or farmin' maybe. What is it to us where they went? You don't think I have a register of every man in the colony, as Inspector Burton has of the lags."

"Sit down, George, and listen," said old Tom. "There's something queer about that road; something I don't understand and don't like.

"Maybe you remember how Maloney, the one-eyed scoundrel, made his money in the early mining days. He'd a half-way drinking shanty on the main road up on a kind of bluff, where the Lena comes down from the hills.

"You've heard, George, how they found a sort of wooden slide from his little back room down to the river; an' how it came out that man after man had had his drink doctored, and been shot down that into eternity, like a bale of goods. No one will ever know how many were done away with there. They were all supposed to be farmin' and prospectin' and the like, till their bodies were picked out of the rapids. It's no use mincing matters, George; we'll have the troopers along to the diggin's if those lads don't turn up by to-morrow night."

"As you like, Tom," said Hutton.

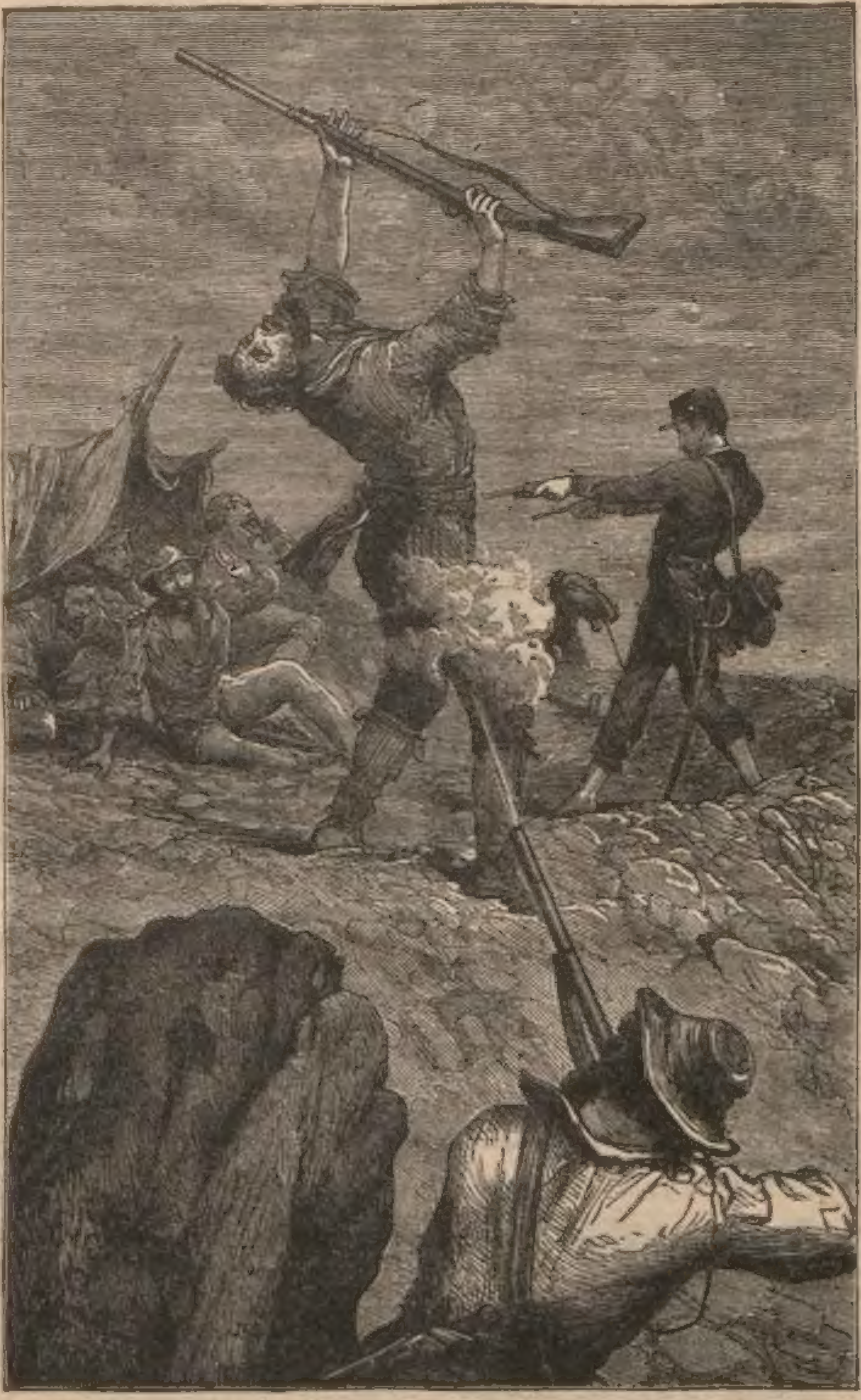
"By the way, talking of Maloney—it's a strange thing," said Broadhurst, "that Jack Haldane swears he saw a man as like Maloney with ten years added to him as could be. It was in the bush on Monday morning. Chance, I suppose; but you'd hardly think there could be two pair of shoulders in the world carrying such villainous mugs on the top of them."

"Jack Haldane's a fool," growled Hutton, throwing open the door and peering anxiously out into the darkness, while the wind played with his long grizzled beard, and sent a train of glowing sparks from his pipe down the street.

"A terrible night!" he said, as he turned back towards the fire.

Yes, a wild tempestuous night; a night for birds of darkness and for beasts of prey. A strange night for seven men to lie out in the gully at Bluemansdyke, with revolvers in their hands and the devil in their hearts.

The sun was rising after the storm. A thick heavy steam reeked up from the saturated ground, and hung like a pall over the flourishing little town of Trafalgar. A bluish mist lay in wraiths over the wide track of bushland around, out of which the western mountains loomed like great islands in a sea of vapor.



Chicago Bill to the Rescue.

Something was wrong in the town. The most casual glance would have detected that. There was a shouting and a hurrying of feet. Doors were slammed and rude windows thrown open. A trooper of police came clattering down with his carbine unslung. It was past the time for Joe Buchan's saw-mill to commence work, but the great wheel was motionless, for the hands had not appeared.

There was a surging pushing crowd in the main street before old Tom Broadhurst's house, and a mighty clattering of tongues.

"What was it?" demanded the new-comer, panting and breathless.

"Broadhurst has shot his mate."

"He has cut his own throat." "He has struck gold in the clay floor of his kitchen." "No, it was his son Maurice who had come home rich. Who had not come back at all. Whose horse had come back without him." At last the truth had come out; and there was the old sorrel horse in question whinnying and rubbing his neck against the familiar door of the stable, as if entreating entrance; while two haggard gray-haired men held him by either bridle and gazed blankly at his reeking sides.

"God help me," said old Tom Broadhurst "it is as I feared!"

"Cheer up, mate," said Hutton, drawing his rough straw hat down over his brow. "There's hope yet."

A sympathetic and encouraging murmur ran through the crowd.

"Horse ran away, likely."

"Or been stolen."

"Or he's swum the Wawirra an' been washed off," suggested one Job's comforter.

"He ain't got no marks of bruising," said another, more hopeful.

"Rider fallen off drunk, maybe," said a bluff old sheep-farmer. "I kin remember," he continued, "coming into town 'bout this hour myself, with my head in my holster, an' thinking I was a six-chambered revolver—mighty drunk I was."

"Maurice had a good seat, he'd never be washed off."

"Not he."

"The horse has a wheal on it's off fore-quarter," remarked another, more observant than the rest.

"A blow from a whip maybe."

"It would be a darned hard one."

"Where's Chicago Bill?" said some one; "he'll know."

Thus invoked, a strange gaunt figure stepped out in front of the crowd. He was an extremely tall and powerful man, with the red shirt and high boots of a miner.

The shirt was thrown open, shadowing the sinewy throat and massive chest. His face was seamed and scarred with many a conflict, both with Nature and his brother man; yet beneath his ruffianly exterior there lay something of the quiet dignity of the gentleman. This man was a veteran gold-hunter; a real old Californian 'forty-niner, who had left the fields in disgust when private enterprise began to dwindle before the formation of huge incorporated companies with their ponderous machinery. But the red clay with the little shining points had become to him as the very breath of his nostrils, and he had come half-way round the world to seek it once again.

"Here's Chicago Bill," he said; "what is it?"

Bill was naturally regarded as an oracle in virtue of his prowess and varied experience. Every eye was turned on him as Braxton, the young Irish trooper of constabulary, said, "What do you make of the horse, Bill?"

The Yankee was in no hurry to commit himself. He surveyed the animal for some time with his shrewd little gray eyes. He bent and examined the girths; then he felt the mane carefully. He stooped once more and examined the hoofs and then the quarters. His eye rested on the blue wheal already mentioned. This seemed to put him on a scent, for he gave a long low whistle, and proceeded at once to examine the hair on either side of the saddle. He saw something conclusive apparently, for, with a sidelong glance under his shaggy eyebrows at the two old men beside him, he turned and fell back among the crowd.

"Well, what d'ye think?" cried a dozen voices.

"A job for you," said Bill, looking up at the young Irish trooper.

"Why, what is it? What's become of young Broadhurst?"

"He's done what better men has done afore. He has sunk a shaft for gold and panned out a coffin."

"Speak out, man! what have you seen?" cried a husky voice.

"I've seen the graze of a bush-ranger's bullet on the horse's quarter, and I've seen a drop of the rider's blood on the edge of the saddle— Here, hold the old man up, boys; don't let him drop. Give him a swig of brandy an' lead him inside. Say," he continued, in a whisper, gripping the trooper by the wrist "mind, I'm in it. You an' I play this hand together. I'm dead on sich varmin. We'll do as they do in Nevada, strike while the iron is hot. Get any men you can together. I s'pose you're game to come yourself?"

"Yes, I'll come," said young Braxton, with a quiet smile.

The American looked at him approvingly. He had learned in his wanderings that an Irishman who grows quieter when deeply stirred is a very dangerous specimen of the genus *homo*.

"Good, lad!" he muttered; and the two went down the street together towards the station house, followed by half a dozen of the more resolute of the crowd.

* * * * * *

It was a glorious sunset. The whole western sky was a blaze of flame, throwing a purple tint upon the mountains, and gilding the sombre edges of the great forest which spreads between Trafalgar and the river Wawirra. It stretched out, a primeval unbroken wilderness, save at the one point where a rough track had been formed by the miners and their numerous camp-followers. This wound amid the great trunks in a zigzag direction.

About fifteen miles from Trafalgar there stands a little knoll, well sheltered and overlooking the road. On this knoll a man was lying as the sun went down that Friday evening. He appeared to shun observation for he had chosen that part in which the foliage was thickest; yet he seemed decidedly at his ease, as he lolled upon his back with his pipe between his teeth, and a broad hat down over his face. It was a face that it was well to cover in the presence of so peaceful a scene—a face pitted with the scars of an immaterial small-pox. The forehead was broad and low; one eye had apparently been gouged out leaving a ghastly cavity; the other was deep-set, cunning, and vindictive.

The mouth was hard and cruel; a rough beard covered the chin. It was the cut of face which, seen in a lonely street, would instinctively make one shift the grasp of one's stick from the knob end to the ferrule the face of a bold and unscrupulous man.

Some unpleasing thought seemed to occur to him, for he rose with a curse and knocked the ashes out of his pipe. "A darned fine thing," he muttered, "that I should have to lie out like this! It was Barrett's fault the job wasn't a clean one, an' now he picks me out to get the swamp-fever. If he'd shot the horse as I did the man, we wouldn't need a watch on this side of the Wawirra.

"He always was a poor white-livered cuss. Well," he continued, picking up a gun which lay in the grass behind him, "there's no use my waiting longer; they wouldn't start during the night.

"Maybe the horse never got home, maybe they gave them up as drowned; anyhow it's another man's turn to-morrow, so I'll just give them five minutes and then make tracks." He sat down on the stump of a tree as he spoke and hummed the verse of a song. A sudden thought seemed to strike him, for he plunged his hand into his pocket, and after some searching extracted a pack of playing cards wrapped in a piece of dirty brown paper.

He gazed earnestly at their greasy faces for some time. Then he took a pin from his sleeve and pricked a small hole in the corner of each ace and knave. He chuckled as he shuffled them up, and replaced them in his pocket.

"I'll have my share of the swag," he growled. "They're sharp, but they'll not spot that when the liquor is in them. By the Lord, here they are!"

He had sprung to his feet and was bending to the ground, holding his breath as he listened. To the unpractised ear all was as still as before—the hum of a passing insect, the chirp of a bird, the rustle of the leaves; but the bush-ranger rose with the air of a man who has satisfied himself. "Good-bye to Bluemansdyke," said he; "I reckon it will be too hot to hold us for a time. That thundering idiot! he's spoilt as nice a lay as ever was, an' risked our necks into the bargain.

"I'll see their number an' who they are, though," he continued; and, choosing a point where a rough thicket formed an effectual screen, he coiled himself up, and lay like some venomous snake, occasionally rising his head and peering between the trunks at the reddish streak which marked the Trafalgar-road.

There could be no question now as to the approach of a body of horsemen. By the time our friend was fairly ensconced in his hiding place the sound of voices and the clatter of hoofs was distinctly audible, and in another moment a troop of mounted men came sweeping round the curve of the road. They were eleven all told, armed to the teeth, and evidently well on the alert. Two rode in front with rifles unslung, leisurely scanning every bush which might shelter an enemy.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TOO SWEET TO BE.

BY A. B.

Deep in the vale, afar from every beholder,
 In the May morning my true love came to me.
Silent we sat, her head upon my shoulder,
 Fondly we dreamed of days about to be;
 Softly we talked of days about to be.

Deep in the vale the rain falls colder and colder,
 Safely she sleeps beneath the churchyard tree;
Yet still I feel her hand upon my shoulder,
 Still, still I dream of days that could not be;
 Still, still I weep for days too sweet to be,

A Woman's Faith.

BY THEO. GIFT.

[Captain Crosby, a poor officer, is secretary to Sir George Monkton. He meets the latter's daughter, Letitia, and falls in love with her. Her father evidently intends to marry her to Humphrey Barrett son of a wealthy neighbor. Crosby determines to win her for himself and sets about his plans. This brings the tale to the succeeding chapters.]

CHAPTER V.—[CONTINUED.]

"I KNOW quite well," she said, "how highly Sir George thinks of you. If it was only personal! But you see there are so many things to be considered."

"To be sure," said Crosby. "But you don't think all the advantages are on one side? You think there would be a chance for me?"

"Now you want me to pay you a compliment," said Florinda. "It is not a good thing; but I will say that I really wish you were Mr. Barrett, because I fear he will succeed in the end."

"He will not, he shall not, Mrs. Bushe!" answered Crosby. "Thank you; but indeed I would not change places with Barrett if he were three times as rich as he is. It would not answer at all.

"You don't understand me now, but you will some day.

"And you really think Sir George has made up his mind so strongly? There are other minds besides Sir George's. And if I chose I could make him change his."

"Then I wonder that you don't," said Mrs. Bushe, justly regarding this as a piece of Irish bravado.

"Seriously, though, I do feel very friendly towards you, and I think it is a sad pity that you have set your heart on this.

"You astonish me a little too. For surely it would hardly be prudent in you to think of marrying—a girl like dear Letitia, too, who has no idea of the value of money, or anything else.

"I know what it is to be young and romantic," Florinda went on, slightly bending her head.

"No one can enter into the feelings of young people more than I do, or know better how the wildest foolishness seems the only good and right and necessary thing. I have been afraid of this—your allowing yourself to become attached to Letitia.

"Sir George, I think, ought to have considered it too. Nothing so natural; yet unfortunately, you see, nothing so hopeless. Unless by some magic art you could, as you say, make Sir George change his mind."

"Ah, well," said Crosby, who had listened to her soft voice very patiently. "I am not at liberty to say much, but this I will say. I shall never ask a lady to do anything wild or foolish in marrying me. Could this Barrett affair be put a stop to for six weeks or so, do you think?"

Mrs. Bushe was slightly startled by his manner in asking the last question; he looked up suddenly, as if a new idea had flashed across him.

She thought the poor young man was a little touched in his brain by the imminent loss of Letitia.

"I hardly see how it could be," she said. "What good would that do, except putting things off a little?"

Crosby did not answer this.

"What would Miss Monkton herself say to me, do you think?" he asked presently, with another quick look.

"Dear me," said Florinda, coloring. "I really can't answer that question."

"But everything depends on that, you know," said Crosby. "I know at least from you, and from herself last night, what she thinks of Barrett. Now what does she think of me?"

As Crosby's good angel—I think it was he—would have it, the drawing-room door was just then opened rather quickly, and Letitia herself came in. All her brightness had deserted her. She walked across the room with heavy eyelids lowered, took up a screen, and sat down by the fire.

"What were you talking about?" she said, as the two who were there already fell into a rather awkward silence.

"I will tell you," said Crosby, his voice trembling a little. "I was asking Mrs. Bushe for a little encouragement, which she has hardly given me; yet I can't keep silence for want of it. I was asking her what you thought of me. Now I ask you."

"Captain Crosby, for shame!" murmured Florinda.

It is doubtful whether either of them heard her.

"What I think of you!" said Letitia, looking up at him as he stood by her, with the smile that had faded alive again in her eyes. "I think you—hardly need ask that. We are very good friends, are we not?"

"I hope so," said Crosby. "But I want something more. I can't talk of being 'good friends' with the star that must rule my whole life, when I see its light on the point of being extinguished for ever for me.

"Will you let me tell you how I admire, adore you, and what agony it gives me to hear of such plans for you?"

He spoke low and very earnestly. Poor dear Letitia wildly conscious of a happiness almost too great for her, and the same time of the deep black gulf of impossibility between her and it, rose from the chair with a little cry, knelt down by Florinda, and hid her face in her lap. To Mrs. Bushe the moment was agonising; her duty to Sir George in conflict with her sympathy for these two; touched beyond expression by Letitia's movement, by Crosby's appealing eyes.

"Will you not give me any answer?" he said, after one long minute of silence, during which Florinda bent over the girl with her arms clasped round her.

"O, what am I to say?" whispered Letitia; but to this Mrs. Bushe could give no response.

Crosby waited a moment, and then said.

"As to what you will say to me, I must leave that to yourself. I should like you to say to your father, 'I connot make this marriage you have planned for me; you must let me marry the man I love—Gerald Crosby.' "

Letitia lifted up her lovely face then, and, still holding her cousin with one hand, gave the other to him with a look that told him all he wanted to know.

"Yes," she said.

The person who seems most to deserve one's sympathy at that moment is Mrs. Bushe. What ought she to have done?

CHAPTER VI.

CROSBY would have found it a much easier business to storm a dozen French batteries one by one than to go to Sir George, against all the opposing circumstances, and ask him for his daughter. He had to do it, however, and he did it the next morning in the library. He told Sir George that ever since he had first had the honor of meeting Miss Monkton his affection had been unalterably hers. He talked rather grandly, while Sir George sat gravely listening to him, and ended by saying that he had the happiness of knowing that his affection was returned. Sir George was never violent; but this was a little too much for him. He used a few strong words, and asked whether Captain Crosby considered this the conduct of a gentleman.

"Indeed that I do sir," answered Crosby promptly, with all the air of his country. "Was I to stand by and see a lovely young lady sacrificed in a match that she abhors? That is asking too much of human nature."

"And I suppose it would equally have been asking too much to ask you, in your position of confidence and with your doubtful prospects, not to fall in love with my daughter, or at least to hold your tongue upon it," said Sir George.

"I should have been silent for some time longer," said Crosby, 'had it not been for this Barrett affair, which made all my hopes depend on speaking at once."

Sir George was silent for a minute or two. He was evidently very much vexed; but Crosby thought that on the whole there was no danger of being turned out of the house.

His chief, in fact, was as fond of him as he could be of anybody; and all his vexation was but owing to the danger of his own pet plans. He stroked his face, he walked up and down, and grunted several times.

"Sit down, Crosby," he said at last, "and let us talk this over seriously. Why, what do you mean by 'some time longer'? Do you expect to come into a fortune?"

"Not exactly, sir. Things may look better."

"The army is a splendid profession," said Sir George. "But I am a poorer man than I was when I entered it; and your experience will probably be the same. You will get steps in rank, though that is a slow business now that the war is over; but your expenses will rise at the same time. And you want to marry Letitia! Confound it, how can you be such a fool!"

Sir George was in a better temper now.

"Certainly," said Crosby, "my prospects in life don't look so well as Barrett's. But I feel convinced that you would never repent of giving your daughter to me."

"Unfortunately I can't feel the same conviction," said Sir George. You Irishmen are most presuming fellows. Why, how could you keep a wife like Letitia? I should hear of nothing but debts."

"You would hear of no debts, sir."

"Upon my word, you are amazingly confident. I am very angry with you, don't forget that. You have put this into Letitia's head, and I shall have more trouble with her than ever."

Crosby smiled; he did not much care for that.

"No laughing matter, I can tell you," said Sir George. "Listen to me. We have always agreed very well, and if you could succeed in convincing me that you have anything to live on, I might think this over. Young people always do get their own way by sheer obstinacy, I believe. But if you don't succeed in satisfying me, the marriage with Humphrey Barrett shall go on. Letitia's objections to it are all nonsense. They are excellent people. She will get used to them and be very happy."

Crosby looked rather thoughtfully into the fire. The smile had died away, and the brightness was gone from his face; he found himself close upon a serious difficulty, into which his chief's next words plunged him headlong.

"Perhaps you forget that we know nothing about you, your father, your family, and so on. I forgot it myself, to tell the truth. But under these circumstances I must ask you to give me a full account of yourself."

Sir George had been talking lately in the business-like tone he generally used, with more and more good-nature in it as he went on, and realized how much he liked Crosby.

But the young man's manner now brought a sudden sharpness into his eyes.

He frowned suspiciously as Crosby stared into the fire, flushing slowly redder and redder.

Suddenly he looked up.

The expression on Sir George's face was not very reassuring; but there seemed to Crosby to be only one way out of his dilemma.

"You have known me long enough, Sir George," he said, "to trust my word. You have placed great confidence in me for months past, though for all you know of him my father might have been a tinker."

"Well, go on. Is he a tinker?" said Sir George. "His son does him credit."

Crosby smiled rather gravely.

"I lost my father some years ago," he said; then there was another pause.

"Hang the fellow!" exclaimed Sir George, with an impatient movement. "What's the meaning of all this! You are going quite the wrong way to work. I like truth and openness.

"If you are ashamed of your relations, say so, and don't beat about the bush. What do you mean by these proposals of yours, if you can't even give a straightforward account of your own family, is a puzzle to me indeed."

"My greatest wish is to be candid with you," declared Crosby. "I am in a difficulty, and you will be generous enough to consider it.

"Circumstances make it almost impossible for me to say anything about my family at present. Six weeks hence I'll gladly tell you anything you may wish to know.

"At present will you take my word for it that my position and prospects in life are better than Humphrey Barrett's; that so far from being ashamed of my relations, I have every reason to be proud of them; and that these things only have made me bold enough to ask your daughter to be my wife?"

Sir George could not help being struck by the strength of truth and earnestness in Crosby's manner.

But the absurdity and unreasonableness of what he said was still more striking.

"That is all very well," said the General rather coldly. "But you cannot expect me to consider it enough. I do not see what 'circumstances' have to do with it. I must have the truth, sir, or hear no more of this. If there is any secret in the matter you can trust me."

At this moment the butler opened the door, and announced Mr. Humphrey Barrett.

CHAPTER VII.

THE glances bestowed by the two young men on each other were anything but friendly.

Crosby got up, bowed stiffly to Humphrey, and stood with his arms folded and his head slightly bent.

Humphrey stared, frowned, took the nearest chair, and sat flicking his boots with his riding-whip.

He looked a fine broad-shouldered fellow, with a ruddy healthy color from his ride in the cold.

His first greeting of Sir George had been rather eager, with a sort of cordial respect in it; but a cloud immediately came over his face at the confused air of the two men who received him; for Sir George felt himself in a false position, and in consequence of this his manner was both awkward and dry. There was a minute of total silence.

"You did me the honor of saying that I might call on you to-day," said Humphrey at last.

"I did," answered Sir George.

Humphrey looked at him, and then at Crosby, with rising anger. What did Sir George mean by letting that insolent ass of an aide-de-camp stay in the room at such an interview as this, when he was to have Letitia's answer? Well, whatever it meant, he could soon have his revenge.

"Should I offend you, sir," he said, "by asking for a few minutes of private conversation?

"We shall discuss our business better without a third person—if Captain Crosby will pardon the remark."

As he spoke he gave Crosby a look which was quite insulting in its hautghty dislike.

"Mr. Humphrey Barrett is under a slight mistake," said Crosby quietly, though his eyes flashed. "Would it not be best, sir, that he should know the whole truth?"

"No quarrelling, gentlemen," said Sir George, "or I shall know how to settle the affair at once, without regard to either of you.

"Now we had better talk this over in a friendly spirit. Since I saw you yesterday, Mr. Barrett, I have made a discovery—not altogether a pleasant one to you or to me. You have done me the honor to make proposals for my daughter.

I have to tell you that she does not receive them very favorably; and I find that the reason of this is an attachment between her and Captain Crosby."

"An acquaintance of three days!" said Humphrey, coloring crimson, with an attempt at a smile. "Let me offer my congratulations, Sir George.

"Your son-in-law would be an ornament to any family. Pity his own is not more worthy of him—and of such a marriage."

"Sir!" exclaimed Crosby, with a sudden step forward.

Humphrey got up, and turned towards the door. He was smiling now, while Crosby looked furious.

"You will answer this insult to me," said the young officer.

"By no means," said Humphrey. "I only fight with gentlemen."

Sir George listened to this out-burst with consternation in his face.

Just then there was a little noise in the hall outside.

"I will, then. You may come too if you like," said Letitia; and she opened the library-door, and walked in, followed with some hesitation by Mrs. Bushe, flushed and tearful.

Everybody was silent when she came in. Crosby's face softened; Humphrey's smile died away, and disappointment succeeded it.

Sir George came forward, took his daughter's hand, and held it with unusual kindness of manner.

"Are these gentlemen quarrelling, papa?" said Letitia, looking round with her bright blue eyes.

"Do you think yourself a small treasure, to be given up without a word?" said Humphrey, with such fierce meaning in his eyes as they met hers that she was obliged to look away.

The shrinking dislike, so evident in her manner, brought a sudden look of rage into his face.

Then Captain Crosby came forward gravely, and said.

"In the presence of these ladies, sir, will you be good enough to explain your words just now?"

"What is all this?" said Letitia, again speaking to her father.

"Mr. Barrett has implied that Captain Crosby is not by birth a gentleman," replied Sir George very dryly. "I myself should be glad to know what he means—Crosby knows why. These things should be clear and above board. I hate mysteries."

"But you told me yourself that he was a gentleman. And certainly no one need ask," said Letitia, in her clear voice.

Crosby bowed his thanks.

"I had every reason to think so; but there seems some difficulty in the way of his giving an account of himself," said Sir George.

"Why don't you tell papa all about it?" said Letitia. "I—we all want to know—" and then she blushed and stopped suddenly.

"Can I ask you to trust me so far as to remain in ignorance of my true birth a little longer, without any change in your opinion of me?" said Crosby, looking at her earnestly.

"As long as you please," answered Letitia. "Say so too, papa. He has some good reason,"

"There you are right, Miss Monkton. He has a very good reason," said Humphrey.

"Then pray tell us what it is," said Letitia, quite ready in her lover's defence to look him fearlessly in the face.

"Yes; for Heaven's sake let us know what you mean!" said Crosby.

His proud bearing as he stood there not far from Letitia would not have suggested that he had anything to be ashamed of. Mrs. Bushe, who had been feeling very anxious, saw it with pleasure, and remembered the mysterious things he had said the day before.

Perhaps he was a prince in disguise—but who? On the whole, for dear Letitia's sake considering the Royal Marriage Act, she hoped not.

Humphrey Barrett looked slowly round at them all, and an unpleasant smile curled his lips again as he said.

"Well, you bear me witness that I am asked to say what I know.

"If Captain Crosby had been more courteous I might have kept it to myself; but 'tis the kindest thing, after all, to open Sir George's eyes.

"He may brave it out as he likes, standing there, but I have it on good authority. His father lives in Cork; he is old Mat Crosby the tailor.

"Everybody in the south of Ireland knows him well."

This announcement had its differing effect on the group that stood round.

Mrs. Bushe turned pale and caught her breath with a horrified gasp.

Sir George frowned, became extremely red, dropped his daughter's hand, and turned to look at Crosby.

Letitia began to laugh. As for Crosby, a sort of spasm passed over his face; what it meant nobody could say for certain, but to Sir George it was as good as a confession. Especially as, after one glance at Letitia, he made no attempt to contradict Humphrey, but stood grave and silent, as if waiting for somebody else to speak.

Humphrey's face slowly brightened and became triumphant, as Sir George's darkened more and more.

"If this is believed," he said to Crosby, "you have only yourself to thank for it. Your authority, Mr. Barrett?"

"A man who was his servant till lately—Roger Vance."

"The fellow he turned off," said Sir George. "There is something queer about this affair altogether.

"Crosby I have liked you, as you know. If you will at once tell us frankly who you are, I will believe your word against Roger Vance's."

"I thank you, Sir George," said Crosby, with the faintest smile.

"I have already asked you to trust me. I told you that I could not say anything about my family at present. I can only repeat what I said then."

"You will not even say that the fellow's story is a lie?"

"I decline to enter any further into the subject."

Mrs Bushe sighed. Letitia was listening almost breathlessly.

Sir George looked completely puzzled for a moment, and then burst into a rage.

"Then you are the son of this tailor, sir! And for all this time past you have acted a lie, have pushed yourself into the society of gentlemen, have wormed your way into my confidence! Do you suppose I should have made a tailor's son my aide-de-camp, have invited him to my house, and then to be subjected to such unheard-of insolence?"

"I can bear a good deal from you, sir," said Crosby. "But if an honest tailor's son has wit enough to pass for a gentleman, I do not see why he should be so heavily handicapped.

"In the English army the way is open to merit, and you cannot say that I have not done my duty as an officer."

"It is perfectly impossible!" said Mrs. Rushe, no longer able to contain herself. "Look at him, Sir George. A tailor's son!"

Crosby's elegance and distinction, as he stood there so calmly in the midst of the storm, were perhaps more likely to influence women than men. But Sir George himself could not look at him without a feeling of the same sort.

"Come now, Crosby," he said, "I hate all this tragical nonsense.

"Tell me in plain words that you are not this tailor's son, and I'll believe you. I will upon my honor."

Crosby looked at Sir George for a moment and then turned towards Letitia.

"What do you wish me to do?" he said. "I have very urgent reasons for not answering any question whatever about myself at present; still, if I am to lose you by my silence, these reasons must of course give way.

"I only care for your opinion. Does my being called a tailor's son make any difference to you?"

"Difference, sir!" broke in Sir George. "It makes this difference, that you will never see or speak to my daughter again. Leave the room, Letitia."

"Directly, papa," said Letitia. She was quite pale, but looked so resolute, as she walked across to where Crosby was standing that nobody moved a finger to stop her. She stood still before him, and put both her hands into his.

"Don't answer any questions for me," she said. "I do not care who your father is.

"It will never make the smallest difference to me."

For a minute there was a dead silence. Crosby looked down into the true sweet eyes that were raised to his, and very gently and reverently kissed her hand.

Then Letitia walked out of the room, and Mrs. Rushe followed her.

"You will oblige me, Captain Crosby," said Sir George, in his driest and coldest manner, "by leaving this house at your earliest convenience, and keeping up no sort of communication with me or any member of my family."

Crosby bowed, and left the room without making any answer.

Then Sir George went up to Humphrey Barrett, who had been watching this scene with a mixture of rage and satisfaction, and shook him very kindly by the hand.

"These family troubles are awkward things," he said. "Come and see us again soon. I hope your visit will be a pleasanter one."

"Is there any hope of that, sir?" said Humphrey, in a downcast way.

"Of course. I shall settle that for you. I am master in my own family," said Sir George.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

INDIAN NAMES.—[illegible] among the Indians is apt to be exceedingly bewildering, both to themselves and everybody else, from the fact that one name, whether of a person or thing, never has the slightest distinct relation.

To one unacquainted with the customs which [illegible] the ridiculous and [illegible] been [illegible] have a significance [illegible] it does not designate his family. Ordinarily however, the appellation he receives is obtained at random, and it is likely to be changed any time, either by the wearer or his friends. [illegible] a warrior to change his name [illegible] exploit, always adopting some descriptive and complimentary title, or perhaps—unfortunately for him—in case of failure in an expedition, [illegible] weakness, he has it changed for him by his friends. All Indians, even great chiefs, seem to possess a very remarkable fondness for nicknaming; and while the leading man in the tribe may insist on being called by his own choice title, nothing prevents his being known and [illegible] by a very different, and perhaps uncomplimentary name. [illegible] accidents to limb or feature often suggest [illegible] it is sometimes impossible to know by the [illegible] whether the warrior [illegible] associates, [illegible] enough, too, however, far from flattering the title of a warrior, he is sure to [illegible] sooner or later. There is [illegible] fathers and daughters by their mothers. Daughters' names are never altered, and as married women do not take their husbands' names, [illegible] whether an Indian woman is married or single.

◆

"I Don't Want a Plaster"

said a sick man to a druggist, "[illegible] me something to cure me?" His symptoms were a lame back and disordered [illegible] and [illegible] The druggist [illegible] and in a short time it effected [illegible] cure. Have you these symptoms? [illegible] It is the cure, sure and sure.—Knoxville Republican.

Our Young Folks.

"JACK'S CONQUEROR."

BY L. T. MEADE.

"EF it weren't fur Blossom there," said Mrs. Reed, and the [illegible]

[illegible]

She was not at all pretty. How could she [illegible] poor little mite! No fresh air had ever blown on her white cheeks, and it had been utterly impossible for her poor mother to give her the nice milk, or good wholesome food, which such babies require. Nevertheless, Blossom, with her tiny [illegible] white hands, her great serious eyes, [illegible] her wise, unbaby ways, was the sunshine, the stay, and the joy of poor Mrs. Reed's [illegible]

"Ef it weren't for Blossom," she said now to the friendly neighbor who had come in and was greedily listening to her tale of woe.

"It is rare and 'ard on yer, Mrs. Reed," replied this woman. "But there's no doubt as a child's a motive; no doubt in h'all the world.

"[illegible]," continued Mrs. Jones, the neighbor, in a cheery tone, "you're a bit [illegible] and no wonder. 'Tis a real disappointment as that good-fur-nothink brother-in-law of yours should be coming back again.

"I should have thought, as he's French, he'd have stopped in his own land. He's as great a good-fur-nought as ever breathed. He must ha' been rare an' cunning to get the folks round like that.

"But, never mind, he has been away so long, it ain't likely as he'll remember the trifle o' money as he lent yer, all this time."

"Yes, he will," said Mrs. Reed, "and he'll have it, too. He's well named Daring, for he is a real bad fellow.

"Jack ain't likely to have forgot that bit of paper, and it'll ruin me and Blossom, just, it will."

"How is it as yer husband didn't make shift to pay it back while he lived?" said Mrs. Jones.

"He meant to," answered the widow, wiping her eyes, "but he died six months [illegible]. He was tuk quite sudden with the fever, and he was dead, dead and buried afore I could well guess as he wor very ill. He had no time to think on Jack and the money. And then it seemed a providence, Jack wor not tuk for that robbery; he'd 'a been locked up fur ten years, sure and certain.

"I thought the fear o' that 'ud keep him from ever coming back."

"Well, you ain't got the money. Ef you can't pay him you can't, and there's an end of it."

"But he can sell my bits o' things—my bed, and table, and the mangle.

"But I'll never, never part from Blossom; we'll stick together, whatever comes," [illegible] Mrs. Reed, and she went up to the bed where the little pale child lay asleep, and then went out to her daily work at washing.

Mrs Reed's home was an attic in the roof of what had once been almost a mansion. Each room in the house was occupied by a separate family, and both outside and in, everything save the factory wall looked tumble-down and wretched.

But of all the wicked faces that lived in Mercer's Court, there were none so bad none so hardened and depraved as the face of a very tall and powerful-looking man, who entered it about noon the day when this little story begins. He paused at the house where Mrs Reed lived, and entered. Half-way up he encountered Mrs Jones.

"Do one George Reed, and Susan, his wife, live here?" he said: "they did, I know, a while back."

Mrs. Jones knew instantly who the man was, who spoke to her. He was poor Susan Reed's enemy—the man who could ruin her—and looked the man who would find pleasure in doing it, too; but she told the truth.

"Yer a hard man, I doubt not," she said: "I can guess what you be. I know you're her husband's half-brother—her husband is dead—dead this many a day. Ef I were you I'd leave Susan alone—it don't never prosper wid no man to trouble a widdy!"

For answer, the man pursued his way steadily up-stairs.

The news of his step-brother's death mattered nothing to him. The bit of paper he had so securely stowed away beneath his dirty shirt-front claimed payment from Susan in lieu of her dear husband. She must give him the money he had lent to him, or he would, could, and should sell all that she had.

The topmost attic of all where Susan lived, had to be mounted by a ladder.

Susan herself was absent; he saw no one in the room.

So much the better. Taking a piece of old newspaper and the stump end of a lead pencil out of his pocket, he began to make a rough inventory of Susan's possessions.

He had nearly completed his task, sitting with his back to the tiny attic window, when he was conscious of a very soft touch. The touch in the room where he fancied himself to be all alone, startled even his iron nerves. He looked round hastily. A child, without a scrap of fear in its face, was gazing up at him.

"Little Blossom so lonely," it said, and it [illegible], and laid a small yellow hand on [illegible] live here. [illegible]

"Yer mother should not leave yer," he said; and then, moved by some unknown impulse, he stooped and took the child in his arms.

There was a tiny little square of looking-glass hanging up on the wall, and the man's face and the child's were reflected in it. The child suddenly put her arms round the man's neck and kissed him. He let her slip from his arms as though he were shot, fumbled in his pocket, found a halfpenny put it into her hand and rushed from the room.

Half-way down the stairs Daring and Susan met. It was many years since they had last seen each other, and changes had come over the faces of both.

In her heart poor Susan might have said, "Hast thou found me, oh! mine enemy?" [illegible], however, she put forth a timid [illegible] and said in a faltering voice, "So yer [illegible] Jack?"

Jack Daring laughed, not [illegible]

"I didn't come for a welcome," [illegible] "I neither come for [illegible] my money."

[illegible] Susan, [illegible]

[illegible]

"Ay, [illegible] "George was always a sickly lot. I never thought or expected as he'd be long-lived. But that makes no difference in the trifle o' money."

"Oh Jack, I'll pay yer as soon as ever I can. I ha'n little child; and I'm but sickly [illegible] a poor widdy. Give me a bit o' time, Jack, and I'll pinch and starve, and you shall have the money—you shall indeed."

"I have been up in the room yonder, and I saw yer belongings. They're, I will say, a poor lot. But there's the mangle. It is lucky as you have that mangle, Susan, fur it will go far to clear off the debt." He did not want to hear her answer, and darted away to the nearest public house.

It was late that night when Daring turned out of the public-house into the street. He had made inquiries as to how to get hold of Susan's things, and had been told that the lawful process would take at least three weeks, and he was very much annoyed at the thought of having to wait so long for his money. It came into his evil head to take the goods from Susan Reed by force or fraud, for he felt quite sure that she was both too poor and too ignorant to attempt to go to law with him. Satisfied with this idea, he resolved to put these means in force at an early hour the next day; and, well pleased with his evening and himself, he dropped asleep. His brain was rather in a confused state, and after a few hours of heavy slumber he began to dream.

He dreamed that he was loved by, and that he loved, a little ch[illegible]

When he awoke he remembered the little scene with Blossom the day before.

"A rum young 'un, a werry, werry rum young 'un," he muttered to himself. But he could sleep no longer; he rose, dressed himself, and went out. Presently, without any distinct thought in the matter, he found himself in the neighborhood of Mercer's Court. He entered the court.

This was the hour when, even in London, all the world was still. He went on, expecting to find the court empty; instead, he saw a very bright light, and a crowd of [illegible] excited people. A glance revealed to him the state of the case. One of the houses of the street was on fire. He drew a little nearer, then a sudden [illegible] cry broke from his lips, for the burning house was just in front of that in which Susan Reed lived.

Crowds from neighboring streets were pouring in, and by the time two fire-escapes had arrived the wide street and little court were full. But with the escapes came policemen, and, in consequence, some semblance of order was restored. The fire-escapes were quickly run up to the windows of the burning houses. But they could not be got into Mercer's Court. A common ladder was all that could go there. And some strong men climbed it and searched the rooms where were sleepers heavy in weary sleep and stifled with smoke. One of the last to be rescued was poor Susan Reed, who was brought to the ground in a state of complete insensibility. The men then fancied that every soul was out of the house and the ladder was removed, and the hose from the engine in the street began to play upon the house.

Suddenly, above the roar of the flames, the excited voice of the multitude, and the [illegible] engines, came a sound so shrill [illegible] awful, that even Daring's nerves [illegible]; the broken hearted cry of a woman whose child had been left in the burning house.

"Blossom, Blossom, Blossom!" rang out on the night air, and Susan Reed, half mad with anguish and terror, tried to force her way back into the flames. She was held forcibly back, and men once more ran with the ladder and endeavored, as all brave men would, to reach the little child. Their attempts, however, appeared useless. The child was at the very top of the house which might be expected to fall in each moment. Again and again the men went up, and again and again were baffled by the devouring flames.

"Poor young 'un, she must be dead by this time—dead, suffocated," said a man to [illegible].

This man had children of his own, and the tears were rolling down his cheeks as he spoke.

At the words Jack Daring started, shook himself, and repeated in a loud, fierce voice, "Dead or alive, I'll bring her down."

In an instant the strong man sprang up the ladder. So sudden was his movement that no one had time to prevent that leaping figure flying on to what seemed instant destruction. He had no idea what impulse had come over him, only as he seemed to rush into the flames he felt a sudden glow of great exultation which filled his heart, that he understood the meaning of his dream—that he, the convict, the thief, the hardened wretch, without one redeeming trait, loved a child even unto death.

In vain the crowds below shouted to him not to rush on his destruction. He heeded no voice but the great glad voice from his better nature. He entered the room, which seemed literally enveloped in flames, he found the child fallen down and insensible near the door; he wrapped her in his arms and bore her out—she unhurt, but his hair singed, and his hands burned nearly to the bone. He carried her tenderly down the ladder and placed her in her mother's arms. Then, strong man as he was, so terrible was the sufferings caused by his own extensive burns that he fainted away.

Blossom was unhurt, rescued just before one breath of the fire had actually reached her, but Daring for many, many days lay in the hospital at the point of death. When he at last recovered consciousness it was to see a woman and a child watching by his bedside. The woman was weeping and blessing him; the child regarded him with grave eyes.

"Be that 'ere little Blossom?" he asked feebly.

"Yes, yes, Jack Daring," sobbed Susan, falling on her knees as she spoke. "'Tis my little Blossom that you saved. You saved her life. God Almighty bless yer fur the bravest man as ever lived."

"Me, the bravest man?" said Daring, but then as the mystery became clear to him, he smiled through a tear and said faintly (for all his former great strength had gone out of him), "it wor nothink wot I did, fur I loved the little thing."

Yes, that was the secret of it all—the mighty power of love. It made a new man of Jack Daring.

[illegible] the hospital, maimed in body, and with the sight of one eye [illegible] But the spirit, how altered was [illegible] All his future life he was good to Susan Reed, but he loved his little conqueror.

Once and once only he alluded to the debt which Susan still considered that she owed him.

"I didn't know it at the time," he said, "but little Blossom there paid the debt when she kissed me."

◆

A POLITE PEOPLE.—The city of Lucknow, India, is renowned for the politeness of its people, exceeding, it would seem, that of the French, who are generally regarded as the politest people in the world. A correspondent, writing from the spot, gives a ludicrous illustration of the extent to which the natives carry their ideas of courtesy. Two native gentlemen, on their way to the railway station, accidently fell into a ditch, one would suppose that both would have been on their feet in a twinkling; but no, the law of politeness interfered, and one said to the other: "When your honor rises then I may get up." "No your honor should get up first," replied the other. "Never; how could I take precedence of your honor?" and thus the contest went on for an hour, it is said, because neither gentleman would consent to violate the laws of good breeding.

◆

THE EARWIG.—This little creature is generally viewed with disgust, from the foolish prejudice that it attacks the ear of man, and, by entering the head or brain, occasions insanity. The supposition is false, and without one particle of truth. It is no more subject to this charge than any other insect that moves on the ground or floats in the air. The forceps or curved hooks which you observe projecting over the tail, are instruments used for folding and setting their soft wings, which are placed under the outer or scaled wings. These wings are very beautiful and [illegible] this creature has considerable power of flight. It sits upon its eggs, and hatches them like a hen.

◆

JEWS AND JUDGES.—The excuse which a London gentleman gave recently for not [illegible] was his alleged [illegible] High Priest. This, [illegible] of his religious duty [illegible] Several [illegible] happened to be already on the [illegible] agreed that the [illegible] that he really been a priest [illegible] Aaron, the case would have been different, but his [illegible] he was neither.

◆

A "BROKEN DOWN" STOMACH.—When [illegible] weary looking [illegible] who, being asked what is [illegible] Stomach [illegible] when a weary [illegible] here! [illegible] and dangerous [illegible] Never! Probably there has already been too much of that sort of thing. Put on a Holman Pad. Restore the tone and strength of the Stomach and [illegible] without having to [illegible] disease and poison, in the [illegible], at the same time. [illegible] in a word, by [illegible]

[illegible] Pads for sale by all druggists, [illegible] by mail, postpaid, on receipt of $2. Address HOLMAN PAD CO., 744 Broadway, N. Y.

Grains of Gold.

Constancy in mistake is constant folly.

A good character shines by its own light.

Truth is heavy, therefore few care to carry it.

All that is human must retrograde if it do not advance.

The vicious reproving vice is the raven chiding blackness.

Rather be the tail among lions than the head among foxes.

Two pieces of coin in a bag makes more noise than a hundred.

The house which opens not to the poor will open to the physician.

Never call thy wife "wife," but "home," for she indeed makes home.

People never attack religion but when they have an interest to attack it.

Descend a step in choosing thy wife; ascend a step in choosing thy friend.

Life is but a loan to man; death is the creditor who will one day claim it.

The best preacher is the heart; the best teacher is time; the best friend is God.

We had better appear to be what we are than affect to appear what we are not.

The tongue was intended for a divine organ, but the devil often plays upon it.

Make the best of things. Enjoy what is just. Lay burdens on none but thyself.

He that is warned by all the folly of others has perhaps attained the soundest wisdom.

Despise no man, and deem nothing impossible; every man has his hour, everything its place.

A shrug often takes away a man's character as effectually as does the most defamatory observation.

If every person would be half as good as he expects his neighbor to be, what a Heaven this world would be.

Commending a rich thing is a cheap substitute for doing it; and with this we are too apt to satisfy ourselves.

To be perfectly just is an attribute of the divine nature; to be so to the utmost of our abilities is the glory of man.

How unfortunate that so many of the aged should make themselves unattractive, and even repulsive to the young.

As time is money, many people believe that an hour spent in Sabbath devotion will pay the interest on six full days' sin.

No one was ever corrected by a sarcasm, but oftener driven further in the wrong direction. In teaching always be kind and patient.

Receive no satisfaction for premeditated impertinence: forget it, forgive it, but keep him inexorably at a distance who offered it.

If you could throw as an alms to those who would use it well the time that you fritter away, how many beggars would become rich!

We always think ourselves better than we are, and are generally desirous that others should think us still better than we think ourselves.

Water poured down a dry pump often sets it to work to bring up water of its own; so suggestive reading sets the mind in motion on its own account.

The images with which the mind holds converse may uplift or degrade as truly as companions in bodily form. A thought may scar the soul as a weapon leaves its mark on the flesh.

Have courage enough to review your own conduct, to condemn it where you detect faults; to amend it to the best of your ability; to make good resolves for your future guidance, and to keep them.

Many a man would much rather be fined than be kept waiting. If a man must injure another, let him rather plunder him of his cash than his time. To keep a busy man waiting is an act of robbery, and also an insult.

Be true to yourself and enemies cannot harm you. [illegible], at all their efforts, take away your knowledge of yourself, the purity of your motives, the integrity of your character, and the generosity of your nature.

The human mind should be something more than a cistern, filled with droppings. It should be a well, not a surface well, dependent on the weather, and easily corrupted, but supplied from within by unfailing springs.

The art of "living together pleasurably" is greatly promoted by the habitual exchanges of the little courtesies of this life; they are never unimportant, never unacceptable, and [illegible] the feeling in every household.

The motives of the best actions will not bear too strict an inquiry. It is well that the cause of most actions, good or bad, may be resolved into the love of ourselves, but the self-love of some men inclines them to please others.

Duty is a power which rises with us in the morning, and goes to rest with us at night. It is co-extensive with the action of our intelligence. It is the shadow which ever cleaves to us, go where we will, and which leaves us only when we leave the light of life.

True benevolence seeks the benefit of its object; true affection finds its highest happiness in loving; true excellence is most concerned about the value of its work. These make the fewest claims, yet it is to them that gratitude, love, and applause flow in spontaneous and abundant streams.

◆

Catarrh.

"I think," writes a patient who has used a two months' Oxygen Treatment, "that my Catarrh is about well, and has been for some weeks." Treatise on Compound Oxygen, with large reports and full information sent free. Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Femininities.

A scolding wife is not a "joy forever"—she's only a temper-ary affair.

Gate posts should be set out firmly. A great deal may hinge upon them, as you girls grow up.

A down-town young lady objects to smoking, because it leaves an unpleasant taste about the moustache.

The true way for a woman to drive a nail is to aim the blow square at her thumb. Then she'll avoid hitting her thumb, anyway.

Bric-a-brac is defined as "anything in the crockery line which is absolutely useless, set upon the mantel-piece, where it will be in the way."

Fanny Mills, of Sandusky, O., has a foot 22½ inches long. If three such feet make a yard in Sandusky, that's the place to buy your dry goods.

Steps have been taken in Chicago for the establishment of an institution in which women addicted to stimulants and opiates may be reformed.

Some men don't appear to know when they've got a good thing. An Ionia county man deserted his wife because she became deaf and dumb.

A Jersey City husband who remained out until midnight and forgot the story he had cooked up to tell his wife, fainted away in the hall as she met him.

Married women nowadays make love to their husbands in a roundabout way. They usually say: "Just think how I hated you when I first met you!"

The only thing that a lady dislikes about a postal card is that it is hardly large enough to allow her to show what she can do in the matter of postscripts.

"What Did He Marry Her For?" is the title of a recent novel. We have read the work, but we imagined it was because she had an income of $10,000 a year.

A lot of New York maidens lately got up a fair for the poor, and as quite a number now wear engagement rings the enterprise is spoken of as a brilliant success.

Milton says that "beauty is God's handwriting." Milton didn't know anything about paint, powder, bangs, bustles and false eyebrows, or he wouldn't have written that.

An exchange says: "The women in this town are sharp. When they give their children matches to play with, and go off for an afternoon, they carry the insurance policies with them."

To a class of girls of about ten years of age, in a Boston school, the following subject for a composition was given: "Draw a line between the writings of Longfellow and Whittier."

We know a lady who never hurries her dressmaker. She waits until all the neighbors get through with her. This lady, by the way, is the best posted on village news of any person in town.

A man who will eat cold meat for dinner, and tell his wife there never was or could be such a cook in this wide world as she, ought to have a place as principal liar on a daily morning newspaper.

"Has John obtained a situation yet?" asked an old gentleman of his daughter, John being her betrothed lover. "Obtained a situation! Why, how disgusting! No, but he has accepted a position!"

A Camden girl cleared the space around thirteen ears of corn at a meal, the other day, and picking her teeth with a hairpin, observed: "If I ever get well enough to eat much, I think I could live on corn."

An old maid of Plattsburg, Mo., has five trained cats. On a bed, in a sleeping apartment, are to be seen five little pillows, handsomely decorated with lace, fringe and gay ribbons, and on these the five cats sleep.

Germany has solved a problem for us. In that country more girls marry at thirty-five than at nineteen. Now we all know why girls of thirty-five remain nineteen for so many years; they don't want husbands.

A gentleman was complimenting a pretty young lady in the presence of his wife. "It's lucky I did not meet Miss Hopkins before I married you, my dear." "Well, yes, it is extremely—for her," was the dry rejoinder.

She was a blue-eyed, sweet-faced girl, and when she asked at the county fair, "Where are the beetles that made the beets?" The honest granger in charge stuffed half of a pear into his mouth and crawled under a table to get out of sight.

A patent-medicine advertisement reads: "Women Never Think." But let one find a perfumed note, written in a feminine hand, in her husband's coat-pocket, and she will think with all her might and main for upward of considerable.

"Papa, is it nice to make remarks about people's dress?" "Why, certainly not, darling; what did you ask that for?" "Nothing, papa, only mamma said my dress was awfully shabby, and I wondered why papa hadn't noticed it long ago."

The young men out West tell their sweethearts that the woods are full of bears, and stay till morning. Of course the girls know that the young men are ruining their health by keeping such late hours, but yet they object to having those bears killed.

One of the too utterly utt, æsthetic young ladies of Boston has a medieval pink silk gown constructed, when she caught the scarlet fever. The contrast was so unbecoming that it killed her. She might have stood pink together with yellow fever, but as it was she dyed.

A Wisconsin girl's innate modesty caused her to ask a clerk in a store for a pair of limbings [illegible]

A New Jersey preacher, annoyed by the ladies of his congregation turning [illegible] passed in his [illegible] to say: "Ladies, if you will give me your attention for a few moments I will keep a [illegible] and if anything worse than a [illegible] I will warn you in time for you to make [illegible]

News Notes.

Michigan bears are digging and eating potatoes.

A yellow crow was shot in Kentucky the other day.

The demand for ready-made garments increases with every season.

In 1526 roses were placed over confessionals as symbols of secrecy.

Cotton soaked in linseed oil is likely to take fire spontaneously in a few hours.

It is said that the new horse disease, pink-eye, can be caught by human beings.

A Bath, Me., fisherman claims to have caught over 4,000,000 porgies this season.

English astronomers acknowledge indebtedness to American art for moon photographs.

What becomes of all the watches? About two thousand are made in this country alone every day.

The Attorney General of Indiana has decided that mayors of cities cannot legally marry people.

Nearly two-thirds of the foreign commerce of San Francisco is transported in British vessels.

"Cigar-smoke puffed in one man's face by another man is assault and battery," says a New York Judge.

The membership of all the Philadelphia Sabbath schools is 174,245—157,467 scholars and [illegible] teachers.

The King of Spain has just purchased in London, through an agent, furniture valued at $1,250,000.

Van Amburgh, whose name has been on the show bills for 43 years, is about to retire from the business.

A St. Louis man wears black silk stockings, in mourning for his sweetheart, who died six years ago.

For ear-ache, dissolve assafœtida in water, warm a few drops and drop in the ear, and then cork the ear with wool.

It is estimated that the wheat crop of the United States is more than 100,000,000 bushels short of what it was in 1880.

Mr. A. B. Alcott, who is just 82 years old, is said to seldom pass a day without composing a sonnet or stanza.

The tramps of New York are very indignant because the electric lights have driven them out of Madison Square at night.

An Ottawa grocer's cat has acquired local notoriety by catching two rats at once—one with its teeth and one with its claws.

A lady in Illinois wears a set of false teeth worn by her lover, who was lost by the fall of a building at the great Chicago fire.

Rev. E. Da[illegible], pastor of the Baptist Church in W[illegible], N. J., recently fell dead while preaching in the pulpit.

The fashion of [illegible] fans was introduced from Italy in the time of Henry VIII., and young men used them in the 16th and 17th centuries.

A man recently died at Wabash, Ind., who with his family, had from choice, lived chiefly on dog meat, regarding it as wholesome and palatable.

The long-standing quarrel between John G. Whittier and Wendell Phillips has ended, the poet and author shaking hands in token of reconciliation.

There was a white frost and a thin formation of ice in San Francisco, November 18, and at the same time orange trees were laden with flowers and fruit.

Any person employed in the postal service by reading a communication on a postal card subjects himself to a fine of not less than $100 or more than $1,000.

"Night-singing canaries" are advertised by bird-fanciers. They are not, as might be supposed, a [illegible]

Yankee residents of Concord., N. H., to the number of 1340 have been "guessing" the number of beans in a glass jar, and the guesses have ranged from 90 to 4,100,10.

The young lady attendants at the Court Theatre, London, are now clad in a yellow waistcoat, navy-blue swallow-tailed dress coat, erect collar, and black silk evening tie.

A man in his one hundred and second year has been successfully operated upon for cataract, at Vienna, and at the end of ten days he was able to return to his native village.

Between 900 and 1,000 persons are employed in the Government Bureau of Engraving and Printing at Washington in printing revenue stamps, bonds, pay rolls, banks notes, etc.

By a vote of the Baptist deacons of Mendoria, Indiana, a figure of Venus, which had been embroidered on a screen by the pastor's daughter, was declared unfit to be sold at the church fair.

The sum of $1,000 damages has just been awarded by a Western Court to a man who caught cold while riding in an emigrant car, when, as he claimed, he was entitled by his ticket to a seat in a parlor car.

A Canada woman, Mrs. Mary Masten, [illegible] and [illegible] that [illegible]

◆

A World of Good.

One of the most popular medicines now before the American public is Hop Bitters. You see it everywhere. People take it with good effect. It builds them up. It is not as pleasant to the taste as some other bitters, as it is not a whisky drink. It is more like the old-fashioned bone-set tea, that has done a world of good. If you don't feel just right, try Hop Bitters.—Nunda News.

HEALTH IS WEALTH.

HEALTH OF BODY IS WEALTH OF MIND.

RADWAY'S

SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

Pure blood makes sound flesh, strong bone and a clear skin. If you would have your flesh firm, your bones sound without caries, and your complexion fair use **RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.**

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body—QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE and PERMANENT in its treatment and cure.

No matter by what name the complaint may be designated, whether it be Scrofula, Consumption, Syphilis, [illegible] Tumors, Boils, Erysipelas, or Salt [illegible] of the Lungs, Kidneys, Bladder, [illegible], Stomach, or Bowels, either [illegible] healthy, the process of re-[illegible]

The Sarsaparillian Resolvent not only is a [illegible] harmonious [illegible] out the entire [illegible] plies the blood [illegible] rent of new [illegible] sarsaparillian [illegible] upon a [illegible] sufficient time [illegible]

[illegible] than any [illegible] Teaspoonful Doses, [illegible] times as much. **One Dollar Per Bottle.**

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.

ONE 50 CENT BOTTLE

WILL CURE MORE COMPLAINTS AND PREVENT THE SYSTEM AGAINST SUDDEN ATTACKS [illegible] AND CONTAGIOUS DISEASES [illegible] THAN ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS EXPENDED FOR OTHER MEDICINES OR MEDICAL ATTENDANCE.

THE MOMENT RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS APPLIED EXTERNALLY—OR TAKEN INTERNALLY ACCORDING TO DIRECTIONS—PAIN FROM WHATEVER CAUSE CEASES TO EXIST. [illegible] Colic, inflammation of the bowels, stomach, Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, or with Croup, Quinsy, Fever and Ague, or with Neuralgia, Headache, Tic Doloreux, Toothache, Earache, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, or with Lumbago, Pain in the Back or Rheumatism, or with Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or Dysentery, or with Burns, Scalds or Bruises, Chilblains, Frost Bites, or with Strains, Cramps or Spasms, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will cure you of the worst of these complaints in a few hours.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL

[illegible] coated with sweet [illegible], and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS [illegible] derangements of [illegible] effect a perfect [illegible]

[illegible] ward Piles, Fullness [illegible] ity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heart[illegible] Food, Fullness or Weight in the Stomach [illegible] tations, Sinking or Fluttering at the [illegible] or suffocating Sensations when in a [illegible] Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs [illegible] Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in [illegible] Heat, burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price, 25 Cents Per Box.

We repeat that the reader must consult our books and papers on the subject of diseases and their cure, among which may be named:

"False and True."

"Radway on Irritable Urethra."

"Radway on Scrofula."

and others relating to different classes of Diseases.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

READ "FALSE AND TRUE."

Send a letter stamp to **RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren Street, New York.**

Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.

[illegible]

THE MIND POWER

CURES

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFICS

[illegible] twenty years. The most safe, simple, economical [illegible] Humphreys' [illegible] sent free. Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., New York.

HEAR YE DEAF!

GARMORE'S ARTIFICIAL EAR DRUMS

As invented and worn by him perfectly [illegible] Are not observable [illegible] John Garmore, [illegible] Cincinnati, O.

A Great Chance

Humorous.

A Baltimore paper says: "Pigs will be [illegible] this year." Very glad to hear it. For some time past a good many of them have been street-car passengers.

Man's inhumanity to man was first discovered in the deacon who first mistook a good ripe umbrella for the old rustic unplugged one which he had thoughtfully left at home.

The only man we know of who doesn't [illegible]

Grammarians are puzzled over the question whether "mumps" [illegible] are singular or plural. They often [illegible], but that is no criticism on a question of [illegible].

It is said that theatrical performances are becoming so generally serious and solemn that the men have to go out between the acts in order to relieve their depressed spirits with a smile.

An exuberant youth hailed a supposed acquaintance with "Hello, Joe!" but just then [illegible] "Oh, excuse me; I [illegible]" Laconic stranger [illegible]

A dispatch from Washington states that one of the clerk's in the sixth auditor's office "is seriously ill from overwork." This is the first appearance of this dreadful malady at the national capital. Let us hope for the best.

On a rainy morning a small boy who has exhausted all his excuses for not putting in an appearance at school, opens the door, and says to the astonished teacher, "Sir, ma says I can't come to school to-day—it's raining too hard."

A gentleman was complaining on 'Change that he had invested a large sum of money in Third street, and lost it. A sympathizing friend asked him whether he had been a bull or bear, to which he replied: "Neither; I was a jackass."

Those of our readers who have not yet sent for a cake of The Frank Siddalls Soap had better do so before the remarkably liberal offer is withdrawn. The Frank Siddalls Soap is destined to have an immense sale, and as we understand it is in contemplation to establish agencies for its sale all over the United States, our readers who desire to aid in the introduction of what is one of the most remarkable inventions of modern science, would do well to av[illegible] themselves of the offer. Persons must not send for more than one cake, and when sending for a cake must not send for any of their friends, the rule being that the one who wants the Soap must send for it.

GREAT TRIAL.

DR. SHERMAN'S HERNIA CASE IN COURT.

The trial and acquittal of Dr. J. A. Sherman, [illegible] New York, has attracted much attention this week. The facts seem to be that Dr. Sherman was solicited by a number of citizens, sufferers from rupture, to make a professional visit to this city. He acceded to their request, and had been only three days established in his office, No. 43 Milk street, when he was arrested on a [illegible] prints or pictures. Dr. Sherman finds it [illegible] necessary, as an aid to successful treatment, to use anatomical representations of some of the different classes of cases that he treats. With his [illegible] on Hernia" he has a supplement containing [illegible]graphic likenesses of a large number of very severe but actual cases he has treated and cured, showing the ailment as it was, then as it appeared and im[illegible] under his treatment, and lastly showing a complete cure—the object of these being the benefit of the afflicted, of course. That these pictures were gotten [illegible] except a necessarily useful [illegible] legitimate one was emphatically denied; but Detective Knox, as he himself testified, went to the office and bought a book and supplement for ten cents, under the pretence that he had a child ruptured, when Detective Wade, who had previously supplied him with the same books, walked into the Doctor's office and made the arrest.

At the trial one Sam Wilson swore that he went to General Butler's office to inquire if it was legal for him to carry these books around with him in his pocket, he having also obtained them by going to the office and telling the Doctor that he, too, was ruptured.

The case was on for trial before Judge [illegible] the Superior Court, Wednesday and Thur[illegible] only witnesses the state had to rely on w[illegible] and the two detectives. District Attorney Stevens for the State, Charles J. Brooks for defendant. For Dr. Sherman, there were a number of [illegible] witnesses in Court ready to testify, [illegible] volunteered to come, and did [illegible] Among the number may be [illegible] Dyer, of Charlestown, a [illegible] rapidly cured by the Doctor's [illegible] man, of South Boston, who [illegible] ing one of the above books, [illegible] fice in New York, and is [illegible] Other witnesses there were [illegible] cured or are now under most promising treatment. Besides Dr. Sherman himself and his colored man were further observed among witnesses for the defence, Dr. A. F. Pollock, Dr. La Grange, army sur[illegible]

[illegible] photographic [illegible] that hernia could not be [illegible] properly shown by any possible form of language, nor, indeed, be successfully treated without making and using such representations [illegible] were here made use of and shown, that, in fact, there was a surgical necessity. Judge Putnam, in his charge to the jury showed clearly that [illegible] had been [illegible] returned a [illegible] in the crowded [illegible] with evident satisfaction, the audience making such demonstrations of applause as to [illegible] for the officers to interfere to preserve order. Hereafter the Doctor will probably be allowed to practice his profession in peace.—*Boston Transcript.*

[illegible] more like [illegible] tanical persecution than anything else. [illegible] clearly gives evidence of his skill and success in a branch of art of the g[illegible] importance to mankind. We recommend our readers who are ruptured to consult Dr. Sherman at once if they hope ever again to [illegible]

[illegible] It is worthy the [illegible] phia office, 3? W[illegible] Monday, Tuesday and [illegible]

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.,

Woman can Sympathize with Woman.
Health of Woman is the Hope of the Race.
Yours for Health—
Lydia E. Pinkham

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Is a Positive Cure

for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this Paper.*

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

☞ Sold by all Druggists. ☜

FOR THE

LITTLE GIRLS.

New Style

DOLLS!

Eight inches tall, with [illegible] like, beautiful [illegible] Banged hair and dark eyes, or curls and blue eyes.

Ten cents each. Two for fifteen cents, or one d[illegible] which includes dresses w[illegible] each doll. Mailed free.

Toy-dealers and stationers send for price-list.

A lady in [illegible] writes that [illegible] are the first [illegible]

Postage-stamps tak[illegible]

HOPE M'F'G CO.,
Providence, R. I.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, 150 pp., 3c.

MAGIC LANTERN 60 VIEWS $20

MAGIC LANTERNS AND SLIDES WANTED. WONDERFUL AUTOMATIC ORGANS [illegible] *Slides of [illegible] a Specialty. Circulars free.* THEO. J. HARBACH, 809 Filbert St., Phila., Pa.

$35 worth of first-class sheet MUSIC FOR **50 Cts.** [illegible] CHOICE SONGS [illegible] arranged for the [illegible]; contains the most popular music of [illegible] sheets, sells at the [illegible] in one book, only 50 [illegible] by mail. Stamps taken. ELIAS H[illegible] years in the music business, 46 Court St., B[illegible]

YOUR NAME [illegible] We have the largest variety of any Card [illegible] Wholesale Price List on applica[illegible] Boston, Mass.

Patents, Trade Marks, Etc., obtained by [illegible]

70 ALL NEW STYLE CHROMO Cards, [illegible] name on 10c. **60** Elegant new designs, the handsomest pack ever sold [illegible] Extra large Chromos 10c. Cardium Printing Co. Northford, Ct.

40 Large Chromo Cards, no 2 alike, with name 10c. Postpaid. G. I. REED & Co., Nassau, N. Y.

for AGENTS to introduce a FINE ART WORK. $10 a day easily made by intelligent ladies and gentlemen at home. Delightful and profitable pastime. Full particulars and superb outfit free on receipt of twelve three-cent stamps. Address GEORGE BARRIE & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

KIDNEY-WORT

DOES WONDERFUL CURES! WHY?

Because it acts on the LIVER, BOWELS and KIDNEYS at the same time.

Because it cleanses the system of the poisonous humors that develope in Kidney and Urinary Diseases, [illegible], Constipation, Piles, or in Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Nervous Disorders and Female Complaints.

SEE WHAT PEOPLE SAY:

Eugene B. Stork, of Junction City, Kansas, says, Kidney-Wort cured him after regular Physicians had been trying for four years.

Mrs. John Arnall, of Washington, Ohio, says her boy was given up to die by four prominent physicians and that he was afterwards cured by Kidney-Wort.

M. M. B. Goodwin, an editor in Chardon, Ohio, says he was not expected to live, being bloated beyond belief, but Kidney-Wort cured him.

Anna L. Jarrett of South Salem, N. Y., says that seven years suffering from kidney troubles [illegible] Kidney Wort.

[illegible] of Jackson, Tenn., suffered for years from liver and kidney troubles and after [illegible] "barrels of other medicines," Kidney-Wort made him well.

Michael Coté of Montgomery Center, Vt., suffered eight years with kidney difficulty and was unable to work. Kidney-Wort made him "well as ever."

KIDNEY-WORT

PERMANENTLY CURES
KIDNEY DISEASES,
LIVER COMPLAINTS,
Constipation and Piles.

[illegible] Dry Vegetable Form in [illegible] Liquid Form, very Concentrated, for those that cannot readily prepare it.

☞ *It acts with equal efficiency in either form.*

GET IT AT THE DRUGGISTS. PRICE, $1.00

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Prop's,
(Will send the dry post-paid.) BURLINGTON, VT.

IN ALL 675,000. TO EACH ONE. *If your Stationer has none, mail 10, 25 or 50 Cents.* Try Howe's Patent MANUSCRIPT *Paper, have comfort in writing and a blacker Manuscript.* H. L. LIPMAN, 51 N. FOURTH ST., PHILA.

AGENTS WANTED.—A Rare Chance to make money rapidly, selling our New Book:

New York by Sunlight and Gaslight.

Showing up the New York of *to-day*, with its palaces, its crowded thoroughfares, its rushing elevated [illegible] countless sights, its romance, its mystery, [illegible] crimes and terrible tragedies, its charities, [illegible] fact, every phase of life in the great city. Don't waste time selling slow books, but send for circulars giving full [illegible] etc. [illegible]

53 North Seventh St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Mention this paper.

We manufacture on the premises for Builders and others, fine Marbleized

SLATE MANTELS,

[illegible] $12 Upwards. A Single [illegible] Price.

[illegible] mention "Saturday Evening Post." WRITE AT ONCE.

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16 Market Street, Camden, N. J.

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For Manufacturing or Family Use.

Either with or without steam power. Over 2,000 in use, and acknowledged to be all that is claimed for it, and without a rival. Makes seamless hose of all sizes, double heel and toe. Will not get out of order, and girls and boys 10 to 15 years old operate them. For full particulars address,

J. L. BRANSON,
5?? Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Or 34 West Fourth St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

OPIUM

And Morphine Habit can be cured in from 10 to 30 days—no pay till cured. Established 10 years. 1,000 cured. Refer to patients in all parts of the country. Dr. F. E. Marsh, Box 176, Quincy, Mich.

AGENTS Make quick sales and the best profits on Gift Book, Golden Thoughts on Mother, Home, and Heaven, in Prose and Poetry, by 30 best authors, Illustrated. Pleases everybody. $2.75, also [illegible] Curiosities of the Bible, $1.75, mail [illegible] receipt of price. E. B. TREAT, Publisher, [illegible] Broadway, N. Y.

HITCHCOCK'S OLD AND NEW

Books 1 and 2 Now Ready. **SONGS.** Both Mailed for $1.00.

With Piano Accompaniments. [illegible] pages, large size, [illegible] Sold by all dealers, and mailed by HITCHCOCK'S MUSIC STORE, Sun Building, 166 Nassau St., N. Y.

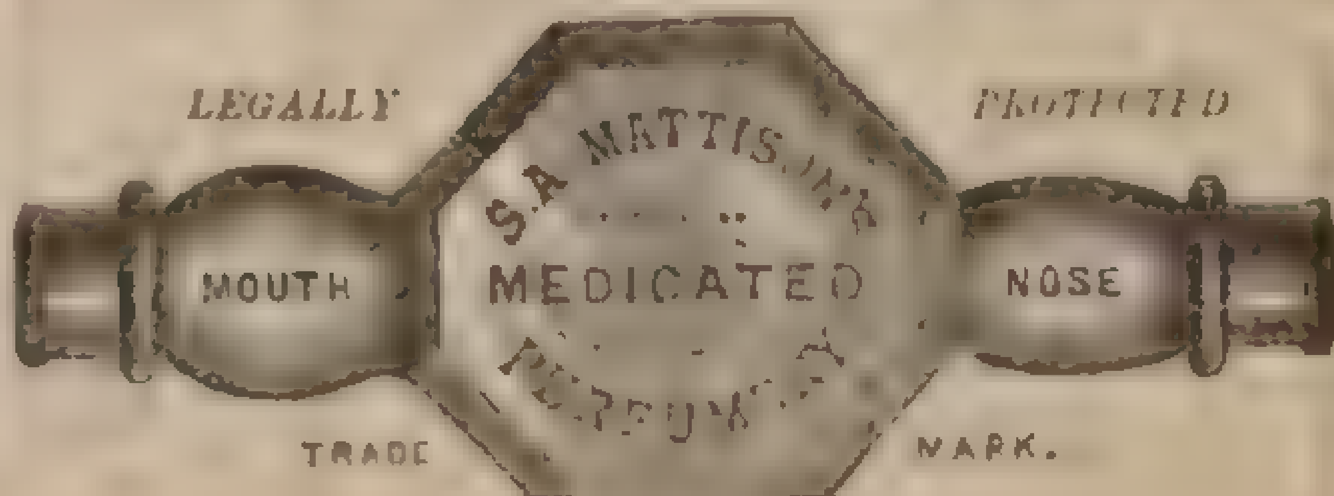
Greatest and Best

The Musical Marvel.

The greatest musical wonder of the world. [illegible] Price only $10: [illegible] The ORGAN[illegible] Chickering [illegible]

T. J. HARBACH, 809 Filbert St., Philadelphia, Pa., General Agent.

Musical WONDER.



IT CURES

CATARRH,
Hay Fever,
Bad Breath,
Coughs, Colds,
Sore Throat,
Bronchitis, Croup,
Headache,
Neuralgia,
and Asthma.
GOOD AGENTS WANTED.

Remit $[illegible] 50, or ask your Druggist for PROF. MATTISON'S POCKET CATARRH INHALER. Agents Wanted. Address, MATTISON MANUFACTURING CO., 28 North Eleventh St., Philadelphia, Pa.

FULL SIZE ORGAN REEDS

ORGANITA ONLY $4

With 33 feet of MUSIC, $5. With 100 feet of MUSIC, $8.

PIANO-ETTE $1. GRAND AUTOMATIC CABINET ORGAN [illegible] $20.

ORGANINAS, MELOPEANS, ORGANETTES, greatest variety, lowest prices. MUSIC and MUSICIAN Combined. Anybody can play any tune. [illegible] AGENTS WANTED. HARBACH ORGANINA CO. [illegible] Pa. GREAT OPTICAL WONDER, Magical Megascope, only $2.50.

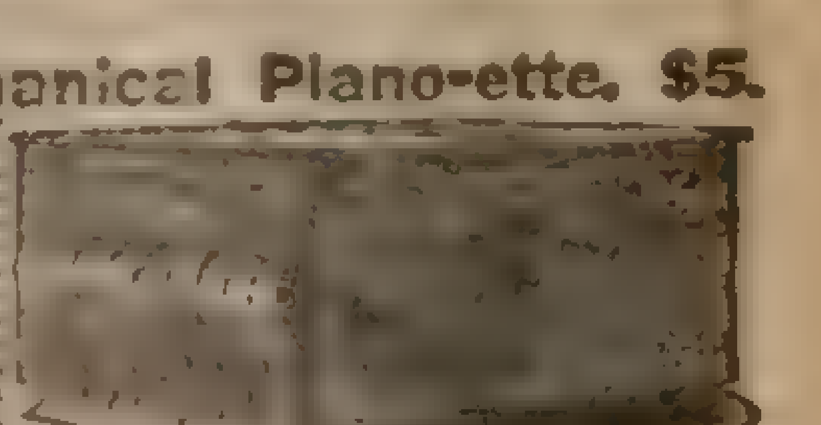
IMPROVEMENTS—NEW STYLES—NEW CATALOGUE.

THE MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN CO.

Wh[illegible] [illegible]inet or parlor organs have won HIGHEST HONORS AT EVERY ONE of the GREAT W[illegible] [illegible] have been [illegible] and GREATER PRACTICALLY VALUABLE IMPROVEMENTS in their [illegible] [illegible]riod since the first introduction of this instrument by them [illegible]

A NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, [illegible] pp., 4to, is now read[illegible] [illegible] more than [illegible] styles of Organs. This, with net prices, a[illegible] about organs generally, which will be useful to every one thinking [illegible] purchasing, will be sent free and postpaid. Address MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN CO., 154 Tremont St., BOSTON; 46 East 14th St., NEW YORK; or, 149 Wabash Ave., CHICAGO.

$5. The Wonderful Mechanical Piano-ette. $5.



The [illegible] mechanical invention of [illegible] the [illegible] and everybody delighted. The price of the [illegible] $20 [illegible]

SPECIAL TO AGENTS. [illegible] Piano-ette [illegible] $5.50. MASSACHUSETTS ORGAN CO., 57 Washington St., Boston, Mass., Sole Manuf'rs.

A DOMESTIC REVOLUTION

THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP

Declared by Editors and Housekeepers to be one of the Most Wonderful Discoveries of Our Time.

The Readers of the SATURDAY EVENING POST have doubtless noticed that we have accorded to THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP the UNUSUAL DISTINCTION of EDITORIAL NOTICES. We do this, feeling it our duty as public journalists to draw the attention of heads of families to what is beyond doubt a MOST REMARKABLE DISCOVERY, and one of great importance to the Housekeepers of America.

It has often been a subject of discussion among men and women of intelligence why the fact should exist that very few inventions are made to lighten the work of housekeeping; and also why it should be that the first impulse of women is to oppose all new methods that are brought to their notice without caring to give them any consideration; and the conclusion that has been arrived at is, that when women are once aroused to a sense of the absurdity of thus standing in their own light, the attention of inventors will be turned to the subject of the needs of Housekeepers, and ironing, sweeping, cooking, dishwashing, etc., will be made easy by the aid of science.

A PHILADELPHIAN, of SCIENTIFIC ATTAINMENTS, having had his attention aroused to the necessity of such aids to Housekeepers, has perfected what he has called "The Frank Siddalls Soap" and "The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes," and the SATURDAY EVENING POST takes pride in telling its readers that, by the use of its advertising columns, backed up by its editorial endorsements of the *thorough reliability of these aids*, the attention of thousands of overworked Housekeepers has been drawn to this article,

And Warm Letters of Thanks are Daily being Mailed from All Parts of the United States.

Containing heartfelt thanks for what this great invention has done for the writers. These Letters, a few of which have been published in the SATURDAY EVENING POST, constitute

A WONDERFUL COLLECTION OF NOT LESS THAN TEN THOUSAND TESTIMONIALS,

not one of them Solicited. The originals can be inspected by any one who will take the trouble to call at the Office of the Frank Siddalls Soap, 718 Callowhill St., Philadelphia, Pa.

It is really no matter for wonder that this effort should have been attended with such marked success, as the unheard-of offer made is so fair: to furnish a cake of the Soap by mail (postage prepaid) for trial to any one who will send the retail price (10 cts.) and will promise to use the Soap on the whole of a regular family wash, and exactly by the Directions, when the postage alone is 15 cts., the cost of the box 6 cts., and a regular 10-cent cake is sent —all for 10 cents. It seems to us as if every one of our Subscribers must feel impelled to make the necessary promises and send for a cake of the Soap and try for themselves its wonderful virtues.

The SATURDAY EVENING POST also endorses all these statements, and tells its readers that the Frank Siddalls Soap and the Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes never fails when the Soap falls into the hands of a person of Refinement, Intelligence and Honor.

A Person of Refinement

The SATURDAY EVENING POST says, would be glad to adopt an easy, clean, neat way of washing clothes, in place of the old hard, sloppy, filthy way.

A Person of Intelligence

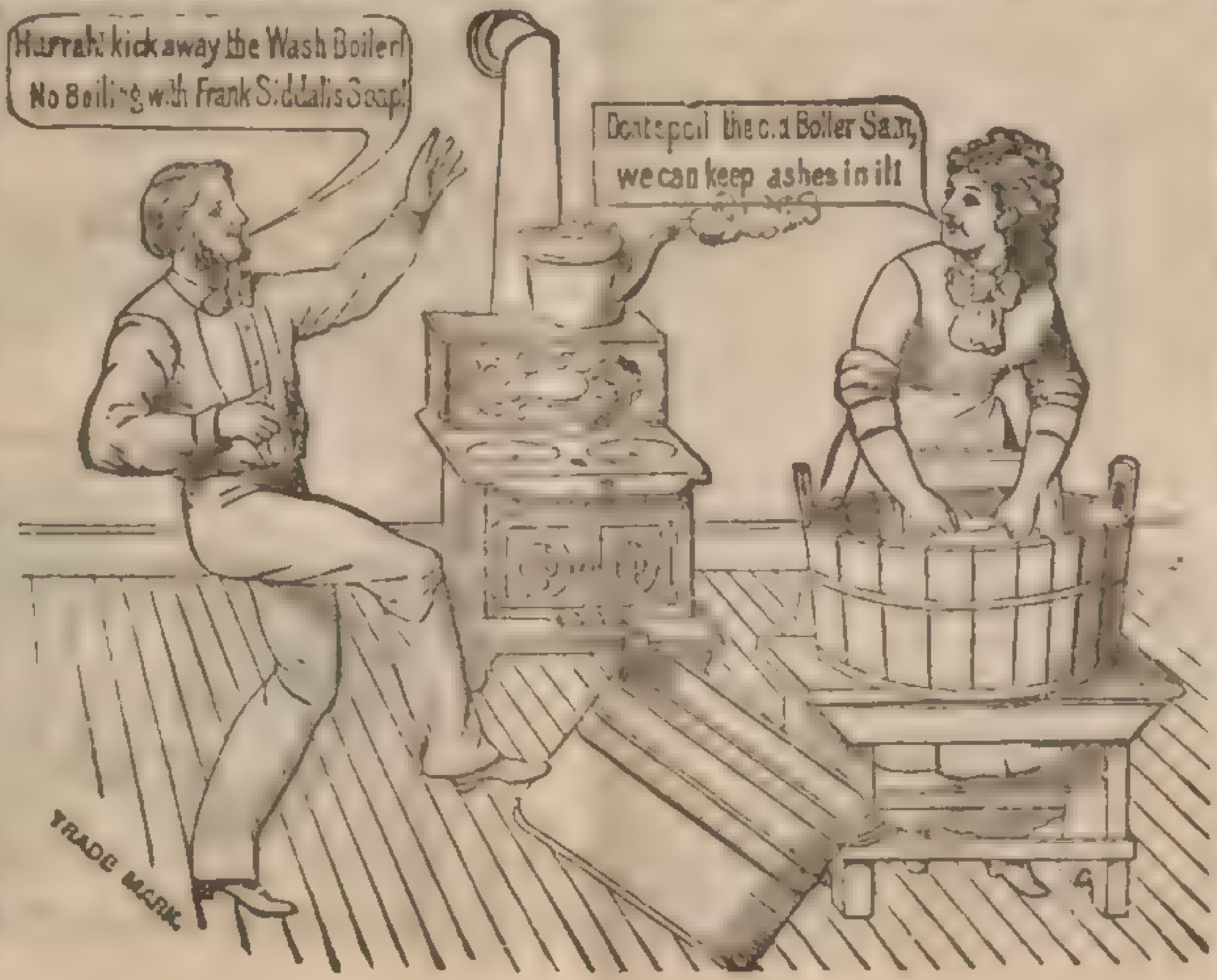
The SATURDAY EVENING POST says, would have no difficulty in understanding and following the very easy and sensible directions.

A Person of Honor

The SATURDAY EVENING POST says, would scorn to do so mean a thing as to buy an article and then not follow the directions so strongly insisted on.

And Sensible Persons

The SATURDAY EVENING POST says, would not get mad when new and improved ways were brought to their notice, but would feel thankful that their attention had been directed to better methods.


Hurrah! kick away the Wash Boiler!
No Boiling with Frank Siddalls Soap!
Don't spoil the old Boiler Sam, we can keep ashes in it!
TRADE MARK

And Wives of Dealers

The SATURDAY EVENING POST says, should get their husbands to write to the office and get a circular, showing a remarkably liberal inducement to Dealers' Wives to get them to give the Frank Siddalls Soap a thorough trial in their own houses.

In giving Editorial approval to the Frank Siddalls Soap we are only one among many publishers, who, knowing the Soap to be, and to do, all that is claimed for it, have given it unqualified endorsement. Among other high-class Journals may be mentioned

THE METHODIST,
THE PHILADELPHIA TIMES,
THE PHILADELPHIA RECORD,
THE BURLINGTON HAWKEYE,
THE NORRISTOWN HERALD,
THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE,
THE CHRISTIAN AT WORK,
THE N. Y. WEEKLY WITNESS,
N. Y. FREEMAN'S JOURNAL & CATHOLIC REGISTER

Besides a host of well-known Journals, too numerous to mention.

AND NOW DON'T GET THE OLD WASHBOILER MENDED, but Next Wash-Day Put Aside All Little Notions and Prejudices, And Give One Trial to The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes;

☞ And remember, this Advertisement would not be inserted in this paper if there was any humbug about it. ☜

☞ After getting the opinion of noted housekeepers it was decided to adopt what is probably the most liberal proposition ever made to the public. When a lady sees that it is to her interest to try the Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes, and cannot find the Soap at the store where she resides, she can get a cake by mail ONLY on the following FIVE conditions (persons who do not comply with all FIVE of these conditions must not expect any notice to be taken of their letters):

Make your promises VERY PLAIN, or the Soap will NOT be sent.

First—Inclose the retail price—10 cents—in money or stamps.
Second—Say in her letter that she saw the advertisement in the SATURDAY EVENING POST.
Third—Promise that the Soap shall be used on the whole of a regular family wash.
Fourth—Promise that the person sending will personally see that every little direction shall be strictly followed.
Fifth—Only One Cake of Soap must be sent for—it being a very expensive matter to send even one Cake.

Now, in return, the lady will get a regular ten-cent cake of Soap. To make it carry safely it will be put in a metal envelope that costs six cents; and fifteen cents in postage stamps will be put on; it will be enough to do a large wash, and there will be no excuse for any lady reader of the SATURDAY EVENING POST not doing away with all her wash-day troubles.

GENTLEMEN ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND FOR THE SOAP UNTIL THEIR WIVES HAVE PROMISED TO FAITHFULLY COMPLY WITH EVERY REQUIREMENT.

The Frank Siddalls Improved Way of Washing Clothes

Easy and Ladylike; Sensible Persons Follow These Rules Exactly, or Don't Buy the Soap.

The Soap Washes Freely in Hard Water. Don't Use Soda or Lye. Don't Use Borax or Ammonia. Don't Use Anything but THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP.

A WASHBOILER MUST NOT BE USED; NOT EVEN TO HEAT THE WASH-WATER.

Don't try the Soap on part of the Wash, but use it on the whole Wash, no matter how dirty. It answers for the finest Laces and Lace Curtains, Calico, fine Lawns, Woollens, Blankets, Flannels, etc., and also for the most Soiled Clothing of Butchers, Printers, Blacksmiths, Painters, Laborers, Mechanics, Mill Hands and Farmers.

Heat the wash water in the tea kettle, the wash water should only be lukewarm and consequently a tea kettle will answer for even a large wash. Be sure to try the tea kettle the first time, no matter how odd it may seem.

A wash-boiler which stands unused several days at a time will have a deposit formed on it from the atmosphere, in spite of the most careful housekeeper, which injures some delicate ingredients that are in this Soap. ALWAYS USE LUKEWARM WATER.

NEVER USE VERY HOT WATER, and wash the white flannels with the other white pieces. The less water that the clothes are put to soak in the better will be the result with the Frank Siddalls Soap.

FIRST.—Cut the Soap in half—it will go further. Dip one of the articles to be washed in the tub of water. Draw it out on the wash board and rub on the Soap lightly, not missing any soiled places. Then roll the article in a tight roll, just as a piece is rolled when it is sprinkled for ironing, and lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and so on until all the pieces have the Soap rubbed on them and are rolled up. Then go away for twenty minutes to one hour—by the clock—*(a full hour is the best)* and let the Soap do its work.

NEXT.—After soaking the full time commence by rubbing the clothes lightly on the wash board, and all the dirt will drop out; turn the clothes inside out so as to get at the seams, but DON'T use any more Soap. DON'T scald or boil a single piece, or they will turn yellow; and DON'T wash through TWO suds. If the wash water gets entirely too dirty dip some of it out and add a little clean water. Never rub hard, or the dirt will be rubbed in—but rub lightly and the dirt will drop out. All dirt can be readily got out in ONE suds; if a streak is hard to wash soap it again and throw back in the suds for a few minutes, *but don't keep the soap on the wash board, nor lying in the water or it will waste.* ☞ Do not expect this Soap to wash out stains that are SET by the old way of washing, although it will often do so. For unusual STAINS, hard to remove, rub more soap on and expose to the hot sun in Summer or freezing weather in Winter. If at any time the wash-water gets too cold to be comfortable add enough water out of the tea kettle to warm it. Should there be too much lather use less Soap next time; if not lather enough, use more Soap.

NEXT comes the Rinsing—which is also to be done in lukewarm water, and is for the purpose of getting the dirty suds out, and is done as follows: Wash each piece lightly on the wash board through the rinse water (without using any more Soap), and see that all the dirty suds are got out. Any smart Housekeeper will know just how to do this.

NEXT, the blue water, which can be either lukewarm or cold. Use scarcely any bluing, for this Soap takes the place of bluing. Stir a piece of the Soap in the blue water until the water gets decidedly soapy. Put the clothes through this soapy blue water, wring them *and hang them out to dry without any more rinsing and without scalding or boiling a single piece, no matter how soiled any of the pieces may be.*

STAINS that cannot be removed by The Frank Siddalls Soap and The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing, cannot be removed by any other soap or any washing mixture, nor by scalding or boiling.

ALWAYS make the blue water soapy, *and the less bluing the better;* there will always be more or less of a scum on the blue water. *Do not skim this off.* The clothes when dry will *not* smell of the Soap, but will smell as sweet as new, and will iron the easier, and will dry as white and sweet in doors as out in the air, and the clothes will look whiter the oftener they are washed this way. Afterward wash the colored pieces and colored flannels the same way as the other pieces. It is not a clean way to soak clothes over night. Such long soaking sets dirt and makes the clothes harder to wash. ☞ The starched pieces are to be starched exactly the same way as usual, *except that a small piece of the Soap dissolved in the starch is a wonderful improvement and also makes the pieces iron much easier.*

Where clothes have to lie over night, on account of bad drying weather, where it is not convenient to dry them in doors, they should be washed clean exactly by the above directions, then washed through a lukewarm rinse water exactly by the above directions, so as to get the dirty suds out, *and then thrown into a tub of clean water made quite soapy,* to stand over night, next morning wring them out of that water and put through a soapy blue water (which can either be lukewarm or cold), and out on the line.

Don't forget to try the Frank Siddalls Soap for the Toilet, the Bath, and for Shaving. It agrees with the skin of the most delicate infant. Always leave plenty of lather on the skin. Infants washed in this way will not get prickly heat and eruptions and sores which other soap often causes. Even a person of ordinary intelligence will know for certain that the long-continued use of a soap that is excellent for washing children cannot possibly injure delicate articles washed with it, no matter how quickly it may remove dirt.

The Frank Siddalls Soap is excellent for Washing Mirrors, Window Glass, Car Windows, and all kinds of Glass Vessels; also for Washing Milk Utensils, and for Removing the Smell from the Hands after Milking. When used for washing dishes it leaves the dishcloth splendid and clean, and the dishcloth never requires scalding. Where Water is scarce, or has to be carried far, it is well to know that a few Buckets of Water will answer for doing a large Wash when the Frank Siddalls Soap is used according to Directions.

If the place you deal with will not buy the Soap to accommodate you, or you think you are being overcharged for the Soap, try some other dealer, or write to our office, and—

Address all Letters: OFFICE OF THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP, 718 CALLOWHILL STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

AND NOW KICK AWAY THE OLD WASH-BOILER. Remember that Prejudice is a Sign of Ignorance.

In New York the Frank Siddalls Soap is sold by such Wholesale Houses as Williams & Potter, Francis H. Leggett & Co., Burkhalter, Masten & Co., Woodruff, Spencer & Stout, Adams & Howe, Mahnken & Moorhouse, Austin, Nichols & Co., Wright, Knox & Depew, and others, and by many Retail Grocers in New York and Brooklyn, is sold in Philadelphia by every Wholesale and Retail Grocer, and rapidly growing to be the most popular Soap in the United States.

A Special Offer, the "Mozart," only $60 Net.

27 STOPS BEATTY'S CABINET OR PARLOR ORGANS!

[illegible]

THE "MOZART" NEW STYLE No. 12,000,

which is destined to be the most *Popular Organ* the world has ever seen. [illegible]

LARGEST FACTORY IN THE WORLD

[illegible] *a grander variety* of stop work, *greater power*, more musical effects, [illegible] a first-class stool, book and music, boxed and delivered on board cars, for only

$60.00

YOU CAN TEST IT IN YOUR OWN HOME, FREE OF EXPENSE, FOR ONE YEAR.

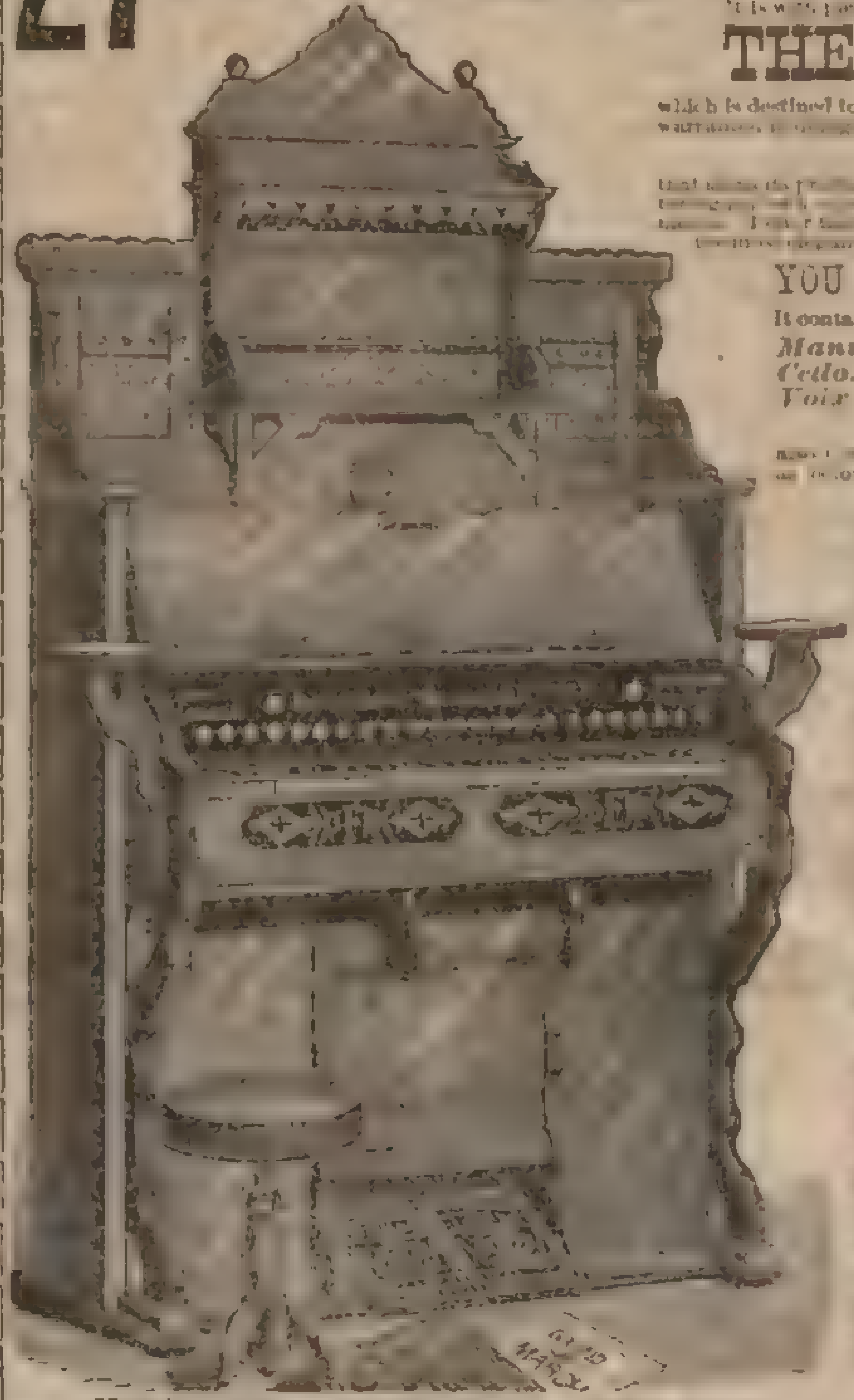
It contains *27 Stops, 5 Octaves*, 10 full sets of Golden Tongue Reeds, as follows:

Manual Sub-Bass.16 feet tone,
Cello.................8 feet tone,
Voix Celeste..........8 feet tone,
Diapason.......8 feet tone,
French Horn...8 feet tone,
Viola Dolce.....4 feet tone,
Dulciana......8 feet tone,
Saxaphone ....8 feet tone,
Violina.........4 feet tone,
Piccolo..................................4 feet tone,

[illegible] Harmonique, [illegible], Grand Expressione, Vox Humana, Vox Jubilante and other grand accessory effects, as follows:—

SPECIFICATION OF STOP WORK, 27 IN ALL.

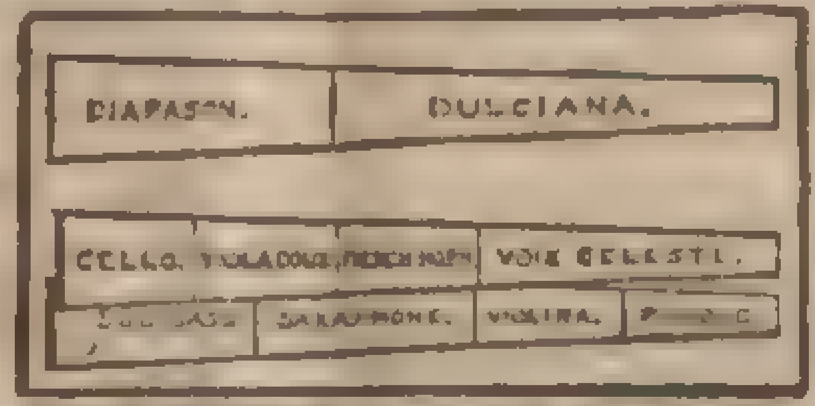
1 Cello.
2 Melodia.
3 [illegible]
4 Manual Sub-Bass.
5 Bourdon.
6 Saxaphone.
7 Viol di Gamba.
8 Diapason.
9 Viola Dolce.
10 Grand Expressione.
11 French Horn.
12 Harp [illegible]
13 Vox Humana.
14 Echo.
15 Dulciana.
16 Clarionet.
17 Voix Celeste.
18 Violina.
19 Vox Jubilante.
20 Piccolo.
21 Coupler Harmonique.
22 Orchestral Forte.
23 Grand Organ Knee Stop.
24 Right Knee Stop.
25 Automatic Valve Stop.
26 Right Duplex Damper.
27 Left Duplex Damper.



Height 75 in. Length 46 in. Depth 24 in.

The "MOZART," New Style, No. 12000.

Only $60. Net.



PLAN OF REEDBOARD. A caveat for Letters Patent [illegible]

BEATTY'S NEW PATENT ADJUSTABLE STOP ACTION [illegible] *MOZART ORGAN* [illegible] *solid walnut* [illegible]

This beautiful Organ was never equalled in the history of the Organ trade for Excellence in every feature.

Order direct from this advertisement, as I positively will not deviate from price, $60. Cash orders take preference on order book

VERY IMPORTANT WHEN YOU ORDER:

[illegible] Be sure to give Post Office, County, State [illegible]

REMEMBER—Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money refunded after a Year's constant use. Beware! [illegible] *Remit by Post Office Money Order, Express Pre-paid, Bank Draft or Registered Letter. Money refunded and freight charges paid if not as represented after a year's constant use. It is a well-known fact that I am the man* [illegible] *REMEMBER,* [illegible] *WEIGH THESE WORDS CAREFULLY.* [illegible] *Thousands are now in use.*

IMPORTANT TO THOSE WISHING TO BUY ORGANS.

[illegible] *vast CAPITAL* [illegible] PRICE ONLY $60.

No Deviation whatever from above Price. No deduction to any one, one price to everybody, viz: **$60 NET CASH.** *No other manufacturer can equal this offer.*

☞ **ORDER AT ONCE, NOTHING SAVED BY LONG CORRESPONDENCE.**

Address or call upon

DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.

Stool, Book & Music, FREE

The above stool [illegible] "MOZART" [illegible] to $5 00.

Book and Choice Music

With every "MOZART" [illegible] *FREE*, [illegible]

VISITORS ARE ALWAYS WELCOME

[illegible]

POSITIVELY NO DEVIATION IN PRICE.

The Price of the "MOZART," [illegible] Stool, Book and Music [illegible] whatever for traveling expenses.

REMEMBER!

☞ *Entire Satisfaction Guaranteed in every instance or money promptly refunded after "The Mozart" has been in constant use a year*

FLORENCE

OIL - STOVES

AND

HEATERS.

[illegible] NON EXPLOSIVE.

[illegible]

BYLES & SMITH, S. E. Corner 7th & Arch Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

How to DECORATE Your HOMES [illegible] DEMOREST'S MONTHLY for January 20 cts. Address 17 E. 14th Street, New York.

BEATTY'S ORGANS 27 [illegible] PIANOS, $125 up. [illegible] Write or call on Beatty, Washington, N. J.

HADDOCK'S,

914 Arch St., Philadelphia.

(Second Floor.)

IS THE CHEAPEST PLACE TO BUY

Beautiful Holiday and Picture Cards.

104 Elegant Cards in A Neat Box, for 50 Cents.
100 Neat Sample Cards for 25 Cents.

Many Job Lots of Business Cards at prices below cost. Buy your cards from the Manufacturer, and save 50 per cent.

LOVE COURTSHIP [illegible] health, wealth [illegible]

MICROSCOPE Watch Charms [illegible] street views, the [illegible] Pra[illegible] etc. only 12c post-paid. 75c per doz. [illegible] for Agents. PATTEN & CO., 47 Barclay St., N. Y.

50 Elegant Genuine [illegible] cards, [illegible] with name 10c. SNOW & CO., Meriden, Conn.

FLORIDA!

Atlantic and Gulf Coast Canal and Okeechobee Land Co.

50,000 SHARES, $10 EACH

At PAR with a BONUS of 40 Acres for each 10 Shares from Choice Lands of the "Disston purchase."

OFFICES: Third & Chestnut Sts., Philada. [illegible] Broadway, N. Y. [illegible]

Detailed Prospectus, with descriptive maps mailed FREE.

LADIES!

[illegible] "Cleopatra's Secret" [illegible]

EMPLOYMENT—LOCAL OR Traveling. State which preferred. Also SALARY per month. All EXPENSES advanced. WAGES promptly paid. SLOAN & Co. 306 George St. Cincinnati, O.

50 LOVELY [illegible] New & Elegant designs [illegible] VANN & CO., Fair Haven, Ct.

ITS POPULARITY IS UNPARALLELLED!!

130,000 SOLD!!! and still more Agents are wanted to supply [illegible] THE BEST, most popular, and Cheapest

LIFE OF GARFIELD PRICE ONLY $2

This work [illegible] thrilling [illegible] death [illegible] been [illegible] one of the most [illegible] outsell all other [illegible] best and cheapest, and our terms to Agents are the most liberal of any. Superb Steel Plate Portrait Free! [illegible] 50c. For proof [illegible] agents and terms [illegible] Phila., Pa.

300 Choice Poetical Selections for Autograph Albums [illegible] 250 [illegible] Motto Verses, and 25 [illegible] cents, post-paid. PATTEN & WADE, 47 Barclay street, N. Y.

12c "A Violet From Mother's Grave" & 40 other popular songs, words and music, entire, all for 12 cents. PATTEN & CO., 47 Barclay street, N. Y.

TWO Packs of Fun, [illegible] Beauties, 10 cents. [illegible] J. DIETZ, Box 3, Reading, Pa.

80 SAMPLE CARDS [illegible] New name on 10c. Agts [illegible] CARD WORKS, Birmingham, Conn.

50 CARDS, Feather & Hand Series & [illegible] in fancy case [illegible] Birmingham, Ct.

The Triumph of Genius.

No man in this country can hope to achieve permanent success on any other basis than that of merit. Ephemeral popularity may, for a season, crown the efforts of the charlatan or the empiric, but sooner or later fraud will be unmasked and a deceived public awake from its delusion. The introduction of any really valuable appliance, either for the comfort or enjoyment of mankind, is always attended with embarrassments which can only be surmounted by genius and meritorious enterprise. Ungenerous rivals will resort to every artifice, employ every subterfuge, to circumvent the laudable efforts of inventive skill. Hence, he whose cultured humanity seeks to distribute among the humbler classes sources of pleasure and happiness once within the attainment of the wealthy only, must anticipate opposition, both bitter and ungenerous. Manufacturers who have long enjoyed a monopoly as grasping as unscrupulous, will regard with unfeigned malevolence, and indignantly denounce any man who dares reveal their abuses or expose their impositions upon a too credulous public. The Hon. Daniel F. Beatty is a felicitous illustration of the triumph which genius and merit combined can achieve. Difficulties cannot intimidate him, and embarrassments beneath which most men would hopelessly succumb, vanish at his touch, and seem but to stimulate his undaunted energies. In September, 1881, a calamitous fire laid waste the accumulation of years of enterprise and industry; but ere the embers of its destruction had cooled, plans and specifications for the erection of a new manufactory were prepared. Sixty days had not expired when, Phœnix-like, his present magnificent establishment rose from the ashes of its predecessor. From the fact that the manufactory is so extensive, occupying within the walls nearly four acres, and possessing labor-saving woodworking machinery of such variety and excellence, with facilities so complete, no organ-builder in this country can compete with Mr. Beatty either in the rapid construction of his instruments or their cheapness in price. In vain have arrogant monopolists sought to accomplish his overthrow. His integrity is a bulwark against which their envenomed shafts fall hurtless, and to-day his name is a synonym of mercantile honor. No man ever accuses him of concealing defects or claiming unworthy advantages. In the manufacture of his organs he has attained an excellence and superiority which his competitors have sought in vain to rival. For beauty of design, grand variety of musical effects and durability he stands alone. The "Mozart," the *chef d'œuvre* of his creative genius, challenges the admiration of all who can appreciate the finest musical combination and the most wonderful instrument ever presented to the American people. A careful perusal of the advertisement of Mr. Beatty cannot but prove of interest and advantage to all who desire a beautiful organ at a price unparalleled in view of its superiority and excellence.

◆

Consumption Cured.

Since 1870 Dr. Sherar has each year sent from this office the means of relief and cure to thousands afflicted with disease. The correspondence necessitated by this work becoming too heavy for him, I came to his aid. He now feels constrained to relinquish it entirely, and has placed in my hands the formula of that simple vegetable remedy discovered by an East Indian missionary, and found so effective for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Diseases; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous complaints. Its remarkable curative powers have been proven in many thousand cases, and, actuated by the desire to relieve suffering humanity, I gladly assume the duty of making it known to others. Address me, with stamp, naming this paper, and I will mail you, free of charge, the recipe of this wonderful remedy, with full directions for its preparation and use, printed in German, French or English. W. A. NOYES, *149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

◆

DON'T miss the Boston 99c. Store, 46 North 8th st., for your Holiday Goods. They are wonderful.

◆

AN ONLY DAUGHTER CURED OF CONSUMPTION.

When death was hourly expected all remedies having failed, and Dr. H. JAMES was experimenting with the many herbs of Calcutta, he accidentally made a preparation which cured his only child of CONSUMPTION. His child is now in this country enjoying the best of health. He has proved to the world that CONSUMPTION can be positively and permanently cured. The Doctor now gives this Recipe *free*, only asking two three-cent stamps to pay expenses. This herb also cures night-sweats, nausea at the stomach, and will break up a fresh cold in twenty-four hours. Address, CRADDOCK & CO., 1032 Race street, Philadelphia, naming this paper.

◆

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, stop at GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 450 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse-cars, stages, and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

◆

A Beautiful Revolver Free!

In order to introduce their mammoth Literary paper, the Household Journal, Messrs. E. G. Rideout & Co., 10 Barclay St., N. Y., have secured a large stock of celebrated Blue Jacket 32-Calibre Revolvers, which they offer free to any one getting up a club, or for sale for $3.50. It is a genuine bargain, and the firm are perfectly reliable. They offer to refund the money if not exactly as represented. Read their advertisement, and write to them.

◆

THE cheapest Sewing Machine to buy is the Wheeler & Wilson New No. 8, because it is the easiest to learn, the easiest to manage, the lightest running, the most durable, and does the most perfect work. Ladies should not fail to examine it before purchasing any other. It is declared by the highest authorities "the best sewing apparatus in the world." Send for illustrated circular, 1338 Chestnut Street, Philada., Pa.

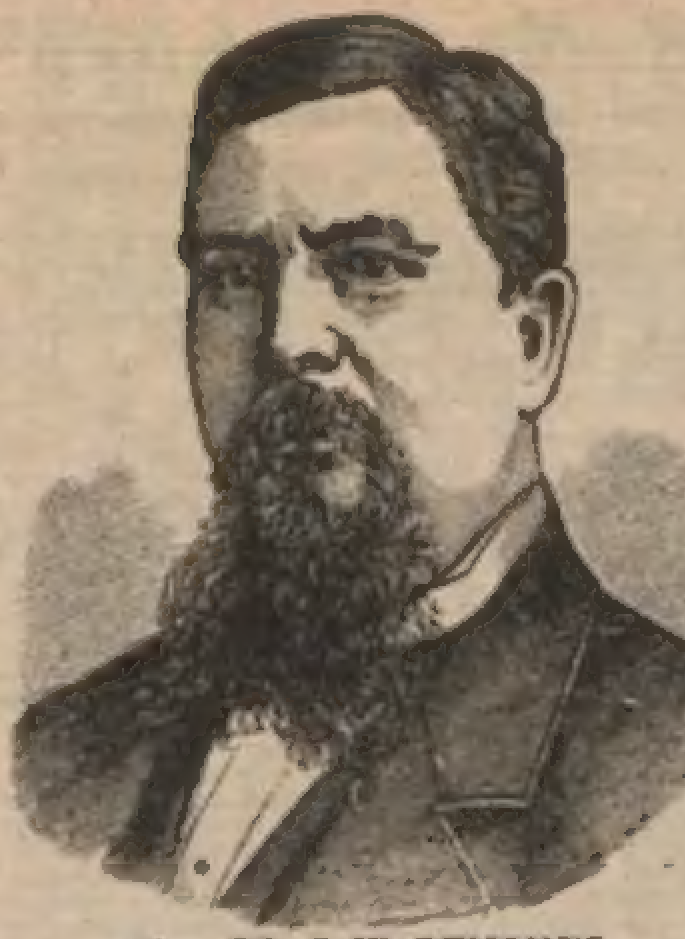
◆

Old Gold Bought.—Silver and Platinum of all kinds. Full value paid. J. L. Clark, Reliable Refiner of all Residues containing gold or silver. 823 Filbert St., Philadelphia, Pa. Send by mail or express. Mention THE POST.

◆

FAY'S Building Materials for Roofs and Ceilings in place of Plaster. Samples free. Camden, N. J.

Established 1863.
KEYSTONE Slate and Soapstone Works.
SLATE MANTELS
Of the latest and most beautiful designs, and all other Slate and Soapstone Work on hand or made to order.
JOSEPH S. MILLER, Manufacturer.
Office and Salesroom: 1210 Ridge Avenue.
Factory: 1211 & 1213 Spring Garden St., Philada.
Send for Illustrated Catalogue and Price-List.



How DR. C. W. BENSON'S
Celery and Chamomile Pills
Build up the Nervous system and positively cure Sick Headache, Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, Nervousness, Sleeplessness and Dyspepsia. It has been proved that they successfully ward off all danger of Paralysis, Apoplexy and Sudden death. Their effect upon the Nervous system is something wonderful, and there is no wonder that thousands of people avail themselves of such a valuable remedy, while it may be found, in these days of Nervous Diseases. The simplicity and purity of these pills are at once in their favor, as they do not physic.

Paralytics that have not walked for two years have been fully restored by these pills, and thousands of cases of Sick and Nervous Weakness perfectly cured, while the cases of Sick and Nervous Headache and Neuralgia they have cured are innumerable each year, and add to their popularity. Too much cannot be said in their favor, for while they cure these terrible Nervous Diseases, they also improve the general health, and especially the complexion and skin, and invariably improve the digestion.

Sold by all druggists. Price, 50 cents a box. Depot, 106 North Eutaw St., Baltimore, Md. By mail, two boxes for $1.00, or six boxes for $2.50, to any address.

DR. BENSON'S NEW REMEDY

DR. C. W. BENSON'S
SKIN CURE
Is Warranted to Cure
ECZEMA, TETTERS, HUMORS, INFLAMMATION, MILK CRUST, ALL ROUGH SCALY ERUPTIONS, DISEASES OF HAIR AND SCALP, SCROFULA ULCERS, PIMPLES and TENDER ITCHINGS on all parts of the body. It makes the skin white, soft and smooth; removes tan and freckles, and is the BEST toilet dressing in THE WORLD. Elegantly put up, two bottles in one package, consisting of both internal and external treatment.
All first class druggists have it. Price $1. per package.

HOSTETTER'S
CELEBRATED

STOMACH
BITTERS
In Hosts of Families

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is as much regarded as a household necessity as sugar or coffee. The reason of this is that years of experience have proved it to be perfectly reliable in those cases of emergency where a prompt and convenient remedy is demanded. Constipation, liver complaint, dyspepsia, indigestion and other troubles are overcome by it.

For sale by Druggists and Dealers, to whom apply for Hostetter's Almanac for 1882.

TWO DOLLARS.

A NEW DEPARTURE
FOR
DEMOREST'S
Illustrated Monthly
MAGAZINE
The Largest in Form!
The Largest in Circulation!

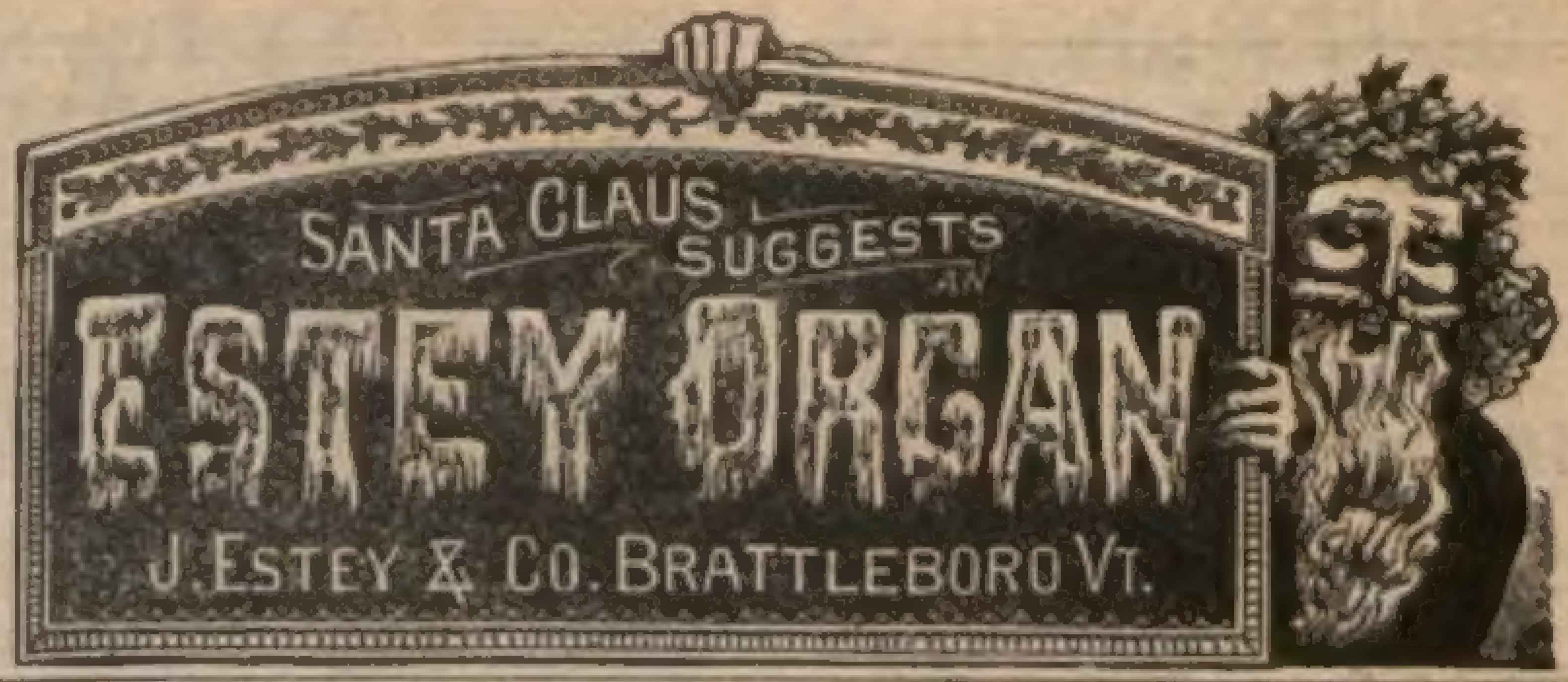
and the best in everything that makes a magazine desirable. Demorest's Monthly Magazine presents a grand combination of the entertaining, the useful, and beautiful, with Stories, Essays, Poems, Fashions, Family Matters, Art Critiques, Lovely Oil Pictures, Steel Engravings, and other Art Features.

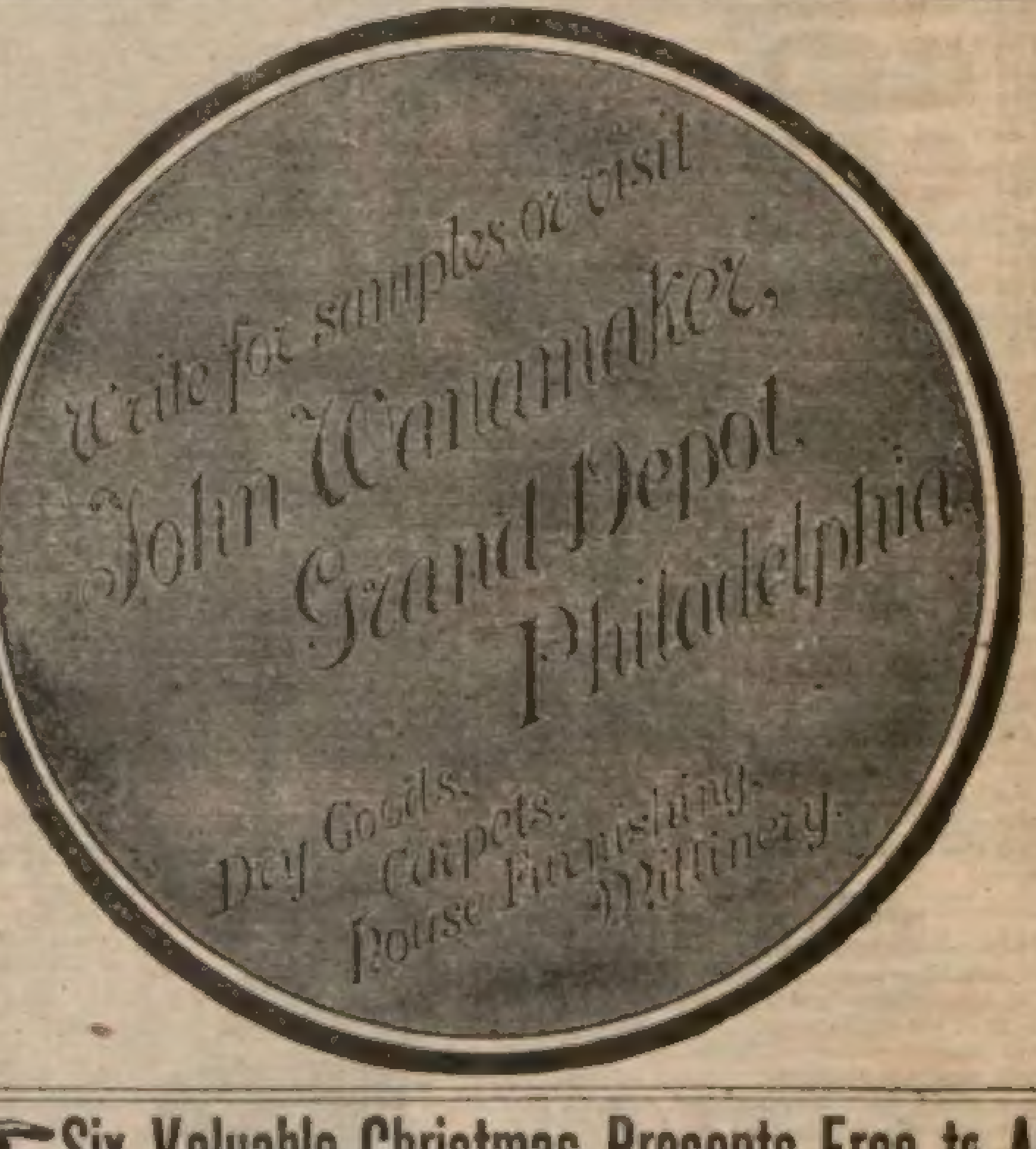
Send Twenty Cents for a Specimen Copy, or subscribe six months on trial for **One Dollar.**

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

There is no publication so cheap or so good in the world. For circular or full particulars address
W. JENNINGS DEMOREST,
17 East 14th Street, New York

☞ Volume 18 commences with November, 1881. Secure the superb number for January, with the Steel Engravings of Jersey, and how to decorate your homes for Christmas.

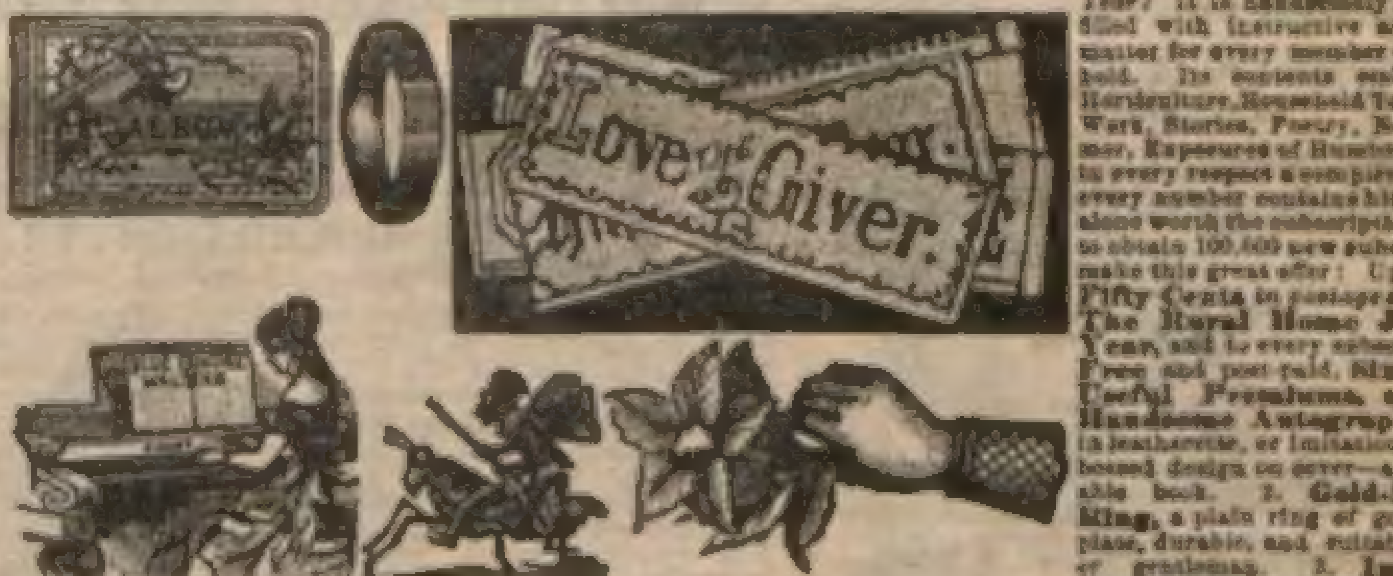




☞ Six Valuable Christmas Presents Free to All!

YOU CAN SECURE ALL THE BEAUTIFUL AND USEFUL HOLIDAY GIFTS NAMED IN THIS ADVERTISEMENT AT NO COST WHATEVER! *Read the Conditions!* We publish a splendid Eight-page, 32-column Agricultural and Home Paper entitled **The Rural Home Journal**, at the low price of *Fifty Cents per Year!* It is handsomely illustrated, and is filled with instructive and useful reading matter for every member of the rural household. Its contents embrace Agriculture, Horticulture, Household Topics, Ladies' Fancy Work, Stories, Poetry, News, Wit and Humor, Exposures of Humbugs, etc., etc. It is in every respect a complete family paper, and every number contains hints and suggestions alone worth the subscription price. Wishing to obtain 100,000 new subscribers at once, we make this great offer: Upon receipt of only **Fifty Cents** *in postage stamps* we will send **The Rural Home Journal** for **One Year**, and to every subscriber we will send, Free and post-paid, **Six Valuable and Useful Premiums**, as follows: 1. **A Handsome Autograph Album**, bound in leatherette, or imitation leather, with embossed design on cover—a neat and serviceable book. 2. **Gold-Plated Finger Ring**, a plain ring of good quality of gold plate, durable, and suitable for either lady or gentleman. 3. **Imitation Coral Breast Pin**, of a new and very handsome design, which will be much admired. 4. **Buckner's Musical Chart**, by the aid of which any one may learn to play upon the Piano, Organ or Melodeon in a short time. 5. **Ten Perforated Card Board Mottoes**, for working with worsted or silk into book-marks or other souvenirs. 6. **The Mechanical Grasshopper**, a new and amusing Christmas toy, which will delight the whole family with its antics. Remember, we send all of these valuable and useful articles *absolutely free* to all who send fifty cents for a year's subscription to *The Rural Home Journal*. We make this great offer simply to introduce our paper and obtain thousands of new subscribers. It is one chance in a life-time to get a very large return for a very small sum of money. Think of it! a splendid paper a whole year for only fifty cents, with six valuable and useful premiums free! We offer no cheap trash, but only articles of genuine value and usefulness, and a paper excelled by none. All orders filled promptly, and perfect satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. As to our reliability we refer to any publisher in New York, likewise to the Commercial Agencies, as we have been long in business, are well-known, and our reputation is established. If you will show this advertisement and get up a club of four, we will send you an extra copy with the premiums free for your trouble. Send at once for this unprecedented bargain. Address,

F. M. LUPTON, Publisher, 27 Park Place, New York.



OUR CHRISTMAS-BOX FOR LITTLE FOLKS

A GREAT BARGAIN. *Each Box contains Twelve Articles, consisting of Toys, Games, and Puzzles. Price by mail,* **56 cts.** *Four Boxes for* **$2.00,** *post-paid.* **2 French Dolls.**—8 in. tall, 3 in. wide; one with Banged Hair and Black Eyes, and one with Curly Hair and Blue Eyes; different style dresses with each, as a pattern for little ones to make dresses from. **Cat.**—An ornament for Mantles, Whatnots, Windows, and Bric-a-Brac. It is beautifully engraved on thick cardboard, 8 in. tall, 6 in. wide; it is so perfect that it is often taken for a real live cat. **The Great Pagoda Puzzle** is a new toy affording a delightful and fascinating pastime alike to old and young, made from one piece of paper, and is impossible for any one to make unless instructed. **The New Automatic Toy**—Grandfather tossing on his knee the baby. By pulling a string, the head, arms, body, and leg of the old man move, and baby's body and legs also. A very amusing toy for the children. **Professor Abbey's Age and Flirtation Cards,** entertaining and amusing at parties and socials, enabling any one to tell the age of each one present; double faced; on backs are directions; handkerchief flirtations and humorous escort cards; thus they furnish innocent amusement. **Magician's Own Trick Cards.**—These wonderful cards enable one to perform the most astonishing metamorphosis without detection with them; the self-same identical cards you show all eight-spots, all deuces, all spots, etc., etc. Professor Herrman's most astonishing performances revealed. Gives us all a chance to see how it is done and the means of doing it. **The $100 Puzzle.**—The greatest mystery out; $100 was offered by the inventor to any one who could put it together, yet it can be done by him in three minutes. The best puzzle yet invented. It consists of the alphabet in full, and also forty-four figures. Is amusing and instructing. **The New Mechanical Grasshopper.**—Old folks tickled and children delighted; will jump six feet high. Pleases the baby, astonishes the cat. **The Swiss Warbler or Mocking-Bird Whistle.**—It imitates every sound in the animal kingdom, from the thrill of the nightingale to the howl of the wolf. After a little practice your mouth will seem to be a complete menagerie. **Fun for the Boys.**—False mustaches made of genuine hair. Can be put on or off instantly. Lots of fun at the sudden change. **Game of Lotto.**—(Lo-to). Lotto is a Spanish game, and is very popular with the people of Spain, and has become a fashionable pastime in England, France, and America. It is easily understood, and can be played by two or more, not exceeding twelve. It has twelve beautifully colored cards and ninety numbers. The game is fascinating, amusing, and very entertaining for young people. This game has been sold at forty cents, but superior facilities for manufacturing enables us to add it to the Christmas Box. The articles in **Our Christmas Box** would cost **Two Dollars** *if bought separate at any store. It is the best bargain ever offered. Send at once. Postage stamps taken. Address plainly,* **M. F. JONES & CO., P. O. Box 3630, BOSTON, Mass.**

CONE'S
ASTHMA CONQUEROR

Cures Where all Other Remedies Fail!

It is not a temporary alleviator, but a thorough eradicator of Asthma. Its effects are immediate. It is equally efficacious with young or old subjects. Its operations are agreeable to delicate patients. It is a combination of remedial agents never before employed in like manner. It is the result of original investigations into the causes of Asthma and its proper treatment. It is a certain cure, if the directions be perseveringly followed. IT IS IN TRUTH A CONQUEROR.

FOR A VALUABLE TREATISE ON ASTHMA AND KINDRED DISEASES, FREE OF CHARGE, WITH TESTIMONIALS OF PERMANENT CURES, ADDRESS all orders and communications to

CONE ASTHMA CO., No. 236 WEST FOURTH STREET, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

WANTED—Agents for "Lives of the Presidents," by John S. C. Abbott & Co., Conwell, complete in one vol. Washington to Arthur—steel portraits; just the work to follow the canvass for Garfield. Address B. B. RUSSELL, Boston, Mass.

Phonography, or Phonetic Shorthand.

Catalogue of works, with Phonographic alphabet and illustrations, for beginners, sent on application. Address BENN PITMAN, Cincinnati, O.

Facetiæ.

If a dime with a hole in it is worth five cents, a dime with two holes in it ought to be worth ten cents.

The man who said "get out of that pew," immediately knelt down and said his prayers in his new overcoat.

"Oh, dry up!" as autumn said to the leaf. "I'm not as green as I was," replied the leaf, "so I'll take your advice."

Some men are too dumb to go in when it rains, but there are few too dumb to steal an umbrella under such circumstances.

"Wild-cat life-insurance companies?" queried old Mrs. Hobbs, "what on earth do they want to insure wild cats' lives for?"

Rather tough: To tell some men not to associate with bad company, is tantamount to saying that they must get rid of themselves.

A boot and shoe shop hangs out the sign, "Cast iron lasts!" We all know it does, but we don't want any boots made of it just the same.

The difference between a cat and a comma is that one has the claws at the end of the paws, and the other has the pause at the end of the clause.

Some men, when they go to church, never think of studying the frescoing on the ceiling of the edifice until the collection plate is being passed around.

A Vermont man has willed his picture gallery to a blind asylum. The patients are supposed to be the only persons who can really appreciate the collection.

They speak of capturing a wild man in Asia Minor with "nothing but a skin over his head." Possibly they are not accustomed to bald-headed men over there.

They fined a Denver man $25 the other day for carrying a revolver. It should be stated, however, that he carried it off when it belonged to another man.

A Baltimore paper says: "Pigs will be pigs this year." Very glad to hear it. For some time past a good many of them have been street-car passengers.

* * *

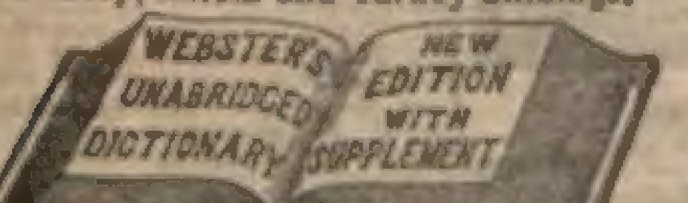
What Ails You?

Is it a disordered liver giving you a yellow skin or costive bowels, which have resulted in distressing piles, or do your kidneys refuse to perform their functions? If so, your system will soon be clogged with poisons. Take a few doses of Kidney-Wort and you'll feel like a new man—nature will throw off every impediment and each organ will be ready for duty. Druggists sell both the dry and the liquid.—Evansville Tribune.

* * *

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED.
In Sheep, Russia and Turkey Bindings.



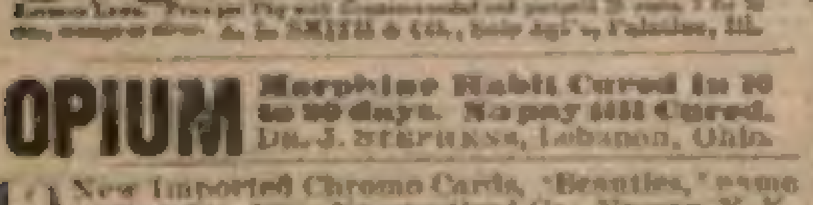
New Edition of WEBSTER has 118,000 Words, 3000 Engravings, 4600 New Words & Meanings, and Biographical Dictionary of over 9700 Names.
Get the Standard.
THE Standard in the Gov't Printing Office,—32,000 copies in Public Schools,—sale 20 times as large as the sale of any other.
BEST aid in a Family, in helping its members to become intelligent. Best aid for TEACHERS and SCHOLARS, in SCHOOLS.
GIFT Most acceptable to Pastor, Parent, Teacher, Child, Friend; for Holidays, Birthday, Wedding, or any other occasion.
Published by G. & C. MERRIAM, Springfield, Mass.

ASTHMA Quickly and Permanently CURED

Dr. Stinson's Asthma Remedy is unequaled as a positive Alterative and Cure for Asthma and Dyspepsia, and all their attendant evils. It does not merely afford temporary relief, but is a permanent cure. Mrs. B. F. Lee, of Belmore, O., says of it: "*I am surprised at the speedy effects of your remedy. It is the first medicine in six years that has loosened my cough and made expectoration easy. I now sleep all night without coughing.*" If your druggist does not keep it, send for treatise and testimonials to
H. P. K. PECK & CO.,
853 Broadway, New York.

HOPE FOR THE DEAF
Dr. Peck's Artificial Ear Drums
PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING and perform the work of the Natural Drum. Always in position, but invisible to others. All Conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. We refer to those using them. Send for descriptive circular with testimonials. Address,
H. P. K. PECK & CO., 853 Broadway, New York.

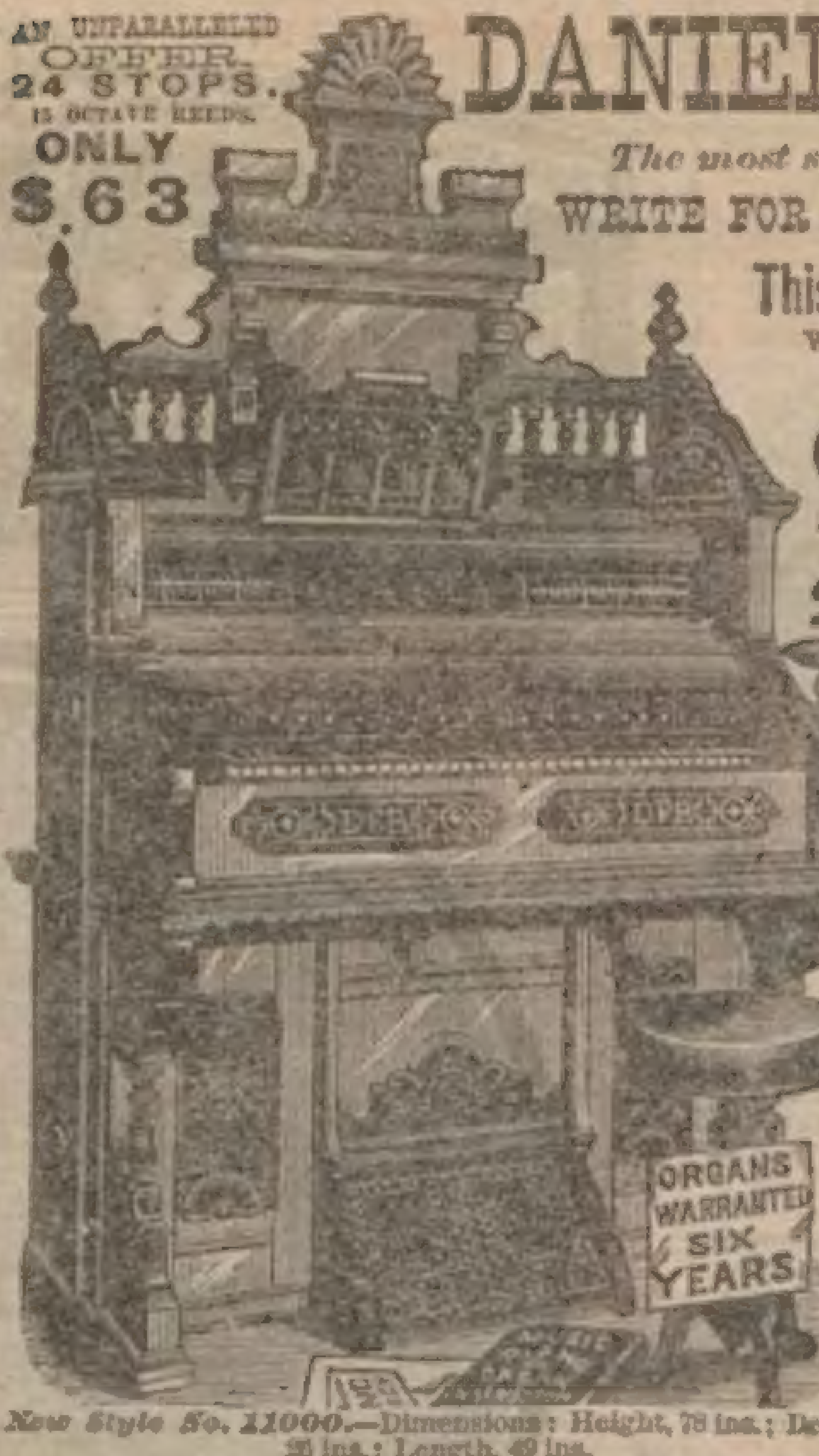
Edith M. Hall Copper Name Stamp, with ink and pad sent for $1.00. The same made of rubber for 50 cts. Send 3c. stamp for circulars of Postmasters complete set, and Stamps, etc., of all kinds. J. Goldsborough, 730 Chestnut St., Phila.



OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till Cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

40 New Imported Chromo Cards, "Beauties," name on 40 styles, 10c. Nassau Card Co., Nassau, N.Y.

AN UNPARALLELED OFFER.
24 STOPS.
13 OCTAVE REEDS.
ONLY
$63



New Style No. 11000.—Dimensions: Height, 78 ins.; Depth, 26 ins.; Length, 49 ins.

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The most successful house in the World.
WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

This Magnificent CABINET Organ
With an elegant Stool, Book and Music, boxed and delivered on board cars at Washington, New Jersey, for
Only $63.00
Satisfaction absolutely guaranteed or money refunded after one year's use.
24 STOPS.
SPECIFICATIONS, as follows:

1 Cello, 8 ft tone. 2 Melodia, 8 ft. tone. 3 Clarabella, 8 ft. tone. 4 Manual Sub-Bass, 16 ft. 5 Bourdon, 16 ft. tone. 6 Saxaphone 8 ft. tone. 7 Viol di Gamba, 8 ft. tone. 8 Diapason, 8 ft. tone. 9 Viola Dolce, 4 ft. tone. 10 Grand Expressione. 11 French Horn, 8 ft. tone. 12 Harp Æolienne. 13 Vox Humana. 14 Echo, 8 ft. tone. 15 Dulciana, 8 ft. tone. 16 Clarionet, 8 ft. tone. 17 Voix Celeste, 8 ft. tone. 18 Violina, 4 ft. 19 Vox Jubilante, 8 ft. 20 Piccolo, 4 ft. 21 Coupler Harmonique. 22 Orchestral Forte. 23 Grand Organ Knee Stop. 24 Right Organ Knee Stop.

BEWARE! Do not think of buying an Organ that does not contain an Octave Coupler, a stop which doubles the power of the instrument. All of my Organs have it. This Organ is a triumph of the Organ Builder's art. It is very beautiful in appearance, being exactly like the above cut. The case is of solid Walnut, profusely ornamented with hand carving and expensive fancy veneers. The music pocket is of the most beautiful design extant. It has the best rubber Upright Bellows, with steel springs, rollers for moving, polished metal pedals, and handles, etc., etc. It is deserving of a place in the millionaire's parlor, and would ornament the boudoir of a princess.

REMIT by Money Order, Express Prepaid, Bank Draft, or Registered Letters. Money refunded and all freight charges paid if not as represented. ☞ Come to Washington, New Jersey, and see Factory (3 acres of space within walls of building) and select in person. Elegant carriage for visitors meets all trains.

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With Thirty Changes of Positions.

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From Am. Journal of Medicine.
Dr. Ab. Meserole (late of London) who makes a specialty of Epilepsy, has without doubt treated and cured more cases than any other living physician; his success has simply been astonishing; we have heard of cases of over 20 years' standing, successfully cured by him; he has published a work on this disease, which he sends with a large bottle of his wonderful cure free to any sufferer who may send their express and P. O. address. We advise any one wishing a cure to address
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"The Prince and the Pauper,"
Will outsell all his previous works, and offers you the best chance of your life to make money rapidly. Old agents will act promptly and secure choice territory, and we advise you to do the same. Outfits now ready. *Send at once for circulars and terms to*
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CALCINED MAGNESIA.
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Presses and outfits from $3 to $500
Over 2,000 styles of type. Catalogue and reduced price list free.
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JUDGE FOR YOURSELF By sending 35c money, or 40c postage stamps, with age, you will receive by return mail a correct picture of your future husband or wife with name and date of marriage. W. FOX, Box 44, Fultonville, N. Y.

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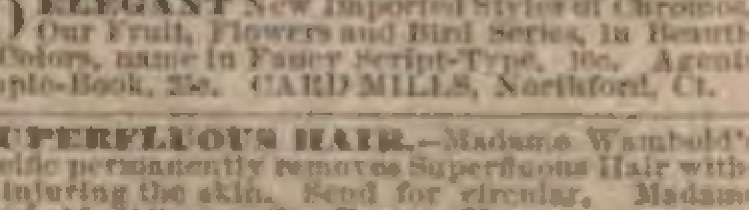

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WONDERFUL NEW DIAMONDS.
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A PRINCELY GIFT!
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SCIENCE TRIUMPHANT!
DETECTION IMPOSSIBLE!!
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Diamante Brilliants must not be confounded with the French paste and glass imitations, mounted in cheap gilt or plated settings, with which the country is flooded under the various fancy names given to so-called "imitation diamonds." **Diamante Brilliants** were exhibited side by side with real diamonds *of great* value at the Paris Exhibition and were awarded a Prize Medal, and the highest recompense awarded to imitations. They attracted universal admiration, and immediately took the place of, and were intermixed with, costly diamond ornaments, and are now worn at the Court balls and upon all occasions among the best society in London, Paris, and all the capitals of Europe. **Diamante Brilliants** can be worn at all times, in daylight or gaslight, with perfect confidence and absolute security, as they possess all the brilliancy and penetrating lustre peculiar to real diamonds, and are the only PERFECT SUBSTITUTE FOR DIAMONDS OF THE FIRST WATER. By their purity and brilliancy they bear comparison with old mine diamonds, and resemble them so closely that detection is almost impossible. They are superior in every respect to real diamonds of inferior quality. The investigations, experiments, and labor of two generations have been expended in bringing these remarkable jewels to their present state of perfection. They are produced chemically by a secret process, known only to the inventors, and they possess all the rare beauty of the gems they counterfeit.

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For a Premium to Each Subscriber Read Terms on Page 8.

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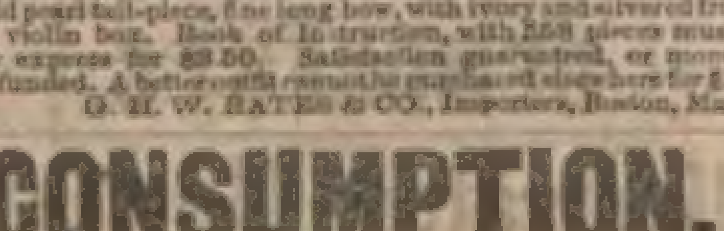
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, 726 Sansom Street, Philadelphia, Pa.



Owing to the Failure of the Music House of [illegible] & Co., Germany, we purchased their entire stock of Paganini Violins. Celebrated for fine tone, finish. Italian strings, fine pegs, inlaid pearl tail-piece, fine long bow, with ivory and silvered frog, in violin box. Book of Instruction, with 558 pieces music, by express for $3.50. Satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded. A better outfit cannot be purchased elsewhere for $15.
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I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy that I will send TWO BOTTLES *free*, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.

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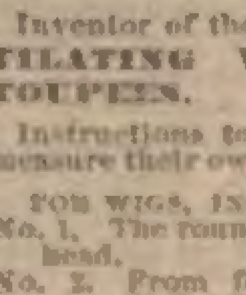
A FINE STEEL ENGRAVING of PRESIDENT GARFIELD, by the celebrated artist, PERINE, mailed to every one who sends 50c. for one year's subscription to the *Educational Visitor and Temperance Ensign*, an 8-page monthly. Address CENTRAL EDUCATIONAL BUREAU, 125 Chestnut St., Philada.

Agents wanted. $5 a Day made selling our NEW HOUSEHOLD ARTICLES and FAMILY SCALE. Weighs up to 25 lbs. Sells at $1.50. DOMESTIC SCALE CO., Cincinnati, O.



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Premier Artist
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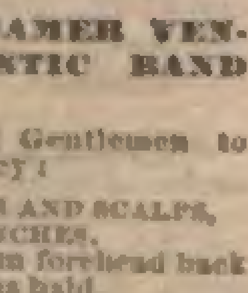

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEES.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
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He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. A Sure relief for Asthma. Price 35 cts. by mail. STOWELL & CO. Charlestown, Mass.

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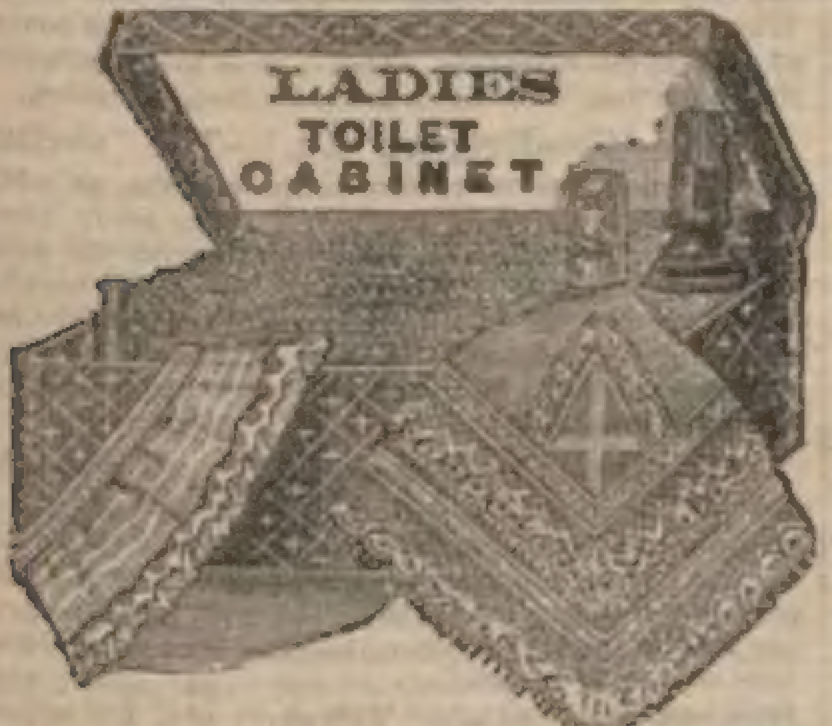
One of the most patient and best-natured men in the world is he—if there be such a man on earth—who thinks that the boy next door to him is a quiet and good boy.

"Ah, doctor, back from the Adirondacks? What luck did you have?" "No luck," growled the doctor. "I was there for a week, and I never killed a thing."

The train had just rolled into the station, and little Charley stood listening a moment to the sound of the escaping steam. Then, turning to his father, he said, "Pa, the engine's all out o' breath, ain't it?"

HAYESVILLE, Ohio, Feb. 11, 188[illegible]
I am very glad to say I have tried Hop Bitters, and never took anything that did me as much good. I only took two bottles and I would not take $100 for the good they did me. I recommend them to my patients and get the best results from their use.
C. B. MERCER, M. D.



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We recently purchased at Sheriff's Sale, the entire stock of a dealer in imported laces, at less than one-fourth the cost of importation, which we have made up into handkerchiefs, Ruchings, Collars, etc., and have in stock 6,000 cabinets as shown in above cut. Each cabinet contains ONE LACE HANDKERCHIEF, Four Yards Ruching, lace finish, One "Coca" Hairpin Cabinet with fifty assorted hair-pins, best quality, One Bottle of the Celebrated Grand Duchess Cologne with spray attachment, One Boot-Buttoner, One Glove-Buttoner, One Key-ring, one Case containing four full papers of long-eyed needles of the best quality, and twenty darners bodkins, motto needles, &c., &c., of different kinds. ALL FOR SIXTY CENTS, and six cents extra to help pay postage and packing. We have a handsome lace collar to send in place of the ruching if any one should prefer it. Our object in sacrificing these goods to the public is for the purpose of introducing the GRAND DUCHESS COLOGNE. The finest perfumery in the World. We are satisfied that every purchaser of this perfumery will be our permanent customer. REMEMBER we have only 5,000 of these Cabinets, and reserve the right to refund the money after they are sold. "First come, first served." Our illustrated catalogue of Laces, Notions, Fancy Goods and Jewelry, sent free upon application. Send postage stamps or specie.

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IMMENSE REDUCTION IN PRICES.

We have just received one thousand dozen fine imported silk handkerchiefs, which we offer at prices that will astonish our patrons. The centres of these beautiful handkerchiefs are composed of narrow stripes around which are wide borders brocaded in harmonizing colors. We have selected the prettiest and most fashionable shades of color, and now that silk handkerchiefs are so fashionable, ladies and misses will find this an opportunity seldom offered to secure useful and beautiful goods at unusually low prices. Ladies can wear them at the belt, or in the side pocket, with one corner exposed, producing a very pretty effect. They are also quite suitable for young gentlemen. They make very appropriate Christmas or birthday presents, and almost any one would value them (judging from their appearance) at from 50 cents to 75 cents each. Price only 24 cents, or eight 3-cent stamps. 3 handkerchiefs, assorted colors, 60 cents. 1 doz., $2—by mail, postpaid. Postage stamps accepted the same as cash. Address

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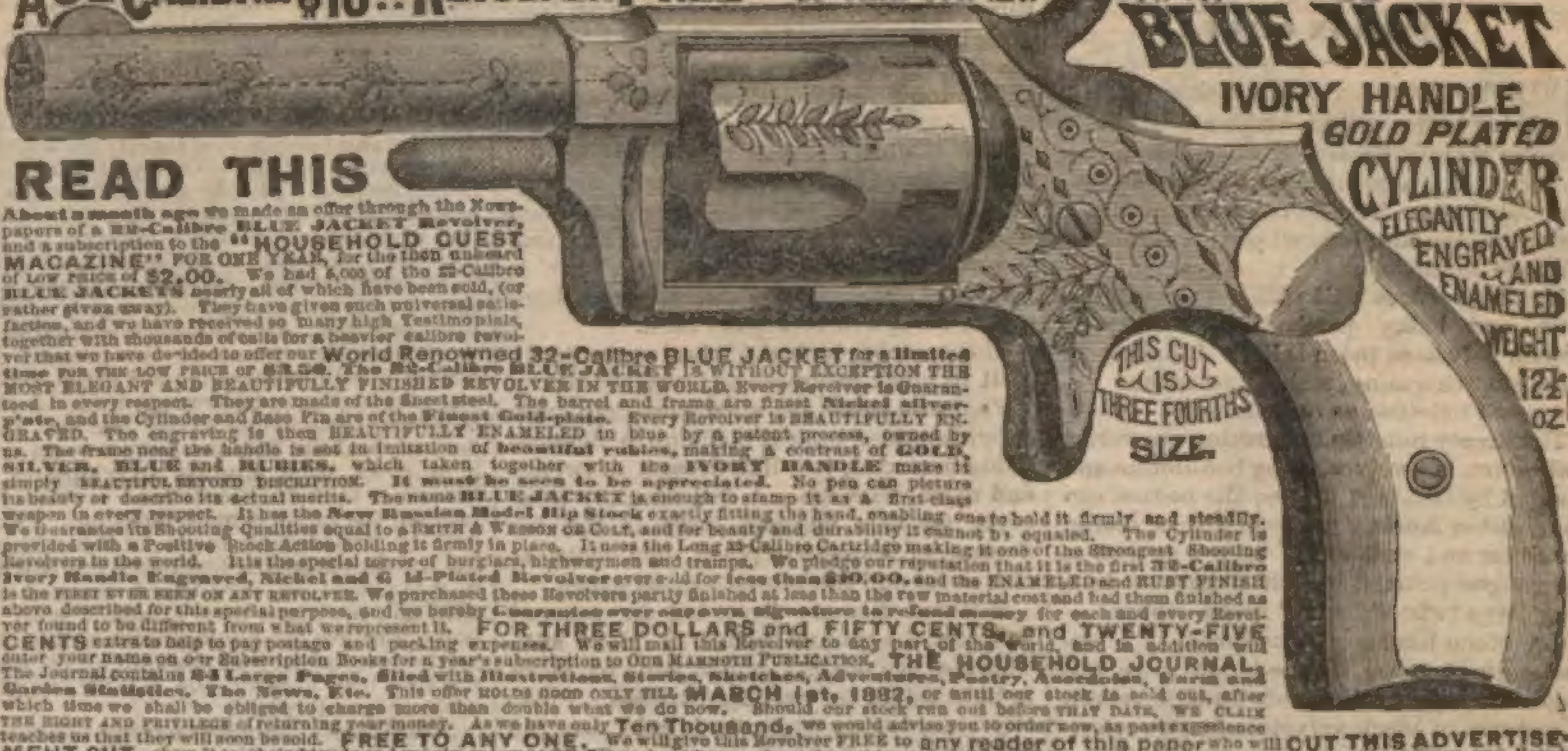
A 32 CALIBRE $10.00 REVOLVER FREE TO EVERY READER OF THIS PAPER.



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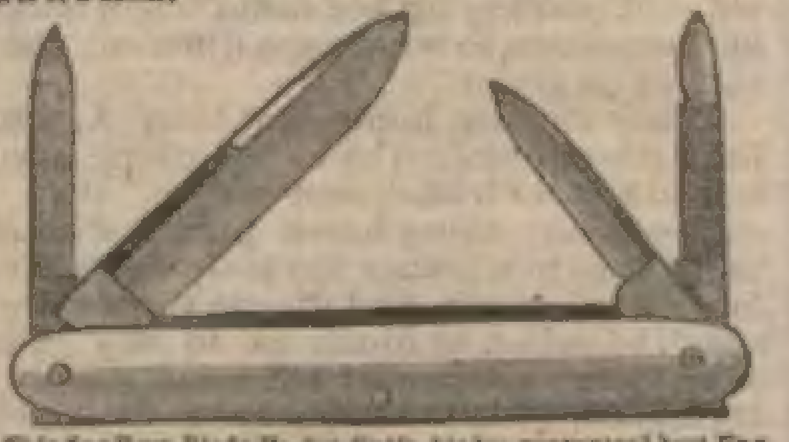
About a month ago we made an offer through the Newspapers of a 32-Calibre BLUE JACKET Revolver, and a subscription to the "HOUSEHOLD GUEST MAGAZINE" FOR ONE YEAR, for the then unheard of LOW PRICE of $2.00. We had 6,000 of the 32-Calibre BLUE JACKETS nearly all of which have been sold, (or rather given away). They have given such universal satisfaction, and we have received so many high Testimonials, together with thousands of calls for a heavier calibre revolver that we have decided to offer our World Renowned 32-Calibre BLUE JACKET for a limited time FOR THE LOW PRICE OF $3.50. The 32-Calibre BLUE JACKET IS WITHOUT EXCEPTION THE MOST ELEGANT AND BEAUTIFULLY FINISHED REVOLVER IN THE WORLD. Every Revolver is Guaranteed in every respect. They are made of the finest steel. The barrel and frame are finest Nickel silver-plate, and the Cylinder and Base Pin are of the Finest Gold-plate. Every Revolver is BEAUTIFULLY ENGRAVED. The engraving is then BEAUTIFULLY ENAMELED in blue by a patent process, owned by us. The frame near the handle is set in imitation of beautiful rubies, making a contrast of GOLD, SILVER, BLUE and RUBIES, which taken together with the IVORY HANDLE make it simply BEAUTIFUL BEYOND DESCRIPTION. It must be seen to be appreciated. No pen can picture its beauty or describe its actual merits. The name BLUE JACKET is enough to stamp it as a first-class weapon in every respect. It has the New Russian Model Hip Stock exactly fitting the hand, enabling one to hold it firmly and steadily. We Guarantee its Shooting Qualities equal to a SMITH & WESSON OR COLT, and for beauty and durability it cannot be equaled. The Cylinder is provided with a Positive Stock Action holding it firmly in place. It uses the Long 32-Calibre Cartridge making it one of the Strongest Shooting Revolvers in the world. It is the special terror of burglars, highwaymen and tramps. We pledge our reputation that it is the first 32-Calibre Ivory Handle Engraved, Nickel and Gold-Plated Revolver ever sold for less than $10.00, and the ENAMELED and RUST FINISH is the FIRST EVER SEEN ON ANY REVOLVER. We purchased these Revolvers partly finished at less than the raw material cost and had them finished as above described for this special purpose, and we hereby Guarantee over our own signature to refund money for each and every Revolver found to be different from what we represent it. FOR THREE DOLLARS and FIFTY CENTS, and TWENTY-FIVE CENTS extra to help to pay postage and packing expenses. We will mail this Revolver to any part of the world, and in addition will enter your name on our Subscription Books for a year's subscription to OUR MAMMOTH PUBLICATION, THE HOUSEHOLD JOURNAL. The Journal contains 84 Large Pages, filled with Illustrations, Stories, Sketches, Adventures, Poetry, Anecdotes, Farm and Garden Statistics, The News, Etc. This offer HOLDS GOOD ONLY TILL MARCH 1st, 1882, or until our stock is sold out, after which time we shall be obliged to charge more than double what we do now. Should our stock run out before THAT DATE, WE CLAIM THE RIGHT AND PRIVILEGE of returning your money. As we have only Ten Thousand, we would advise you to order now, as past experience teaches us that they will soon be sold. FREE TO ANY ONE. We will give this Revolver FREE to any reader of this paper who will CUT THIS ADVERTISEMENT OUT, show it to their friends and get six orders at $3.75 each. After you have done this send us $22.50 the price of Six Revolvers and we will send you one Revolver and a subscription to THE HOUSEHOLD JOURNAL FREE FOR YOUR TROUBLE, and each one in your club will also receive the Journal a year. THE BEST WAY is to order one for yourself first and show it to your friends, you will then find it easy to get others to order, or if you desire to speculate, you can easily sell these Revolvers for $10.00 each. As to our reliability we refer to any Commercial Agency, newspapers, Publishers, or Express Companies in New York City. If this is not sufficient, write us for references which we will cheerfully furnish. Send all Money by REGISTERED LETTER or POST OFFICE ORDER at our risk. When one or more are ordered by Express, at $3.75 we put in a Box of Cartridges with each Revolver.

Address, E. C. RIDEOUT & CO., 10 Barclay Street, New York.

Great Holiday Bargains!

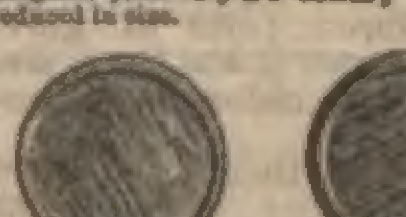
Buy Your Christmas Presents at Headquarters, and Save Money! Having manufactured and imported Holiday Goods in large quantities, and wishing to turn our stock into money as rapidly as possible, we offer from now until January 1st the following remarkable bargains. We retail these goods at wholesale prices, and by taking advantage of this chance you can save fully half in buying Christmas presents this year. All goods guaranteed exactly as represented or money refunded. Any article or articles sent by mail post-paid upon receipt of the price named. Postage stamps taken same as cash for the fractional parts of a dollar.



This fine Four-Blade Pocket Knife, blades guaranteed best English cast steel, handle best white bone, lined and riveted with brass, strong and durable; price only 50 cents; well worth $1; cut is trifle over half size.

This elegant Rolled Gold Stiffened Thimble, warranted to wear equal to solid gold, or money refunded and cannot be distinguished from solid gold—a rare bargain for ladies; price only 50 cents, and is worth triple. Sizes run from 6 to 10.

This elegant Imitation Morocco Photograph Album, holding 32 pictures, superbly bound in brown leather, with gilt stamping and clasp; a great bargain: price only 50 cents; well worth $1.00; cut is greatly reduced in size.



This pair Handsome Onyx Sleeve Buttons, fine onyx stones in heavy gold plate settings; suitable for lady or gentleman; every pair warranted; price only 25 cents per pair; worth triple; cut is not full size.

This elegant Rolled Roman Gold Locket, warranted heavy gold plate and to wear for years, set with one large pearl and two turquoise stones; holds two pictures; a wonderful bargain; price only 50 cents; would be cheap at three times the price.

This exquisite Silver Filigree Breast Pin, unique pattern, very stylish, warranted durable; great bargain for ladies; cut is not full size; price only 25 cents; well worth triple.

Special Grand Offer No. 1.—To any one sending for One Dollar's worth of these goods (your own selection), we will make a free gift of a year's subscription to The Rural Home Journal, a large 8-page, 32-column illustrated agricultural and home paper, one of the best published in America, full of useful information, amusement and entertainment.

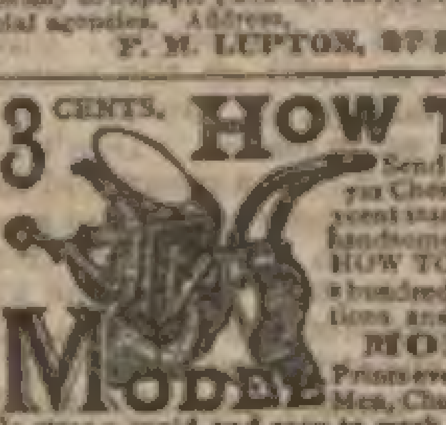
Special Grand Offer No. 2.—To any one sending for Two Dollars' worth of these goods (your own selection), we will make a free gift of a year's subscription to The Fireside at Home, the largest and best dollar magazine in the world, each number containing 32 large pages of the best reading matter and finest illustrations, with handsome illuminated cover.

Any one sending $2.50 for the whole list of goods named above shall receive both magazine and paper one year free.

All orders filled by return mail. As to our reliability we refer to any newspaper published in New York, likewise to the commercial agencies. Address,

F. M. LUPTON, 27 Park Place, New York.

3 CENTS. HOW TO PRINT.



Send to J. W. Daughaday & Co., 721 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, one-cent stamp and get by return mail a handsome forty (40) page book called HOW TO PRINT, which gives with a hundred other things, cuts, descriptions and prices of the celebrated MODEL PRESS. Prints everything needed by Business Men, Churches, Sunday-Schools, &c. Is strong, rapid and easy to work. Any boy can manage it. 30,000 sold. 20 styles. Hand and foot power. Price, from $5 up.

56 POPULAR SONGS.
WORDS AND MUSIC 10 CENTS.

Containing Selections from "Olivette," "Billee Taylor," "Mascot," "Pinafore," etc. Also Sentimental, Comic, Old Favorite, Irish, Scotch and Ethiopian Songs. This is without doubt the best collection of Songs ever offered for five times the money. Send 10 Cents in Silver or Postage Stamps, and we will forward the whole Fifty-six Songs by return mail. Address, E. C. RIDEOUT & CO., 10 Barclay Street, New York.

VIOLIN Big Bargains. 44-page Catalogue, all kinds of Instruments, free. *Lowest prices.* G. M. W. BATES, Importer, Boston, Mass.

THE BIGGEST THING OUT.
Mason's Combination Amusement Box.

Containing Twelve Articles, consisting of Tricks, Toys, Games, Puzzles; also Ten Popular Songs, all postpaid, in one box, for 50 cts. This is the biggest offer ever made to the public. Only think of it! 22 Articles in all for 50 cts. We manufacture these goods and take this way to introduce them, knowing when you receive a sample box at 50 cts. it is less than the Wholesale Price of articles separate. You can easy sell the articles separately for three times what they cost. This box will afford amusement for a house full of old and young people all the long evenings this Winter. Below is a list of articles in each box.

MAGICIAN'S OWN
Trick Cards.

These wonderful Cards enable one to perform the most astonishing metamorphosis without detection with them, the self-same identical cards you show all eight spots, all red spots, all black spots, &c., &c. Prof. Hermann's most astonishing performances revealed. Gives all a chance to see how it is done, and the means of doing it. Full directions with each package.

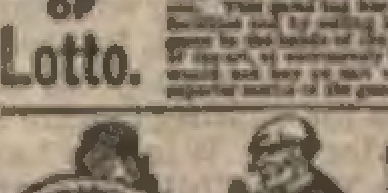
THE NEW AUTOMATIC TOY.

Grandfather tossing upon his knee the baby. By pulling a string, the Head, Arms, Body and Leg of the Old Man move, and Baby's Body and Legs also. A very amusing toy for the Children, finished in colors, and not easily got out of repair.

CAT!

An ornament for the Mantles, What-Nots, Windows and Bric-a-Brac. It is beautifully engraved on thick card board 8 inches tall, 6 inches wide. It is so perfect that it is often taken for a "Real Live Cat."

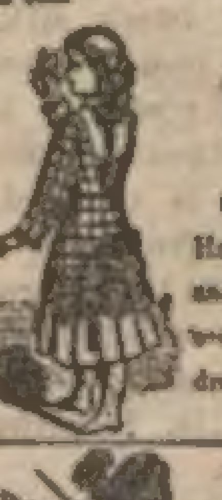
Game of Lotto. Lotto—Lotto is a Spanish Game and is very popular with the people of Spain, and has become a fashionable pastime in England, France and America. It is easily understood and can be played by two or more persons. [illegible]



A pretty book with colored cover, printed in carmine and black, containing the complete guide to flirtation for the fan, parasol, handkerchief and glove; and a complete *Language of Flowers.* The Language of Flowers is very beautiful, and every one should be able to read the meaning of the different flowers in the bouquet they receive.

SONGS!!

We also will send you ten of our most popular Songs. We have sold millions of these Songs, and they have always given entire satisfaction.

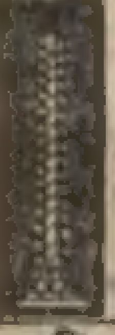


2 FRENCH DOLLS.

8 inches tall, 5 inches wide, one with Banged Hair and Black Eyes, and one with Curley Hair and Blue Eyes, different styled dresses with each, as a pattern for little ones to make dresses from.

THE NEW MECHANICAL GRASSHOPPER.

Old Folks tickled and Children delighted. Will jump six feet high, and a good selling toy for the trade.



THE GREAT PAGODA PUZZLE.

Is a new toy affording a delightful and fascinating pastime alike to old and young, made from one piece of paper, and is impossible for any one to make, unless instructed. Full directions with each box.

THE GREATEST MYSTERY OUT.

The $100 Puzzle. One hundred dollars was offered by the inventor to any one who could put it together, yet it can be done by him in three minutes. The most complete puzzle of the kind yet invented. It consists of the alphabet in full and forty-four figures. Is amusing and instructive.

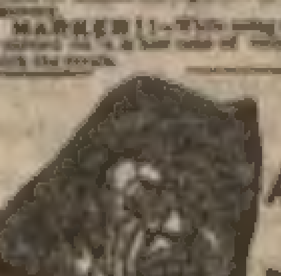
THE GHOST,
OR, THE SKELETON ON THE WALL.

The PHANTOMOGRAPH is a wonderful article for parlor amusement. [illegible] PHANTOM [illegible] OPTICAL DELUSION. [illegible]

IN ANY HOUSE AND BY EVERY PERSON [illegible] PHANTOMOGRAPH.

[illegible]

MARKED!!—[illegible]



PROF. ABBEY'S
Age & Flirtation Cards.

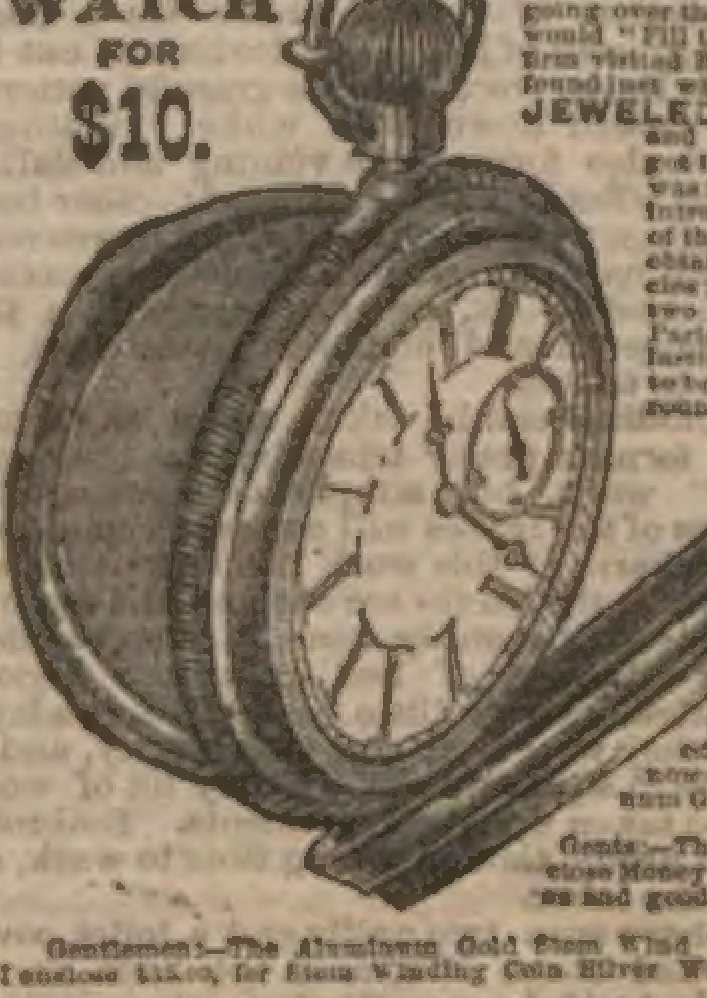
[illegible]

[illegible] MASON & CO., Manuf'rs, 111 Nassau St., New York.

Any of the above articles mailed for 10 cts each. Mammoth illustrated catalogue of 1000 new articles free to all.

[illegible] the Goods on this list in one box, post-paid, for 50 cts. or 17 Three-cent Postage Stamps. Prices given on any article by the dozen or 100, to Agents.

ALUMINUM GOLD WATCHES.



During the past year, we have had many enquiries for a Stem Winding and Stem setting Watch, one that could be relied upon, sufficiently attractive for a gentleman to carry and that we could sell at a price low enough to come within the reach of those whose duties compel them to carry a correct time-keeper, but whose circumstances will not admit of their purchasing a high priced watch. After going over the whole field of American Manufacture and not finding a watch that would "Fill the Bill" we concluded to look over foreign markets. A member of our firm visited England, France, Germany and Switzerland. In the latter country, he found just what we wanted; A STEM WINDING WATCH WITH FINE JEWELED NICKEL MOVEMENT, (equal to those put up in Gold Cases and sold in this Country at $100 and $150.) By giving a large order, we got the price reduced so that we could use them in our trade. The next step was to find the right kind of case for the new watch. Armed with a letter of introduction to Professor Lorschfield (the discoverer and only manufacturer of the celebrated metal known as Aluminum Gold,) an interview was obtained. Specimens of the metal were exhibited and also numerous articles manufactured therefrom. The Professor also exhibited with much pride, two grand prize medals awarded at the International Expositions, held at Paris, for the marvelous resemblance of the metal to gold, and also for its lasting brilliancy. The interview resulted in our giving an order for cases to be made from his Aluminum Gold. We have them made both in round and mansard style and they are Elegantly Engraved or Engine Turned, and are unsurpassed in beauty of workmanship. The Watches are manufactured of the best material, and finished by skilled hand labor, and are only equaled by watches costing ten times as much. They are perfect time-keepers and fully guaranteed, and that they are in every respect as represented, the thousands of testimonials received from our customers amply attest. Price of Sample Watch by Registered mail, $15.00. We will send the above watch to any person who orders with the intention of acting as agent, or who will recommend it to his friends, on receipt of Ten Dollars.

Gents:—The Aluminum Gold Watch I purchased from your firm three months ago retains its color as brilliant as when first received. I delayed sending my second order because I wished to test the metal. I can now conscientiously recommend them. I enclose $10.00 for one more Aluminum Gold Watch, same as the first. M. M. Watts, Hawthorn, Fla., Nov. 3d, 1881.

Gents:—The second lot of $30.00 Aluminum Gold Watches received all right. I enclose Money Order for five Stem Wind Aluminum Gold Watches, and other watches and goods from your Catalogue. Forward at once and oblige,
George F. Wilson, Grand Forks, Dakota, Oct. 20th 1881.

Gentlemen:—The Aluminum Gold Stem Wind Watch I purchased from your firm is as good a time-keeper as I ever saw. I enclose $10.00, for Stem Winding Coin Silver Watch. Respect'y C. A. Walker, Eastman, Ga., September 12th, 1881.

Gents:—I sold the Aluminum Gold Watch for $25.00. I enclose the money for another watch. Yours, Respectfully,
T. D. Cooley, Dealer in General Merchandise, Williamstown, S. C. March 4th, 1881.

Send money by Post Office Money Order, or Registered Letter. We will send the watch C. O. D. if Two Dollars is sent on account, the balance can be paid at the Express Office when the watch is delivered. Let us hear from you with an order.

WORLD MANUFACTURING CO., 122 Nassau Street, New York.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

THE favorite materials for visiting dresses being moire antique and watered silk, a simpler style of dress is introduced, moire being too rich a fabric to cut and carve into fanciful shapes. The prettiest costumes are, therefore, the simplest, when this beautiful tissue is employed.

Moire combines well with velvet and silk-satin, and looks particularly well with broche velvet, so there is little difficulty in arranging charming, and by no means extravagant toilettes, as regards price.

The dressy toilettes for visiting are velvet and moire, the velvet being bouillonne, and divided by bands of moire; the bodice can be of either fabric, but preferably of moire; the collar and cuffs are of velvet, as well as the gauged paniers, which terminate in a very large twisted loop of moire ribbon.

Velveteen has been introduced of a superior quality, and its moderate price has made it a popular substitute for silk velvet. A costume of black velveteen has a perfectly plain corsage of velveteen, tightly-fitting and made with a deep square collar of moire antique, edged with tiny plush and jet drops.

The cuffs are of moire, trimmed in the same manner. The corsage has deep basques of velveteen, and upon these and some inches from the edge, a moire sash is arranged to form a point in front, and from thence describes a curve over the hips to the back, where it terminates in a very graceful bow. The skirt is of black silk, entirely concealed by velveteen bouillonnes divided by bands of moire; the costume is completed by a balayeuse of Russian lace.

Another charming costume is of seal-brown cashmere; the skirt has from three to five narrow flounces placed on the edge.

Above the flounces is a band of plush of the full width of the material, and above this plush a gauged drapery falls, forming coquettish paniers on each side.

The bodice is of cashmere, with plush trimming, arranged so as to give the effect of a double jacket of plush and cashmere. This costume is also made in dark green, with plush to match, and closed by artistic buttons.

A dress for an elderly lady is of black moire; the front forms a tablier, upon which is the lovely new silk embroidery.

The remainder of the skirt is simply gauged into a band, the gatherings being from six to seven inches deep.

The bodice is pointed, and worn under a pointed fichu, embroidered point lace, joined here and there by bows of moire ribbon, and forming at the back a deep collar; the cuffs, which turn back on the dress, are of the same embroidered lace, and are finished at the wrists by a little fine black lace, which falls over the hand and slightly veils it.

A very becoming bodice is the new polka bodice, which is made with a surplice front, crossing over the chest from right to left, and being fastened by a large button at the waist. The neck, which is pointed in shape like a V, is trimmed with a shawl-shaped collar of watered-silk, or plush, or even of gold, silver, steel, or jet beads; and the sleeve-cuffs and waist-belt correspond with this collar. The front of the skirt is also trimmed with bands of the same, or with flounces, with a hip scarf only to match the trimmings. As the bodice is somewhat low in the neck, an under fichu is worn beneath of black jetted net, or black gauze, or white tulle, crape gauze, muslin or lace, according to the color of the dress.

These fichus are made square, and are folded like a shawl on the cross, and then are tied or pinned round the figure before the body is put on. These same bodices may be worn out of doors, when the weather is extra fine, with the simple addition of a Mother Hubbard cape to match.

This cape is gathered round the neck, and is cut off square at the back. It has also a high collar or cuff round the neck, with a long ribbon bow in front. This style of dress is suitable for light woollen materials, such as cashmere, satine cloth, etc.

Heavier materials, such as cheviot, serge, and ordinary cloth, etc., are made plainer. They are also mostly striped or checked, and the colors run into a quantity of copper, mustard, and bronze shades.

Both skirt and polonaise or jacket of these dresses are made perfectly plain, their only trimming consisting of frogs and braids of the same color as the dresses. The majority, however, of cheviot dresses are merely stitched on the hem, or else bound with braid. They have rich metal buttons, however, to enliven them.

Camel's hair dresses, whether of copper, brown, green, or china-blue shades, may be trimmed with satin or watered silk. For instance the skirt may be formed of three large box-plaits at the back, each box-plait being separated from the other by kilt plaitings of satin of the same shade. These are all lengthways, and reach from waist to foot. The front and sides of the skirt are trimmed with alternated flounces of the camel's hair and satin. A curtain drapery of camel's hair, edged with a narrow plaited frill, heads the top flounce, and is set into the waistband with the skirt. The body is plain and short at the waist, and has a high collar, cuffs, and belt of the satin.

This same style looks also exceedingly well in black cashmere and watered silk.

Flounced skirts are worn more than ever. Even brocaded satin is made up in flounces being brocaded, just like dresses of twenty and more years ago. A real novelty, however, for this winter's dress is the fur flounce, or flounces of plush, that looks as rich as fur and has pile as long as fringe.

Watered silks are brocaded in watered patterns, the ground being of plain silk. This also is a novelty, and it will be worn in light colors for evening dresses. Pink, sky-blue, cream, white, and gold, are the favorite colors for these dresses. There are also China watered silks, that is, watered silks with flowered patterns like paintings on them.

Fireside Chat.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

GAY AND TEMPTING as is the display of Christmas presents in the shops, many prefer offering their friends gifts of their own manufacture, rightly thinking that an additional value attaches to such presents. A few hints regarding these may be acceptable, as possibly accepting some fresh ideas to workers. China painting is now largely practiced, but requires much artistic training to be successful. It is rather a slow as well as a costly process to paint plates, etc., in many colors, which causes delay, as well as incurring an additional risk of breakage in the furnace. Painting on terra cotta is easier, but cannot be generally utilized.

Few people seem to think of etching on china, and yet the work is easy, cheap, and most effective. Anyone who does pen-and-ink sketches can accomplish china etching. There is no necessity for many paints and brushes, an ordinary steel pen does the work. Common white china answers for decorating, and one baking is sufficient to fix the color permanently, if the prepared black be paint used.

I lately saw a breakfast service thus adorned with subjects from Miss Greenaway's "Under the Window," and it looked pretty and novel. The cost was trifling, and a quick sketcher could easily etch a cup or plate in a morning, so the outlay of time was not great. Caldecott's "Mad Dog," "House that Jack Built," etc., present good subjects for china etching. I have seen dinner and tea services thus ornamented, also china stands for hot water. China tiles for the back of washstands, for the sides of grates (like the old Dutch tiles), for the decoration of mantelpieces, can all be decorated in this manner. The etching bakes black, and will bear any amount of washing. I think few people who try etching will have patience to return to the beautiful, but tedious, china painting. Figure subjects are better than landscapes for etching; some of the groups from "Under the Window" are particularly good. The Three Children at the Pump ("Indeed, it is true, it is perfectly true, I assure you I'm playing no tricks; an old man and his dog bide up there in the moon, and he's cross as a bundle of sticks") comes out excellently in an etching. The rhyme should be written underneath.

House decorating supplies many opportunities for exercising the nimble fingers.

In these days of revival of old-fashioned work a favorite occupation of our great grandmothers may again be fashionable. To work "the quilt and hangings of a bed," was a common undertaking of industrious ladies. It need not be such a formidable undertaking as it sounds. Mrs. Delany, so famous in the last century for her beautiful needlework, has left descriptions of some "hangings" she and her sister worked, which might furnish patterns for the present generation of embroiderers. On a dark blue ground of linen, oak leaves cut out in white linen, were laid in a graceful pattern, and tacked down with white "knotting" which also formed the veining and stalks.

The effect is extremely good; other bed-hangings were made with white leaves on a brown nankeen ground. Knotting, an old-fashioned work, greatly practiced in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, is akin to tatting.

Knotting can be taken up at any time, and forms a pretty trimming for this "cut-leaf" work, but simply overcasting the edges of the leaves will answer the purpose. The charm of this work lies in the manner in which the leaves are cut and the pattern arranged; tastefully done, it is most effective. Patterns of bed quilts are legion. Knitted ones are little regarded nowadays, but they wear well and look pretty, and if made in squares form a handy bit of work to be taken up at odd moments. Embroidered quilts, though taking time to work, repay the labor.

I have seen two quilts and a toilet cover worked about 1770, and the hues are as fresh as if done yesterday. One quilt is outlined all over in a graceful pattern with gold-colored silk, the material a kind of white linen. The other is covered with groups of flowers in natural colors, also outlined. The outlines are very effective, and far quicker to work than the actual satin-stitch embroidery. In this work again the taste of the worker has opportunities for displaying itself, all depending on the shading and arranging.

The flower quilt was worked from natural flowers, the pattern first lightly sketched on the material, and the colors worked in from living models. People do not always realize how much more artistic our ancestors were in their needlework than some of us. They generally invented and drew their own patterns, and their designs were therefore original, not mere copies of other peoples' taste. Feather-work is another old work capable of use in the present day. Bright-hued feathers of small birds, such as canaries and parrots, are required. A piece of stiff muslin is cut to the size and shape desired, and the feathers firmly sewn upon it in rows, each slightly overlapping the last, so as to hide the stems. Carefully arranged, the effect is most pleasing. I saw a pair of fire-screens made in this manner: the muslin, after the feathers were sewn on it, was pasted on card-board covered with silk, and the edges neatly bound with ribbon. Frames for photographs would look well decorated in this manner, and it would not be a bad idea for the border of a gipsy table or mantelpiece.

Mrs. Delany describes having made some of this feather work for dress trimmings. The feathers should be sewn, not pasted. They would also be a pretty and novel idea for decorating the cheap straw-work baskets with. Care must be taken to lay all the feathers evenly one way.

Netting is another old-fashioned work too pretty to be forgotten.

"In selecting a present, consult the taste of him who is to be the owner of the gift," wrote a wise man, and like most wise sayings, it will bear repeating.

"A says to herself 'there are so many people to whom I must give presents this Christmas,' say twenty, and she goes to a shop and buys twenty different articles, without making up her mind when making her purchases to whom the different things should be given.

"They are sent home, and then A, with a little discrimination as to not giving a work box to a male friend, and so on, does up each separate thing into a parcel, without a thought as to whether the recipient will care for her gift or not, and directs them all with a sigh of relief, as much as to say "that's over, thank goodness! till next year.' So B receives what C would have liked, and C gets what D desires, and, like children at a Christmas party, they would fain exchange with each other, only for fear of what A might think.

"My advice is, listen for a few days beforehand to the expressed wants of those to whom you are going to make presents, and from those wants choose something you can afford to buy.

"Should no wants be expressed, and this will be the exception not the rule, then choose with the taste of the recipient of your gift, putting aside your own in the moment of choice.

"Most people have a weak point, so do your best to humor it. With some it is pocket handkerchiefs; therefore to them what could be more acceptable than half a dozen pocket handkerchiefs, with the monogram in the corner worked in the colors most conspicuous in the borders?

"Others hoard up gloves quite lovingly; therefore half a dozen pairs of gloves, either Swedish or whatever kid they wear, would be like Dresden china to connoisseurs.

"Girls like to make their own particular bed and morning rooms pretty. This is to be done with blue and white china, brass-flowerpots, inkstands, candlesticks, and coal baskets; peacock feather fans, palm leaf fans, photographs and engravings (framed in oak and velvet), embroidered chair backs, and the thousand and one knick-knacks which cost a trifle, and which will gladden their hearts and eyes for many a long day to come. If, on the other hand, they have no particular weakness in that way, perhaps they are fond of something more tangible. It is painting? then give them a pretty crewel-work apron and sleeves to paint in, a new easel, half a dozen tubes of color. It is lawn tennis? give them a racket, shoes, any of the paraphernalia belonging to the game. Do they spend most of their time reading? give them a book. Working? buy them some of the newest work out. Singing or playing? half a dozen instrumental or vocal pieces. Gloves and pocket handkerchiefs are acceptable to young men, as are pins and studs. Books and music apply here again to the studious and musical of the "sterner sex."

Flowers are always a pretty and useful gift to the mistress of a household; but as she has her tastes as well as the younger members of the family, all you have to do is to consult those same tastes. "Don't look at the value of the gift," as a mean old lady used to say to her nephew when she annually presented him with a gift which never cost more than ten cents; "look at the kind thought which prompted the gift," and that is what all of us should learn to do. If for twenty people we cannot possibly afford to spend more than as many quarters, still we can get something pretty even for the small sum of a quarter. But if, on the contrary, money is no object, so much the better for the person who receives the present. You can buy a comfortable basket work arm-chair for a small sum; and supposing you put in cushions covered with a cretonne, either like or likely to suit the one in your friend's room, your present is complete, and likely very much to please the person to whom you give it.

Correspondence.

DAVENPORT.—We cannot say, but will take your suggestion into consideration.

D. D. D., (Lake, Miss.)—Write to Lippincott & Co., Publishers, this city. They will give you full particulars.

E. J. C., (Clarion, Pa.)—Write to the Dean of the Jefferson Medical College, this city.

C. C., (Prospect, O.)—We regret it, but at present have no need of anything of the kind you mention.

A. V., (Scott, O.)—1. See answer to C. C. 2. Write to Lippincott & Co., Publishers, this city, about the book. 3. Buy a copy-book and practice until you improve yourself. Practice from good copies is all you need.

RUPERT, (Boston, Mass.)—There is no rule relative to the kind of ring which a gentleman is expected to give a lady on their engagement. Its value should be according to his means and its pattern according to his taste.

GENEVIEVE, (Can.)—There is no necessity for a formal acknowledgement of the cards. When you meet the senders you might, in the course of general conversation, express how much pleasure they gave you, and thank them for their attention.

ZIP, (Coudersport, Pa.)—The ancient Jewish year was of twelve lunar months, an additional month being added seven times every nineteen years, to make the lunar agree with the solar year. 2. Literally, "transpire" means to breathe across or through. Its most common sense is "to become known, to occur." 3. A book, piece of jewelry, sewing-case, box of gloves, handkerchiefs, writing-case, music, etc.

DONALD, (Rochester, N. Y.)—We would advise you not to be rash. To "cut" the young man in the street would imply wounded feeling. It is wiser to treat him as any other gentleman, and if he asks permission to renew his attentions it will then be proper for you to say that he has shown evidences of fickleness which, in the absence of any explanations, prevent your receiving him. This gives him the opportunity to explain, if he can, and it does not compromise you in any way.

CUSTOM, (Bethlehem, Pa.)—At Munich, there prevails the singular custom of which you speak. Every child found begging in the streets is arrested and carried to a charitable establishment. The moment he enters the hospital, and before he is cleaned, and gets the new clothes intended for him, his portrait is painted in his ragged dress, and precisely as he was found begging. When his education is finished in the hospital, this portrait is given to him, and he promises by an oath, to keep it all his life, in order that he may be reminded of the abject condition from which he had been rescued, and of the obligations he owes to the institution which saved him from misery.

JEAN AND ANNA, (Kansas.)—Drop the young man at once: have nothing whatever to do with him one way or the other. Do not speak to him, of him, or recognize his existence in any way. The heart-breaking and Utah business shows there is pressing need of your being carefully looked after by your parents. From your description of him, he is a good person to have nothing whatever to do with. 2. There is no particular character in the writing beyond a strong suspicion of carelessness. 3. There are many things suitable. All you have to do is to adopt a character and try to dress it. A gipsy, a Quakeress, a Spanish lady, Queen of Night, or Folly—any of these can be costumed neatly and cheaply.

QUERIST, (Brown, Wis.)—You ask us whether it is a rule of etiquette in a case where a husband and wife visits friends and they take a walk in the evening, that the host takes the wife of his visitor and walks with her alone, and lets the husband looks out for himself. What else would you have the host do? Would you have him take the husband and let the wife look out for herself? Of course the ideal would be for the host to have a wife to whom his guest should offer his arm; but that is not a matter that a man can always arrange at short notice to make things pleasant for a guest. If the husband were left behind without his request or an explanation, of course it would be an infelicity, and not in good form.

M. C. W., (Great Bend, Pa.)—You are very young and should be extremely careful of yourself in your intercourse with men. Even from what you have said, we hardly know how to advise you. Have you no parents, brothers, sisters, or other relations with whom to advise? If you have, tell them, and ask their counsel. Even a friend who knows all the circumstances can tell you what to do much better than we can. We can only repeat that as the world goes to-day a girl of sixteen should in matters concerning men—and particularly comparative strangers—be most circumspect and prudent in all she says and does. 2. There is nothing wrong, of course, in writing with a lead pencil, only it makes the matter more difficult to be read.

SPENCE, (Kalamazoo, Mich.)—In letter writing you must pay more attention to the manner than the matter. If that is written in a sparkling, cheerful way, this need not trouble the writer. It is a great mistake to fancy that every day talk is not interesting; if this is presented in a happy and pleasing way it is the most entertaining of any. Yet it most often happens that when most people come to inscribe a friendly letter, they ignore the fact, and fall into a commonplace rehearsal of dry, uninteresting facts and foregone conclusions that will put the ordinary man to sleep. It is a common fate of this class of letters to be burned, and commonly it is a fate well deserved. Not so, however, with the interesting, diverting, really original letter. It is kept, read, and re-read; for a good letter will bear half a dozen perusals.

PHYSIOLOGIST, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—We believe it is an ascertained physiological fact, that in the majority of human beings the height of an individual, from the feet to the top of the head, is exactly the distance between the extremities of the fingers when the arms are extended. Several other similar coincidences have been noticed in the human body. For example, the height of the human figure is six times the length of the feet. Whether the form is slender or plump, the rule holds goods; any deviation from it is a departure from the highest beauty in proportion. The Greeks made all their statues according to this rule. The face from the highest point of the forehead, where the hair begins, to the chin, is one-tenth of the whole statue. The hand, from the wrist to the end of the middle finger, is the same. From the top of the chest to the highest point of the forehead is the seventh. If the face, from the roots of the hair to the chin be divided into three equal parts, the first determines the place where the eyebrows meet, and the second the nostrils.